

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

★ PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY

Marilyn
Monroe

S
Hollywood
Carrying SEX
Too Far?

.....
The Threat to
the TONY CURTIS-
ANET LEIGH
Marriage

20¢



WIN your "dream kitchen"! **20 CONTESTS IN 20 DAYS!** Enter every contest!

20
BEAUTIFUL
CROSLEY
KITCHENS!

OVER \$100,000 TOTAL VALUE
IN PRIZES!

ENTER THIS BIG CAMAY and IVORY SNOW CONTEST NOW!

Look! You can win
these prizes every day!

**1 FIRST PRIZE
EVERY DAY!**

Luxurious Crosley All-Electric
Kitchen (described at left), plus
\$500 cash installation allowance!

**3 SECOND PRIZES
EVERY DAY!**

8-cubic-ft.-capacity Crosley
Shelvador Freezer!

**25 THIRD PRIZES
EVERY DAY!**

Smart, console-toned Crosley
Coloradios!

**PLUS
GRAND PRIZE
OF \$5000**

for best 1st-prize-winning entry
in entire contest!

**WIN
EXTRA AWARDS!**

1st-prize winners who
send boxtop from Giant-
Size Ivory Snow, or 3
Bath-Size Camay wrappers,
with entries, win an
extra \$100 down pay-
ment on a new Crosley
Television set, or a Cros-
ley Room Air Conditioner!



FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!

1. Complete this sentence—"I keep (choose one—Camay, Ivory Snow) on hand because..." in 25 additional words or less.
2. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.
3. Mail to: Contest, Box 3-K, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Send as many entries as you want, but enclose 1 Ivory Snow boxtop or 3 Camay wrappers (any size) with each entry. If you enclose 1 Giant-Size Ivory Snow boxtop, or 3 Bath-Size Camay wrappers with your entry and you win one of the Crosley Kitchens, you will also receive an extra \$100 down payment on a new Crosley Television set, or a Crosley Room Air Conditioner.
4. There are 20 separate contests, each with an identical list of prizes. A new contest each day (except Saturdays, Sundays and February 12th) from January 19th to February 16th inclusive. The winner of the grand prize of \$5,000 will be selected from the winners of the first prizes in the 20 daily contests. Entries received before midnight, January 19th, will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter, entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will be entered in the contest for the following Monday. Entries received on February 12th will be entered in contest for February 13th. Entries for the final (20th) contest must be postmarked before midnight, February 16th, and received by midnight, March 2nd.
5. Prizes awarded each day will be—
First Prize . . . Crosley Kitchen consisting of Shelvador Freezer (CDF-8), Electric Range (RD-

CO), Dishwasher-Sink Combination (DE-48), Shelvador Refrigerator (T-CAD-12), Crosley Cabinets (up to value of \$400), Crosley Coloradio, plus installation allowance of \$500 in cash.

3 Second Prizes . . . Crosley Shelvador Freezers (CDF-8).

25 Third Prizes . . . Crosley Coloradios.

Grand Prize . . . \$5,000 in cash to be awarded to the best entry of the 20 first-prize winners.

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted except for incidental help from family and friends. Only one prize will be awarded to any person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes.

7. Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, AVCO, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

8. Except for the 20th contest, the first-prize winners' names will be announced daily, beginning approximately Monday, February 2nd, over one of these radio programs: "Rosemary" or "Pepper Young's Family." The first-prize winner of the 20th contest and the grand-prize winner will be announced over both of these programs on or about Monday, March 16th. All prize winners will be notified by mail. Prize-winner lists will be available on request approximately two months after the close of the last contest.

CROSLEY ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHENS are a sensation among home-makers! Finest design—sturdiest construction—beauty and convenience in every detail. Your Crosley Kitchen makes meal-planning, cooking, and "kitchen-living" more fun . . . saves you time, work, money! First-Prize Kitchens include all these units, plus installation allowance of \$500 in cash!

Crosley Shelvador® Freezer with shelves on the lid for extra "top-level" space.

Crosley Electric Range with double-oven, divided top, and deep-well unit.

Crosley Automatic Dishwasher-Sink Combination with Revolving SwirlClean Tray.

Crosley Shelvador® Twin-Automatic Refrigerator that doubles front-row space.

Crosley Kitchen Cabinets—up to value of \$400—to fit individual kitchen needs.

Crosley Coloradio designed especially for the kitchen.

SEE these magnificent awards at your Crosley Dealer's!

Just complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less!

"I keep (NAME OF PRODUCT) on hand because..."
(FILL IN IVORY SNOW OR CAMAY)

Now you have *twenty* opportunities to win a Crosley "Kitchen of Your Dreams"! What's more, Ivory Snow and Camay are offering you 20 chances to win 560 other magnificent prizes in these 20 daily contests! Enter now; enter *every day* for the 20-day contest period! It's easy! In your words, finish this sentence, using 25 additional words or less: "I keep (fill in Ivory Snow or Camay) on hand because . . ." Send in as many sentences as you like. Be sure each entry is accompanied by an Ivory Snow box-

top, or 3 Camay wrappers. Your dealer has handy entry blanks. Read the contest rules for mailing address and closing dates.

To help you get started, think of the advantages these two products offer. Ivory Snow is the safest possible soap you can buy for everything you wash with special care . . . by hand *or* machine. Ideal for diapers, too! And there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Changing to regular care and Camay can help you win that lovely, smoother Camay Complexion!

Here are
sample
sentences
to help you
WIN!



"I keep Ivory Snow on hand because it's safer for the lingerie I wash by hand and baby things I do by machine, and being granulated it's 'double perfect' in my machine."



"I keep Camay on hand because Camay is so mild and refreshing—just right for my face—and it's so fragrant, lathers so quickly that it makes my bath truly luxurious!"

ENTER TODAY! CONTEST CLOSES FEBRUARY 16th!

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!

It Can Help Head Off Trouble or Lessen Its Severity

Yes, used thoroughly and often, Listerine Antiseptic can actually help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold, or lessen their severity.

It fights infections as an infection should be fought . . . with quick, germ-killing action.

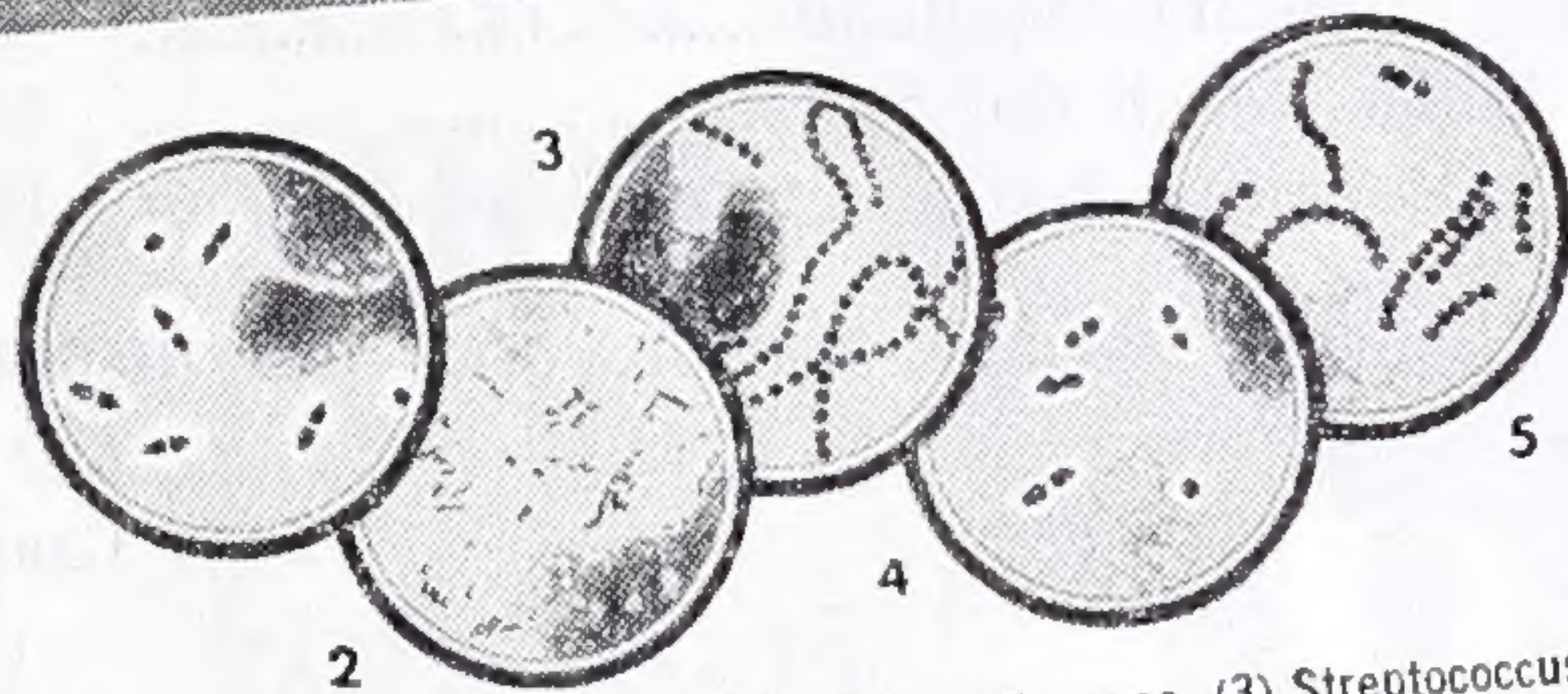
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel below). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you? Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

And to be *Extra Careful* about Halitosis (bad breath)
Use **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** . . . no matter what else you do

Do you know *why* Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs . . . that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause that fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll, chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

That's why Listerine stops Halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours. That's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better than the leading chlorophyll products it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis . . . no matter what else you may use . . . use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

She Even Stumps This Expert!



WHAT A FRAUD YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN I DO ABOUT THE WAY TO FRANKIE'S HEART!

OH YES I DO, SUE! BUT BAD BREATH STUMPS EVEN ME! THE EXPERT FOR YOU TO SEE IS YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WORKED FINE FOR FRANKIE'S NOW MY VALENTINE!



Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

PHOTOPLAY

favorite of america's "first million" movie-goers for 40 years

February, 1953

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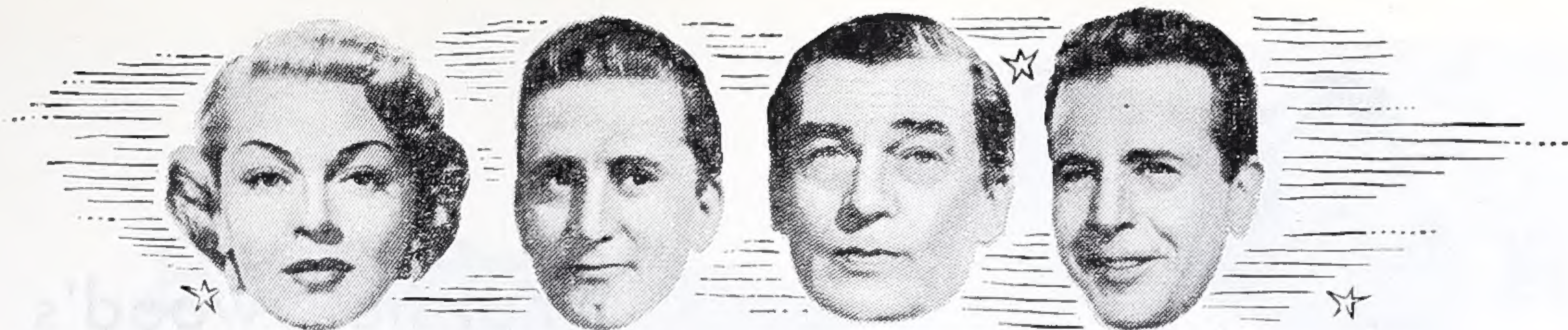
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FEBRUARY, 1953

VOL. 43, NO. 2

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial Branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. Wise, President; Fred R. Sammis and S. N. Himmelman, Vice Presidents; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Irving S. Manheimer, Chairman, Executive Committee. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada \$2.50 one year. \$4.00 per year all other countries.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.
Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1953 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.
Member of The True Story Women's Group



M-G-M presents

LANA TURNER • KIRK DOUGLAS WALTER PIDGEON • DICK POWELL

**NO HOLDS
BARRED...**
in this
story
of **A
BLONDE**
who
wanted
to go places...and
A BIG SHOT
who got her there
...the hard way!

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

FORECAST:
*So powerful,
so wonderful,
it's headed for the
year's "10 BEST" list!*

co-starring
BARRY SULLIVAN • GLORIA GRAHAME
GILBERT ROLAND • with **LEO G. CARROLL**
VANESSA BROWN • Screen Play by **CHARLES SCHNEE**

Based on a Story by George Bradshaw • Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • Produced by **JOHN HOUSEMAN** • An M-G-M Picture



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New MUM®
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

what hollywood's whispering about by Florabel Muir

... studio headaches that have been dogging the M-G-M production, "Latin Lovers." First, there was the rift between Lana and Lamas, which occurred openly at the Marion Davies party. Then came the chain reaction. As a result, studio bosses jerked Fernando out of the picture and put Ricardo Montalban in. And then Fernando started talking about terminating his contract with the Culver City studio. Another headache for "Latin Lovers" soon began to throb when Michael Wilding, Liz Taylor's new husband, refused the part offered him in the picture and went on suspension. He didn't think the role was big enough...

... another M-G-M suspension that keeps tongues wagging, with friends and critics asking what's got into Mario Lanza. He originally went off the payroll in a tiff over his role in "Student Prince." He cut himself off from all other sources of income, including a fat radio salary, because if he doesn't work for M-G-M, they have the power, under his contract, to say he doesn't work for anybody else. Mario, at this writing, has gone into seclusion and refuses to see any of his friends, including John Carroll and the Andy Russells. They say he just stays home and listens to all the recordings he made for "The Great Caruso." He plays them over and over again. ...

... Joan Crawford's big new romance that kept her in Texas long past the time she was due back in Hollywood. She was hysterical with grief over the sudden death of Pamela Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, the Hollywood agent who was wounded by Producer Walter Wanger, when he thought the handsome young man was breaking up his home. It was Lang who persuaded Joan to cast away her life-long fear of crowds and make personal-appearance tours. He also talked her into doing some television shows. She told me she had grown very friendly with Lang and his wife, and the tragedy that hit their home affected her so much she wanted to get away from Hollywood and stay away until she could shake off her depression ...

... the mysterious new man in the life of Rosemary Clooney. She's seemed on the verge of marrying José Ferrer for months, but nothing's happened. Now she's building a home in Bel Air, so maybe she can sing "Come on a My House" to the new boy friend ...

... the legal move Joan Fontaine is contemplating to regain custody of her daughter, which she lost to her ex-husband, William Dozier. She gave up the fight for the child because it appeared there would be a scandal over her friendship with Collier Young, whom she recently married. A deposition given by a nurse in the Dozier home was reported to have mentioned Young. However, Joan now says that Dozier agreed with her that she could have custody of little Debbie when and if she married Young and had a home. Hollywood's wondering if he'll keep his bargain. The feud between Joan and her sister, Olivia, doesn't appear to be any nearer an end. Joan didn't invite either Olivia or their father, eighty-one-year-old Walter de Havilland, who was visiting Hollywood, to her wedding to Young. But she did ask her mother and her mother's second husband ...



A big new romance in big Texas?

**BURT
LANCASTER**



**SHIRLEY
BOOTH**

*Bringing to the screen the artistry that won her
acclaim as the star of the stage hit,
"Come Back, Little Sheba."*

**THAT GIRL
IN HIS
HOUSE...
SHE
SPELLED
TROUBLE!**

*Her door was closed.
Beyond it, he could
hear their secret
whispers and hushed
laughter. He had
never known such
torment could exist...*

IN Hal Wallis' PRODUCTION

FROM THE SENSATIONAL THEATRE GUILD PLAY

... COMES THE MOST PROVOCATIVE

SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT OF OUR DAY!



*"If Doc gets fun out
of running his hand
through my hair...
what's the harm?"*

Come Back, Little Sheba

Co-starring **TERRY MOORE** with **RICHARD JAECKEL** • Directed by **DANIEL MANN** • Screenplay by **KETTI FRINGS**
Based on the original play by **William Inge** • Produced on the stage by the Theatre Guild • A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**



when hair loses that
"vital look"



Helene Curtis

shampoo plus egg*

brings out natural
"life" and sparkle...
conditions even
problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made with homogenized fresh, whole egg which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



Available at
All Cosmetic Counters
and Beauty Salons

59¢ and \$1

Helene Curtis

The Foremost Name
In Hair Beauty



that's hollywood for you

by SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I am more amused by the Hollywood casting off-screen than on. For example, one night I saw Lana Turner and Lex Barker together and a few tables away Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were romancing. . . . Rosemary Clooney still seems a little bewildered by it all. . . . No one rubs herself as briskly as Ava Gardner after a shower. . . . I'm always suspicious of those magazine stories titled, "The Truth About—" . . . If you want to know something about Tony Curtis, all you have to do is ask him. . . . I don't know of any actress who's in a league with Ann Blyth for being able to portray sweetness without being sticky.

Corinne Calvet insists that she isn't having a fake feud with Zsa Zsa Gabor. "It's for real," said Corinne. "Everything with me is real." . . . I can't get as excited as most people about Cinerama. To me it's just a large screen for special effects for special pictures. So later I'm proved wrong. So what? . . . A woman's appearance changes when she steps out of her high-heel shoes and stands before you in her stocking feet. Why I almost didn't recognize Marilyn Monroe when she kicked off her shoes and stepped down to talk to me. . . . Hollywood defies the rules. An angle, not a straight line, is the shortest distance between two points, when a cameraman is photographing Jane Russell.

Linda Christian admitted on a TV show that Tyrone Power gave her a black eye in bed. . . . I hope they don't wear out Thelma Ritter by putting her in too many pictures doing the same thing. When the movies find anything good, they overdo it. . . . The odds are that the actor, actress and picture which win the Oscars aren't your choices. . . . A special award should be given to Constance Smith for her performance at the opening of Vic Mature's appliance store. Constance washed her undies for the guests. . . . During a conversation in which John Doe was mentioned, Marie Wilson turned and said, "Well, if you ask me, John Doe sounds like a fictitious name." . . . I believe Hedy Lamarr is the only person who looks at Hedy Lamarr and isn't satisfied with her looks. . . . No matter how well they stage it, they can't make a football game look real in the movies. Yet, whenever a genuine football game gets good, a spectator can always be heard saying, "It's just like in the movies."

Olivia de Havilland likes to wash her own hair and shake it dry, something few women do. . . . I'd like to read a review of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" by Ernest Hemingway. An honest piece: "The Old Man and the Film." . . . Also I'd love to get a list of the movies Ike likes. . . . Joan Crawford believes in movie fans more than any other actress. Joan says, "If you ignore your fans, you should be ignored yourself." . . . I listen to all the raves about all the new young singers and go along with it until I listen to Lena Horne. She makes them all sound like amateurs. . . . Back in the early days, Hollywood Boulevard was called Prospect Avenue, but that was before the movies really settled down in Hollywood. . . . Marilyn Maxwell certainly makes the verse, "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," dated. . . . They can't sell me the manufactured sex appeal of Alexis Smith and Anne Baxter no matter how hard they try. I think both Alexis and Anne have their own particular brand of s. a. and they shouldn't try to use other labels. . . . Gloria Grahame suppresses more sex than they manufacture.



Calhoun helps Calvet

A dollar is becoming less and less in value. I know an independent producer who was too poor to buy prop money and had to use the real thing. . . . Jean Simmons admits feeling more self-conscious playing love scenes with Stewart Granger since they were married than before. . . . Hollywood Boulevard always looks good in a movie shot, although when I walk along Hollywood Boulevard I resent the way it's acquired a run-down, has-been appearance. . . . And that's Hollywood for you.

WARNER BROS.' NEWEST ACHIEVEMENT
--- MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL! ---



THE JUBILANT PRODUCTION OF

THE JAZZ SINGER

STARRING
DANNY THOMAS

in a performance
outshining the role that
won your applause in
"I'll See You in My Dreams"

PEGGY LEE

the vivacious blonde
song-star in her
exciting screen debut

with
DUNNOCK
EDUARD
FRANZ

SCREEN PLAY BY
FRANK DAVIS and LEONARD STERN and LEWIS MELTZER

BASED ON THE PLAY BY
SAMSON
RAPHAELSON

PRODUCED BY
LOUIS F.
EDELMAN

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ

MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND
DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ
MUSICAL DIRECTION
BY RAY HEINDORF

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



IT'S JOY SET TO THE MUSIC OF ▶ LOVER ♪ JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS ♪ THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL DAY ♪ I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER ♪ I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU ♪ BREEZING ALONG WITH THE BREEZE ♪ IF I COULD BE WITH YOU ♪ BIRTH OF THE BLUES



Do you know her well enough to ask?

How does she do it—day in, day out, *the whole month round*? Theaters, dances, club meetings . . . always fresh, poised and at ease . . . never excuses herself at the “monthly time,” as so many women do. What is her secret? Do you know her well enough to ask?

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

On second thought, don't bother to ask! Just try *Tampax** for sanitary protection on “those days” each month. You wear it *internally* instead of the outside pads, pins, belts, etc. It gives you freedom you haven't had since you were a girl. Invented by a doctor and now used by *millions*, Tampax is thoroughly scientific in construction. Made of pure surgical cotton for great absorbency, it is so small it is contained in slender applicator for easy insertion.

You can't feel the Tampax while wearing. No chafing or odor—easy disposal. Wear it in tub or shower. Month's supply will slip into purse. . . . Sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

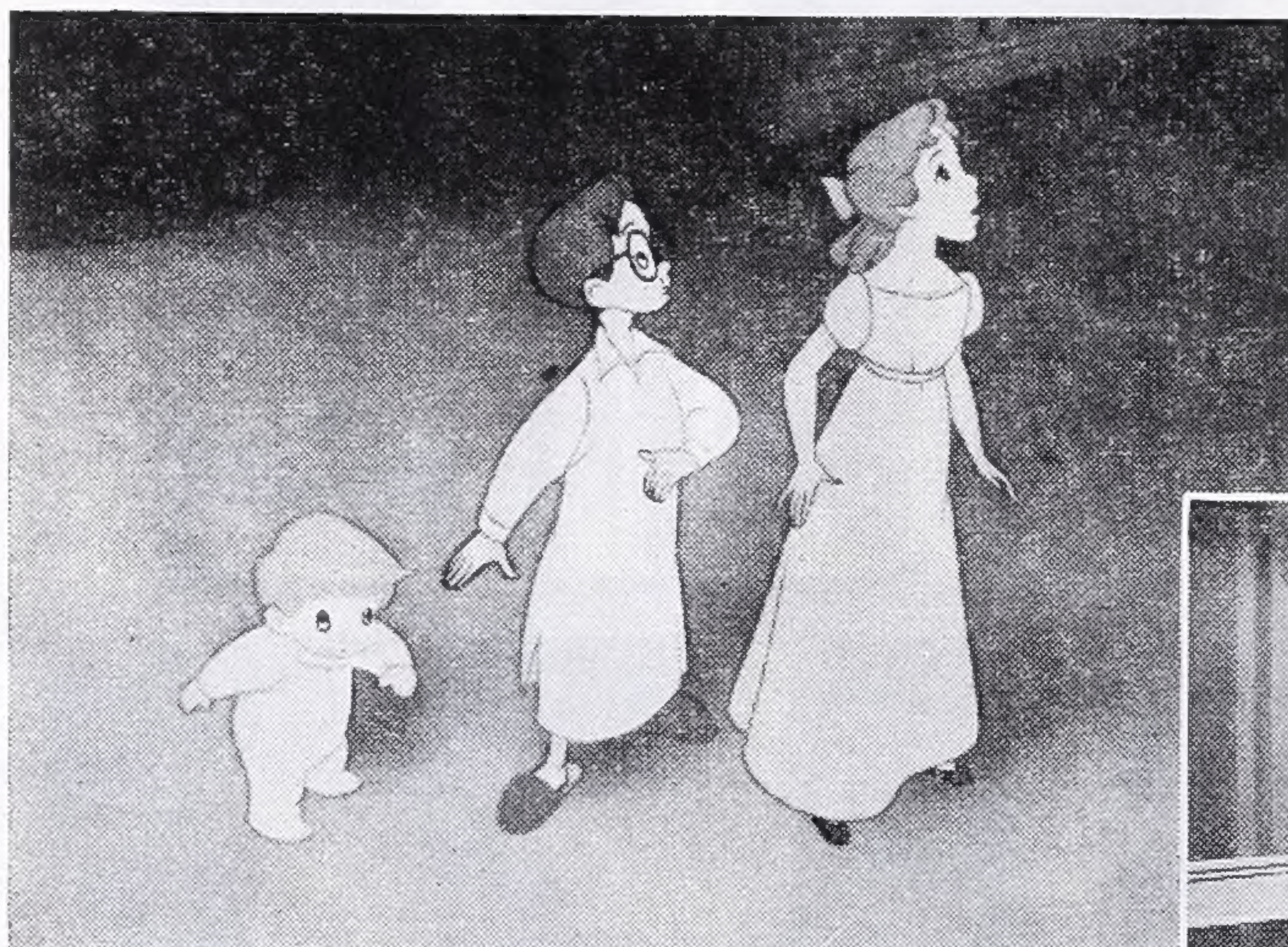
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Photoplay Applauds:

PETER PAN



The beloved classic comes to the screen as a cartoon feature



His friends help Peter find his shadow

WALT DISNEY'S new feature-length cartoon, “Peter Pan,” is a real test of the Disney genius—to present in cartoon form the characters, scenes and events with which everyone has been familiar since childhood. And Disney has more than met the test with this newest version of the inspired classic. You'll find all the Barrie characters you remember so well: *Peter, Wendy, John, Michael, Nana, Captain Hook, Tinker Bell*, and the *Crocodile*. *Tinker Bell* is particularly delightful, an innovation possible only in a cartoon. And running her close honors for audience appeal is the dog-nurse, *Nana*, who takes such loving care of the three *Darling* children. You hear Bobby Driscoll's voice as *Peter*, Kathryn Beaumont's as *Wendy*, while Hans Conried supplies the vocal villainy for *Captain Hook*. As usual in a Disney cartoon there is a supply of lilting music, but it is super-usual music which suits its subject completely. For everyone who has read “Peter Pan” or seen it on stage, this film is a must!

Captain Hook, arch villain of literature, is one of Disney's great characters



“ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!”

Yes, you get more lather...
faster... in an Ivory bath!

You should be *pampered* at your bath time—and Ivory is the soap to do it! For Ivory's always right in sight, floating there beside you. And Ivory makes such creamy heaps of lather so *easily*. Why, Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

You get famous mildness...
the cleanest, freshest lather!

You should be smoothed and *soothed* at bath time—and you are, with Ivory! For Ivory lather is the softest, gentlest ever—99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure and so mild! More doctors, you know, advise Ivory than any other soap. And how you'll love the clean, clean *smell* of Ivory lather. It's so fresh, so refreshing!

You get more for your
money, too!

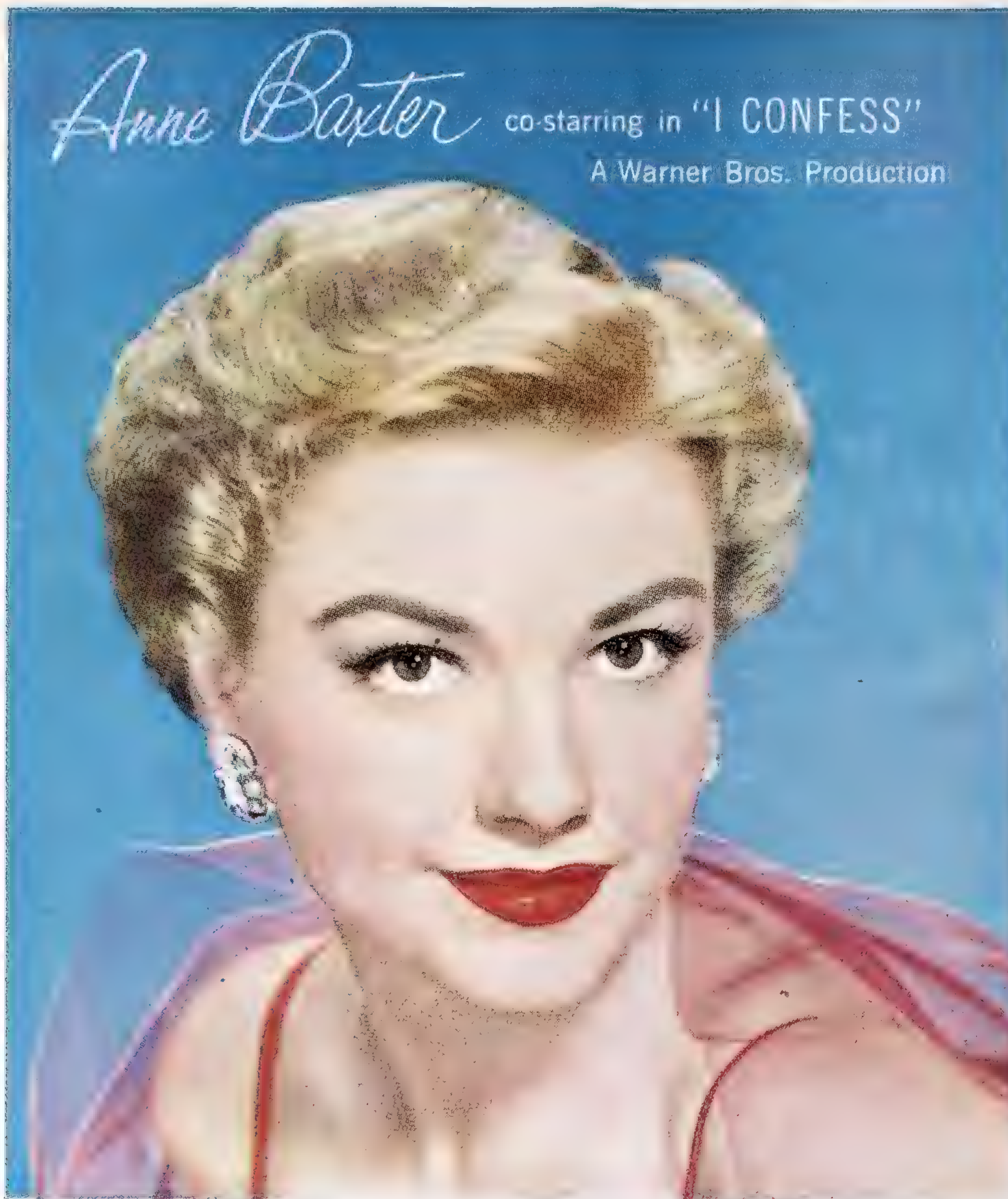
Who'd expect the world's best soap—wonderful, floating Ivory Soap—to cost less! Yet it does. Ivory gives you more soap for your money than *any* other leading bath soap!

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“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”



America's Favorite Bath Soap!



Anne Baxter co-starring in "I CONFESS"
A Warner Bros. Production

ANNE BAXTER says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Anne Baxter—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

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Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and Photoplay cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing.

Allied Artists, 1376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Wild Bill Elliot, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Helene Stanley, Whip Wilson.

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Gloria Greenwood, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Jack Mahoney, Aldo Ray, Rex Reason, Donna Reed, Mickey Rooney, Barbara Stanwyck, Audrey Totter.

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: Dawn Addams, June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Piet Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Marlon Brando, Robert Burton, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Diane Cassidy, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Patrick Conway, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, James Craig, Vic Damone, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Nanette Fabray, Lisa Ferraday, Sally Forrest, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Stewart Granger, Cary Grant, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, Robert Horton, Van Johnson, Kurt Kasznar, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, Marjorie Main, Ralph Meeker, Ann Miller, Dean Miller, Ricardo Montalban, Doretta Morrow, George Murphy, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell, William Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Barbara Ruick, Janice Rule, Red Skelton, Elaine Stewart, James Stewart, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Patricia Tiernan, Spence Tracy, Lana Turner, Bobby Van, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Gig Young.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Jean Arthur, Peter D. Baldwin, Gene Barry, William Bendix, Lyle Bettger, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Mona Freeman, Paulette Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Irene Martin, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Eleanor Parker, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott, Mary Sinclair.

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Jack Buetel, Janis Carter, the Charivels, Joan Crawford, Linda Darnell, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Linda Douglas, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carolee Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Ursula Thiess, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Vaughn Monroe, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, John Russell, Forrest Tucker, John Wayne, Chill Wills, Grant Withers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Casey Adams, Richard Allan, Merry Anders, Charlotte Austin, Richard Basehart, Lauren Bacall, Barbara Bates, Richard Boone, Scott Brady, MacDonald Carey, Jill Clifford, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Joanne Dru, Gloria DeHaven, Penny Edwards, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, June Haver, Donna Lee Hickey, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Louis Jourdan, William Lundigan, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Cameron Mitchell, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Pat Neal, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Ezio Pinza, Tyrone Power, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Oskar Werner, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

Universal-International, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Ann Blyth, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Mary Castle, Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Cooper, Tony Curtis, Yvonne DeCarlo, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson, Kathleen Hughes, David Janssen, Russell Johnson, Alice Kelly, Jack Kelly, Arthur Kennedy, Piper Laurie, Palmer Lee, Harvey Lembeck, Richard Long, Stephen McNally, Beverly Michaels, Bodil Miller, Robert Monnet, Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Maureen O'Hara, Gigi Perreau, William Reynolds, Claudette Thornton, Dennis Weaver, Guy Williams, Shelley Winters.

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Anne Baxter, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, David Brian, James Cagney, Philip Carey, Steve Cochran, Gary Cooper, Horace Cooper, Doris Day, Errol Flynn, Virginia Gibson, Phyllis Kirk, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Frank Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Nancy Olson, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Ruth Roman, Randolph Scott, Phyllis Thaxter, Danny Thomas, Lurene Tuttle, Dick Wesson, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore.

Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

A movie queen married an outdoor-type fellow and next day telephoned a Hollywood fur designer. "I'm going camping with my new husband," she said. "I want a sleeping bag—lined with mink!"

Tony Dexter was stopped on the street by a teenager who asked him:

"Aren't you Tony Dexter—the fellow Rudolph Valentino looked like?"

A Hollywood producer and his actress wife were arguing when the husband snapped:

"I'm warning you—you'll bring out the beast in me."

"So, who's afraid of mice?" retorted the wife.

A gent with a cocker spaniel on a leash went to a movie theatre box-office, purchased two tickets and then led the dog to a pair of aisle seats. The dog was a terrific audience—applauding, laughing and crying.

Fascinated, the theatre manager whispered to the man:

"Do you mean to tell me your dog likes this movie?"

"Yes," said the hound's owner, "and I'm a little surprised—he didn't care for the book at all."

They're telling about one of Gregory Peck's leading ladies in a recent film who had to wear falsies. She was known on the set as "Peck's Pad Girl."

A feminine star whispered it to a friend: "There are two things I can't stand about that woman—her face."

Will Jordan says that Marilyn Monroe is so sexy she buys perfume that *repels* men!

Jimmy Durante starred in a U. S. Treasury department short plugging the sale of Bonds. Later he was asked, "Did you get paid for it?"

"No," said Durante, "but I've got a piece of the company."

A San Fernando housewife went to a poultry shop for a broiler and was asked:

"Do you want the Dagmar or the Dietrich?"

Robert Cummings tells about taking his four-and-a-half-year-old daughter to Santa Monica Beach the first time.

The little girl gazed at the ocean then said: "Daddy, I can't wait to go in. But which is the deep end?"

A TV contestant told Jack Paar that his wife uses face cream, chin cream and elbow cream before retiring.

"How interesting," mused Jack. "But how does she keep from slipping out of bed?"

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3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



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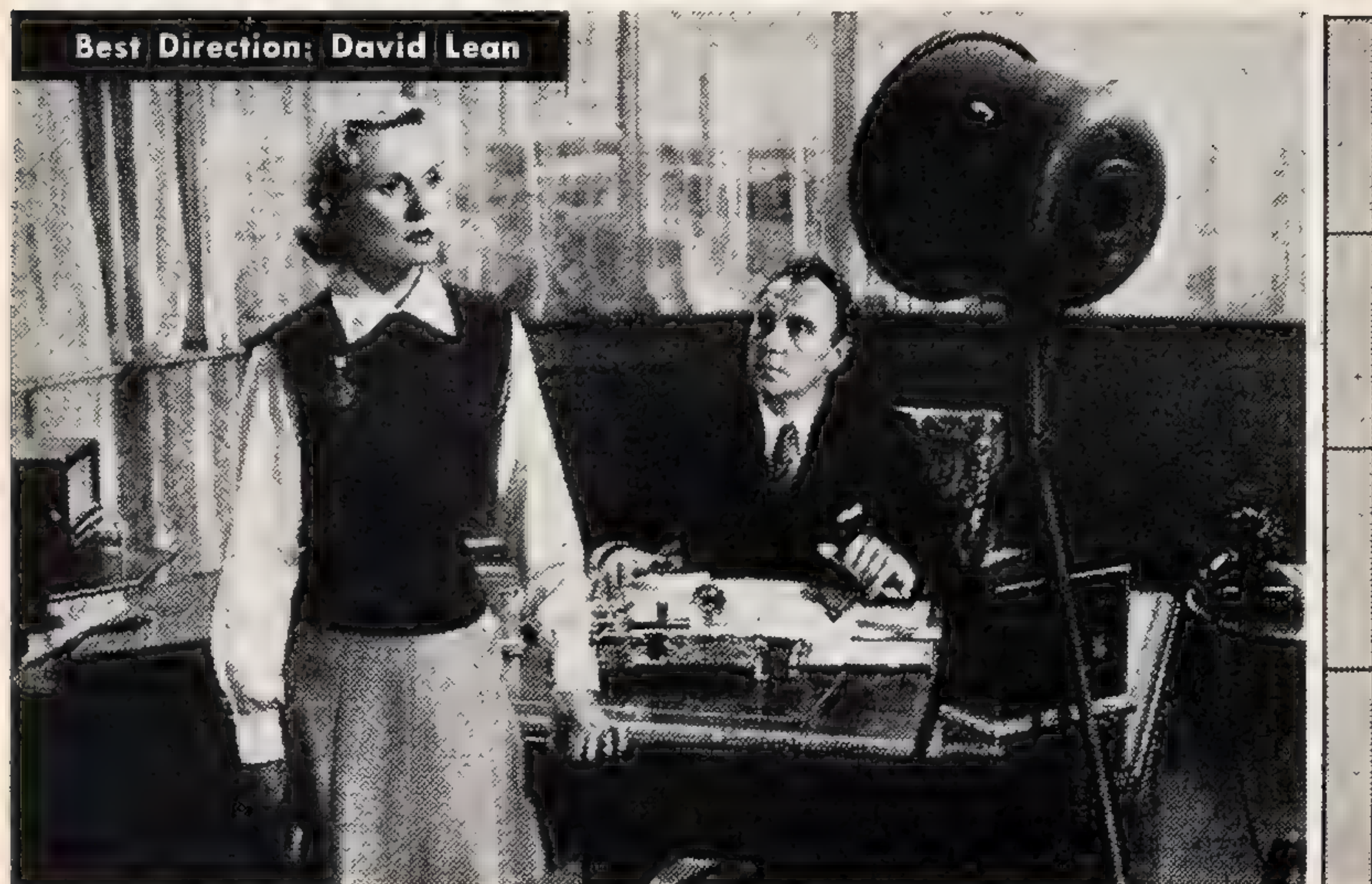
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Let's go to the movies

WITH JANET GRAVES

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 106
For complete casts of new pictures see page 24

FAMILY F
ADULTS ONLY A



Ann Todd and Ralph Richardson listen in on a crucial flight **F**

Breaking the Sound Barrier

U. A.

The British are ahead of us in jet travel, so it's appropriate that they should come through with this soaring human adventure story of the first, man-killing attempts to fly faster than the speed of sound. Air scenes are superbly realized, making you feel the flyer's terror and exhilaration. The plot reminds you of many other movies about women married to men who ply dangerous trades. But its people are believable, consistent, beautifully acted: the girl (Ann Todd) who can't understand why her husband must fly jets and why her father, the manufacturer, must send men to possible death; the lonely father (Ralph Richardson); the first test pilot (Nigel Patrick), the unthinkingly brave sort who "flies by the seat of his pants"; the successful pilot (John Justin); his gallant wife (Dinah Sheridan).

Verdict: Tense, enthralling tribute to pioneers of today



Before his comeback try, Charlie's encouraged by Claire **F**

Limelight

U. A.

If you can bring to watching this movie the same affection that its maker did to producing it, you'll find it an enchanting experience. Charlie Chaplin is looking back to his old world of the London music hall, and he's imagining—"There but for the grace of God go I"—what he might feel if his life had turned toward failure instead of Hollywood and international fame. No longer the little tramp, he's a forgotten vaudeville star, lost in drink and remembering—until he rescues a disheartened young ballerina from suicide. The exquisite, radiant Claire Bloom helps give life to the tender relationship between this oddly matched pair. Sydney Chaplin is nicely serious as the composer who also loves the ballerina, and nobody but Buster Keaton could have kept pace with Chaplin in a wonderful slapstick bit.

Verdict: Intensely personal, slow but savorable

The Bad and the Beautiful

It takes a sharp interest in movie-making to appreciate this inside view of Hollywood. Kirk Douglas is the central, controversial figure, a producer whose co-workers wind up hating him—but can't escape his compelling influence. Barry Sullivan, ambitious young director, helps Kirk get his start, then is callously brushed aside. Lana Turner, spiritless drifter, daughter of a famous actor, is pushed into stardom with a romance that's brutally brief. Dick Powell, a novelist imported to Hollywood, also falls under Kirk's spell, and the writer's marriage to a southern belle (neatly caricatured by Gloria Grahame) is sacrificed to the producer's mania for creating good movies. Lana shows fine emotional fire, but Kirk has trouble making a cryptic character sympathetic, in spite of the switcheroo designed to do the trick.

Verdict: Fascinating close-up of Hollywood intrigues



A Kirk's apparent love gives Lana the confidence a star needs

KRAMER, COLUMBIA

The Four Poster

A cast that's limited to two people and sets that confine them to their own apartment may not seem a formula for a distinguished movie. But the device creates an atmosphere of special intimacy, with Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer to tell you the story of a marriage. The picture shifts easily from farce to drama to tragedy to sentimental fantasy. Top plaudits go to Lilli, giving a fluid, brilliant performance as shy bride, wise wife, a bride's restless mother, serene old lady. Rex is most convincing in comedy scenes, though he makes a full-length figure of the writer whose wife shows him the way to success in writing and living. But you find the cream of the movie in the cartoon "inter-scenes" that fill in bits of plot, bridge the years, suggest the tragedy of war and the hoopla of the jazz age. Each one is richly imaginative.

Verdict: Tender, amusing, too-talky tale of wedded lovers



A The on-screen marriage of Rex and Lilli strikes a discord

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

April in Paris

The warm presence and notable musical gifts of Doris Day and Ray Bolger breathe life into a flimsy farce plot, and it's done so spontaneously that even the waits between numbers are easy to take. Dodo's a lowly chorine invited by mistake to represent the U. S. at a Paris art festival; Ray's a State Department underling, a stuffed shirt who gets unstarched on the gay transatlantic trip. Love dawns fast, in shipboard style, and a phony marriage that the principal parties believe to be real gives rise to a lot of dodging in and out of cabins. The confusion's straightened out in a Paris that is obviously the "Paree" of the popular legend. Claude Dauphin cooperates amiably as a French entertainer turned waiter in a financial crisis. Liveliest number is a jamboree in the galley, looking pleasantly impromptu, as a good musical routine should.

Verdict: Songs by Day, dances by Ray keep you happy



F Romance inspires Doris and Ray to do some stepping

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

Road to Bali

The first fine bloom of the "Road" series may have worn off, but for *aficionados* there's still a relaxing charm about the adventures of Bing, Bob and Dottie. As usual, Crosby, Hope and Lamour give you the impression that they're making up the plot as they go along. There's the standard opening scene with two show-biz fakers judiciously getting out of town—Sydney, Australia, in this case. Before they realize what they're doing, Bob and Bing are involved in the dangerous business of resurrecting sunken treasure from an octopus-haunted lagoon, at the bidding of native prince Murvyn Vye. Bob remains the hysterical type; Bing, the boy who knows it's all in fun; Dottie, dutiful straight man (and extra-curvy female). And many guest celebs pop up.

Verdict: Casual, comical, musical improvisation

More reviews on next page



F More close harmony for a beloved trio—Bob, Dottie, Bing

Outpost in Malaya

(RANK, U. A.)



Behind the headlines of trouble flaring in far corners of the world, family life goes on, and this taut British film takes you into the household of a rubber planter and his wife in uneasy Malaya. Claudette Colbert is so competent as an actress, Jack Hawkins so virile and forthright, that you sympathize with both parties in the crisis. The wife feels that the planter has drifted away from her, absorbed in the battle against murderous natives who threaten the plantations. She and her son (engaging little Peter Asher) are about to go to England when an outburst of violence turns their home into a fortress. The siege builds to a climax that solves the couple's personal problem.

Verdict: Tense, expert topical drama

Last of the Comanches

(COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR)



Many a good picture has used this reliable theme: The reactions of a group of people come together by chance and isolated in the face of danger. Here, desert thirst and warring Comanches threaten the weary survivors of a cavalry troop, joined by other desert travelers. All eventually make a stand at the only water hole in the region. Outstanding in the capable cast are Broderick Crawford as a tough cavalry sergeant, Barbara Hale as an officer's sister, Johnny Stewart as a friendly Indian lad, and Chubby Johnson as a cowardly traveling salesman.

Verdict: Vigorous, convincing Western

Kansas City Confidential

(U. A.)



Long practice has made Hollywood almost as facile with crook pictures as with Westerns, so it's no surprise to find the inside story of a million-dollar armored-car robbery turned into a neat thriller. John Payne shows a bit more emotion than usual as the innocent deliveryman implicated in the crime. To clear himself, he assumes the identity of one of the bandits, killed by police after the hold-up, and makes his way to the pay-off spot, in Mexico. His deception is possible because the robbery, as planned by ex-cop Preston Foster, was carried out by masked men who didn't even know each other. It's a tricky situation, with the romantic touch contributed by Coleen Gray.

Verdict: Brisk, well-photographed melo

Androcles and the Lion

(RKO)



The film version of the famous play too often bogs down in talk—though the sparkle and deep meaning of Bernard Shaw's lines are worth listening to. With his

witty portrayal of Caesar, Maurice Evans comes closest to the intended spirit of the picture. Jean Simmons' Christian maiden is a winning creation, both impish and saintly, but Victor Mature brings little more than suitably classic features to his Roman-soldier role. Alan Young has the hardest assignment, as *Androcles*, the Christian who befriended a lion. And he carries it off well: gentle and clownish, timid by nature, brave by conviction.

Verdict: Slow-paced, but of some interest

The Lawless Breed

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)



Generally of familiar pattern, this Western ends with an intriguing echo of "The Gunfighter." Rock Hudson, till now an amiable, hulking kid, shows a commendable increase in composure and maturity as the boy whose fondness for cards and readiness with a gun leads him into trouble. Mary Castle is unhappily cast as the wishy-washy good girl he first loves; Julia Adams gets a better break as the dance-hall gal who accompanies him into outlawry and (belatedly) becomes his wife as he tries to settle down.

Verdict: Pleasing action film of old Texas

Above and Beyond

(M-G-M)



It's possible for a movie to have *too* powerful a theme. Robert Taylor's earnest performance as Col. Paul Tibbets, pilot of the plane that dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima, creates moments of intense personal drama, almost big enough for the theme. But the story's narrated by Eleanor Parker, as his wife, and this device throws the whole picture out of focus. While Tibbets bears the chief grueling responsibility for preparations and final timing, the project must be kept a secret even from his wife. The marital discord resulting from his unexplained edginess is advanced in plot twists that suggest mistaken-identity farce.

Verdict: Strong story, unevenly treated

Hangman's Knot

(COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR)



We're out west again, this time sharing the adventures of a group of Confederate soldiers stranded in Nevada Territory at the war's end. Led by doughty Randolph Scott, they donned civies to hold up a Union gold train, so now they are accused of banditry and pursued by ruthless vigilantes. Most of the fast, well-planned action takes place in the stagecoach station where the soldiers and four Yankee captives are beleaguered. Donna Reed, as a Union Army nurse, adds a romantic note. Claude Jarman, Jr., is also impressive.

Verdict: Business-like horse opera

More reviews on page 16

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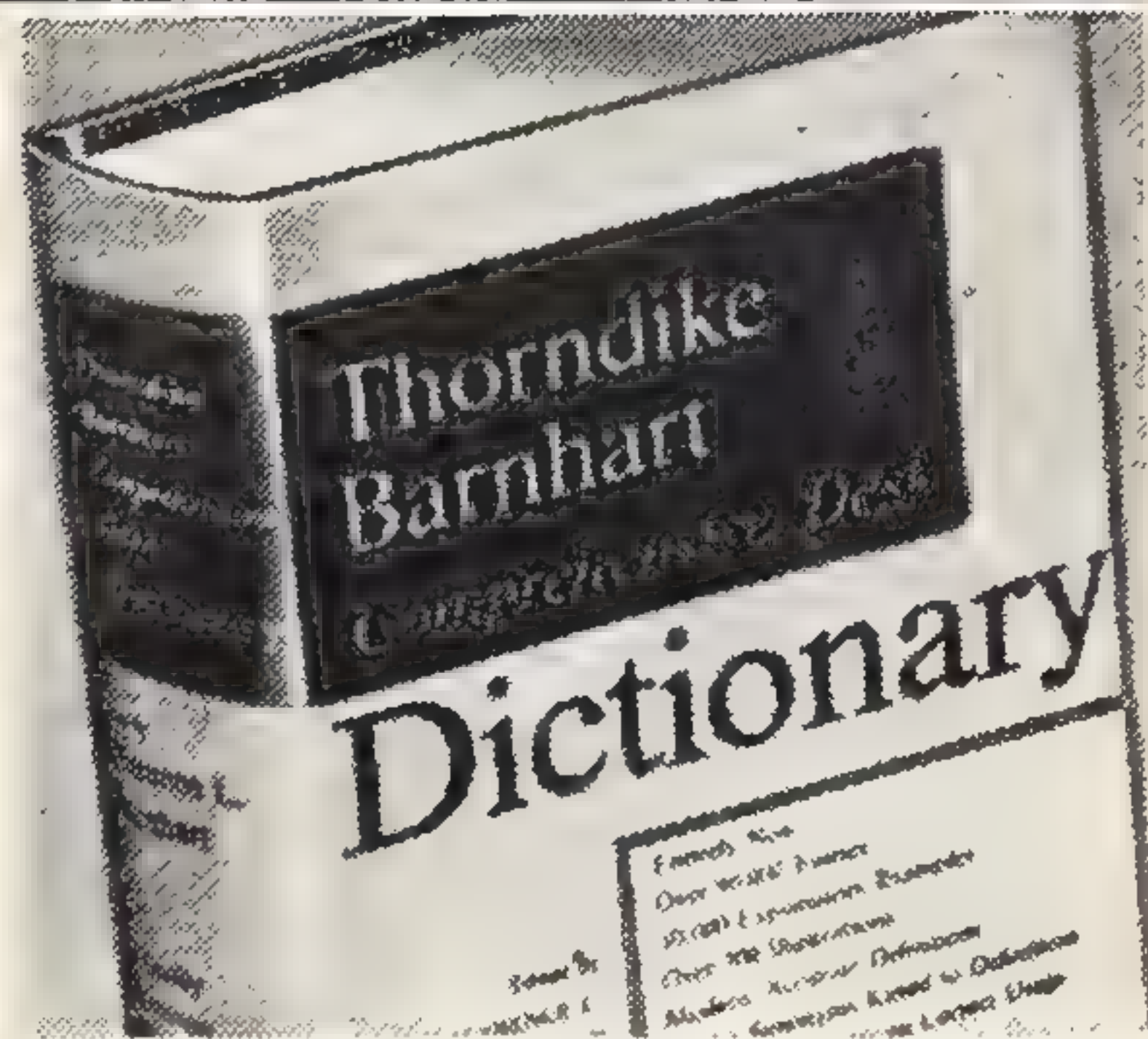
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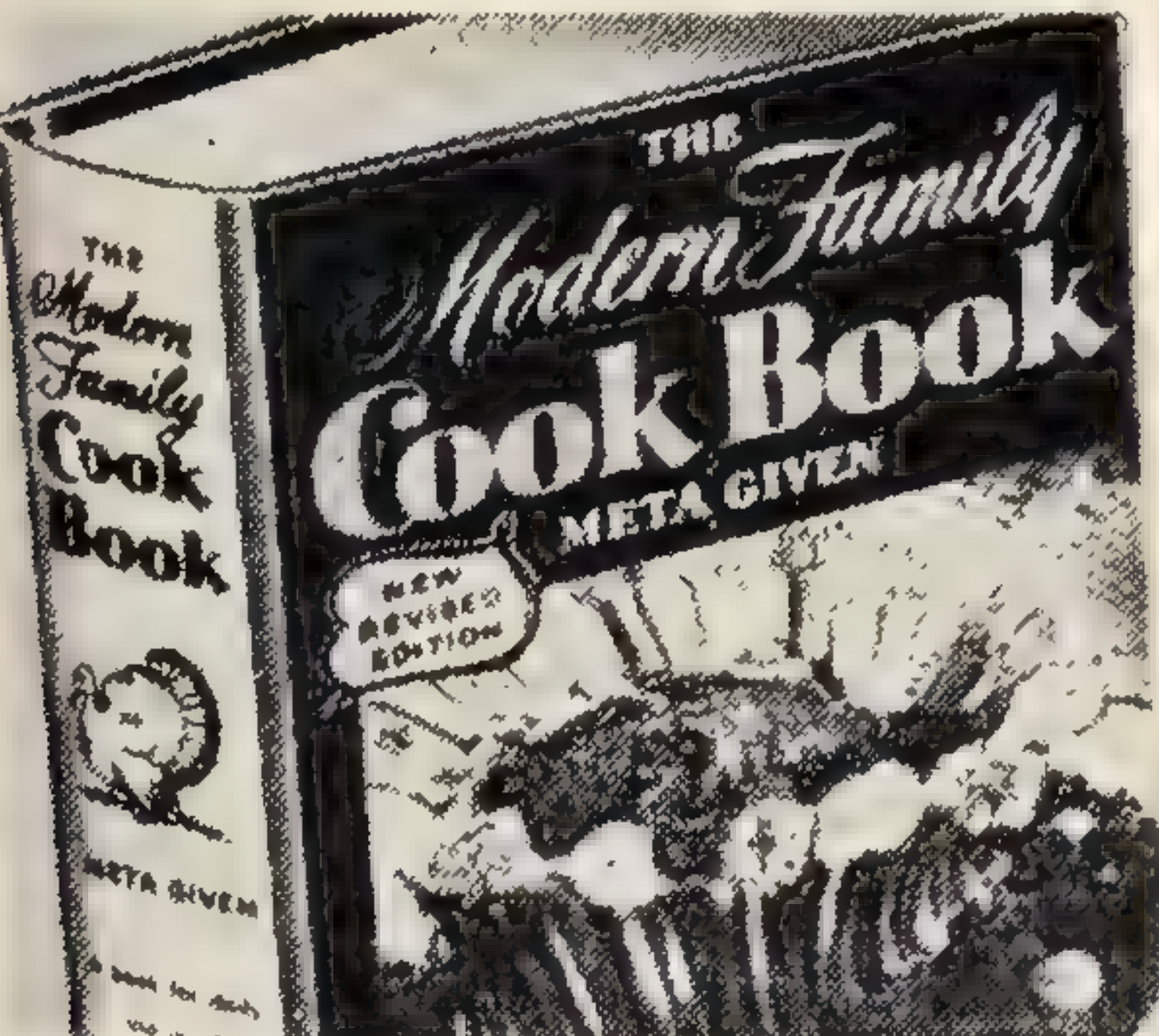
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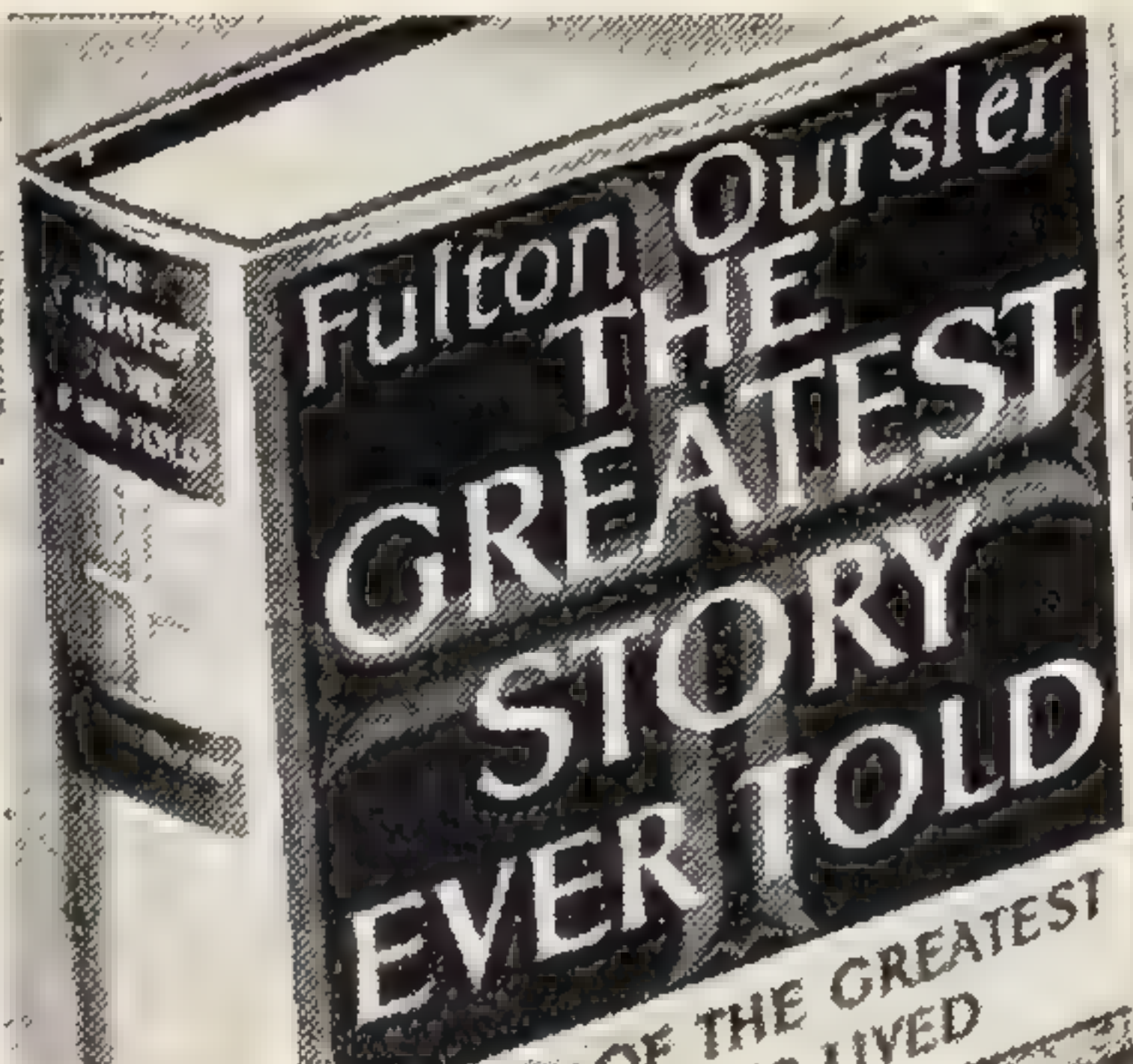
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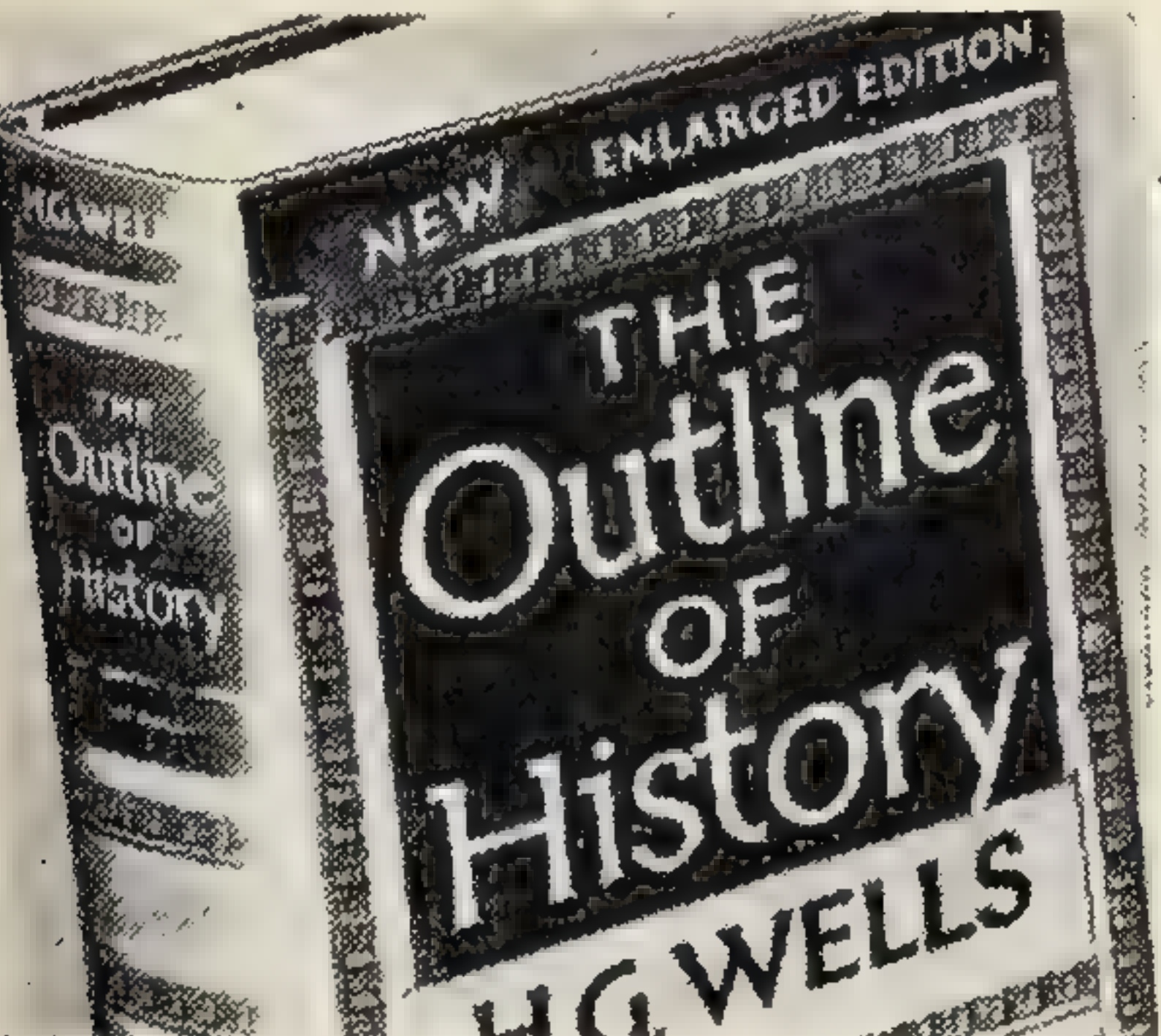
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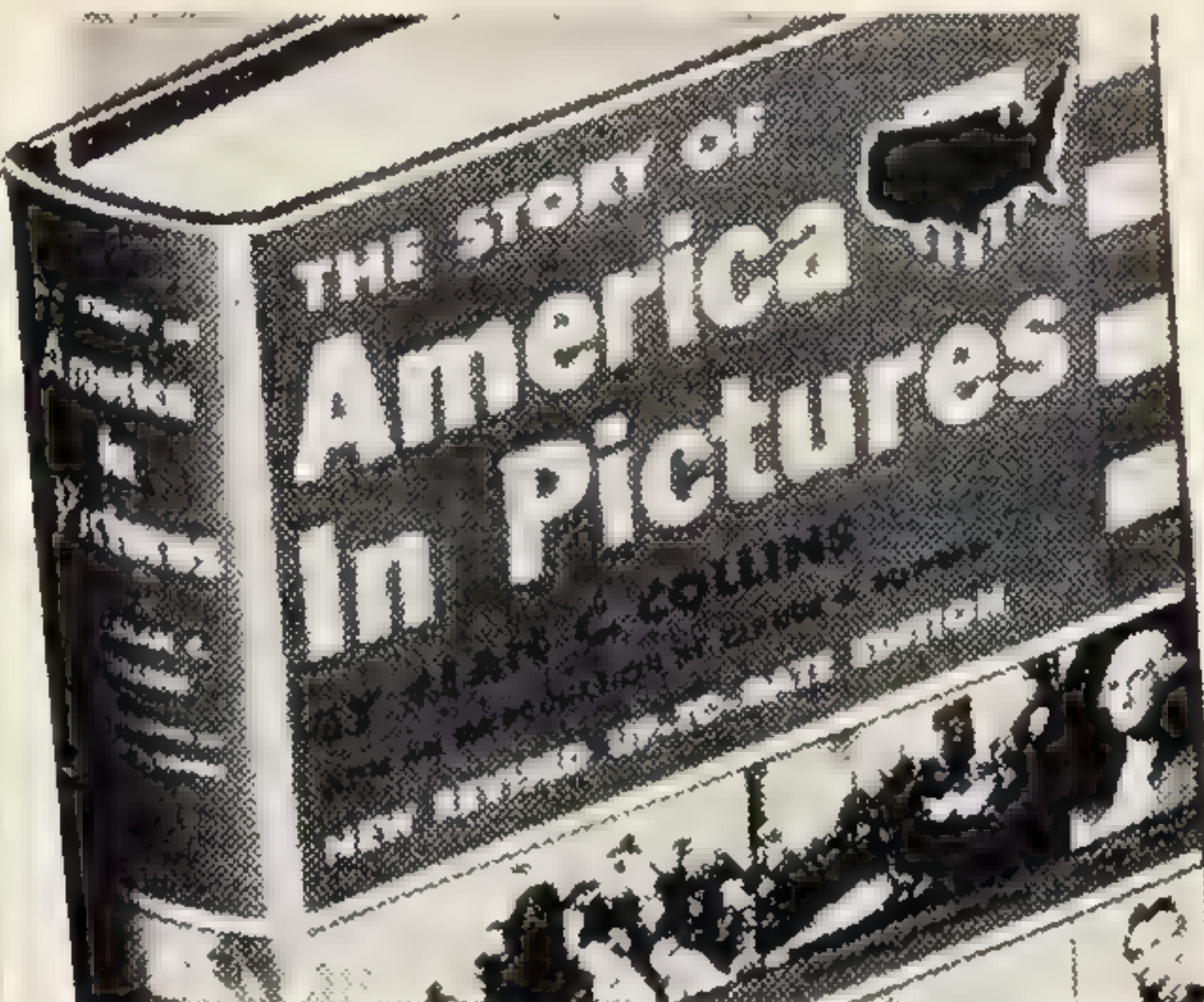
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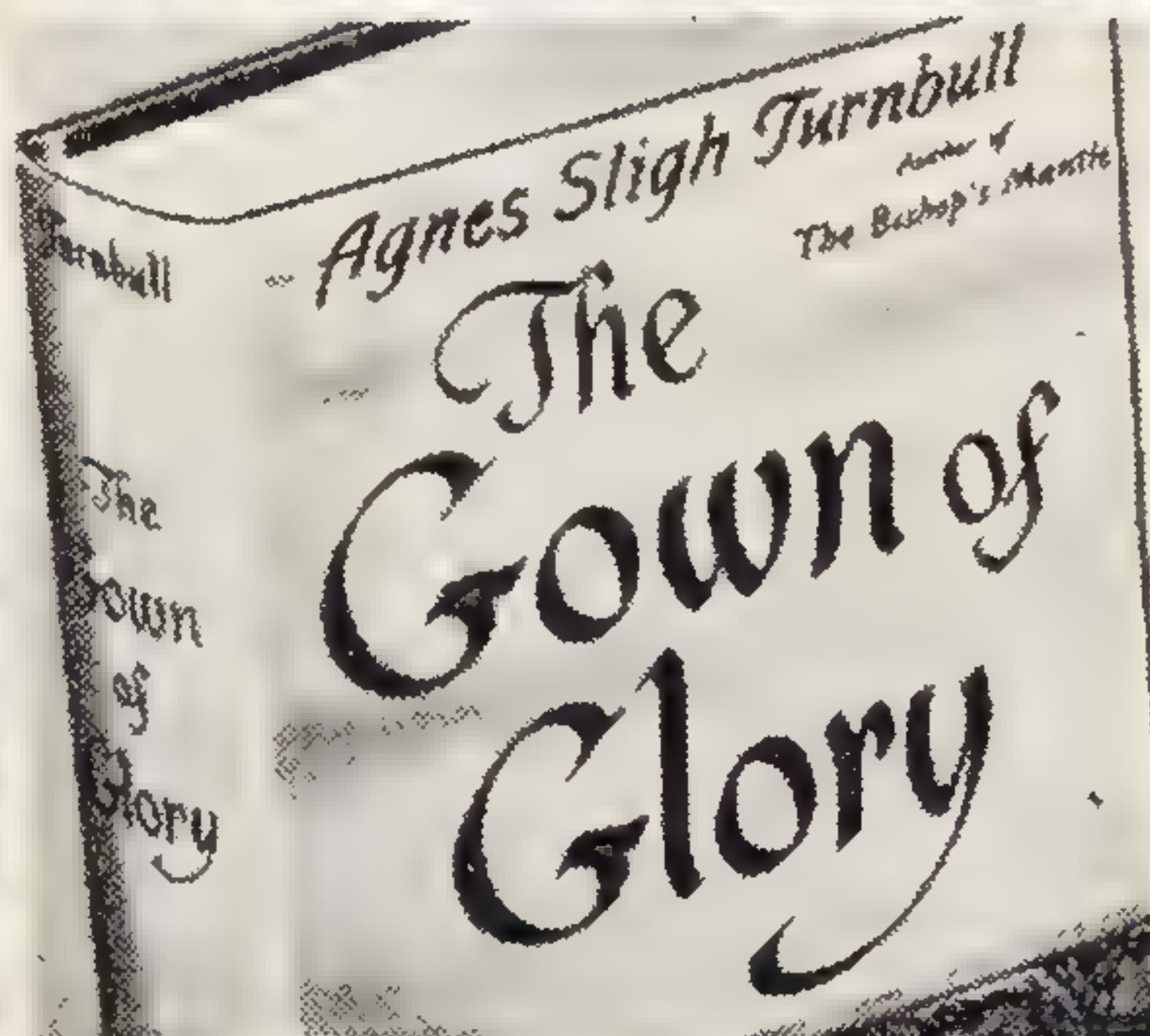
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Also send my first issue of *The Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar* selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents shipping cost, (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____
City & _____
Zone _____ State _____
Selection price in Canada, \$1.10 plus shipping. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

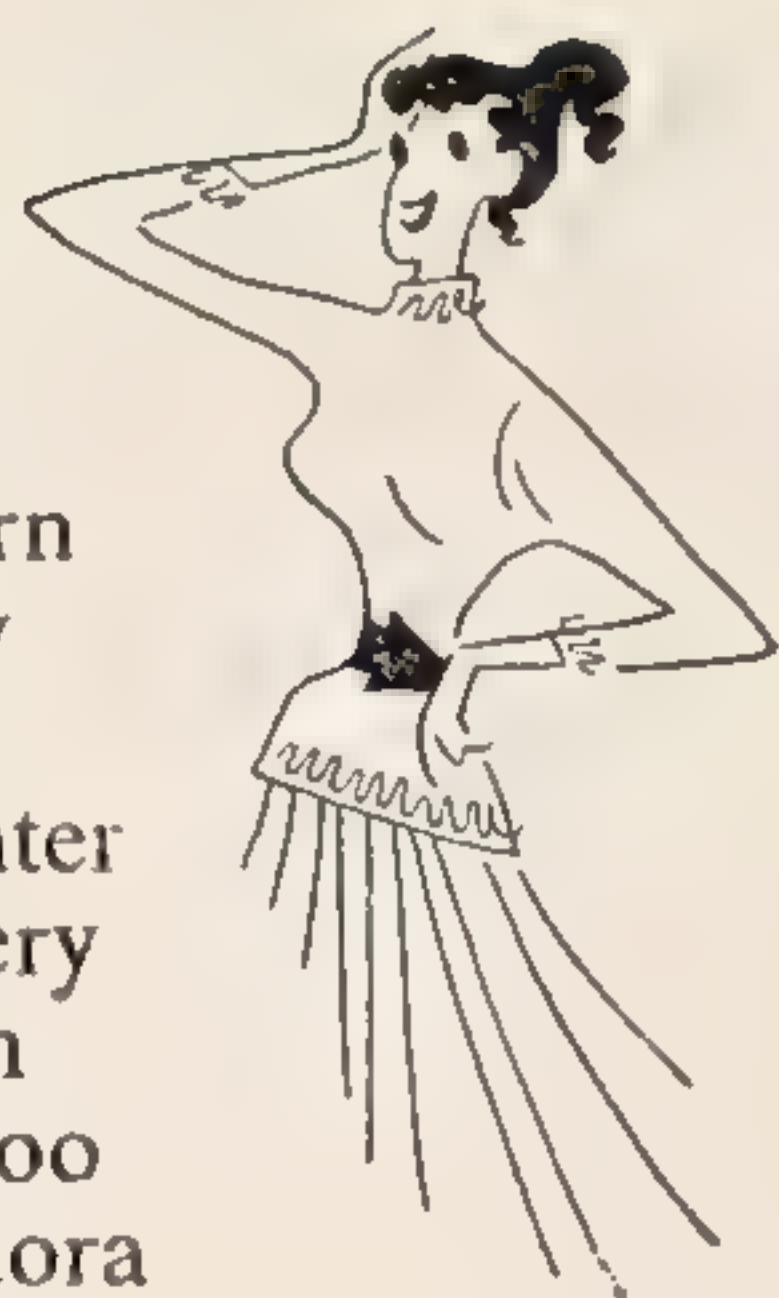
Please Print



by **REGIS PAINE,**
beauty consultant

New look for tired sweaters.

The magic of a steam iron works wonders on often-worn woolen sweaters. Just gently press with stamping motion and watch your favorite winter wear come to life again. Every sweater girl knows underarm daintiness can't be guarded too carefully. This calls for Yodora—the sure beauty-cream deodorant that keeps you wonderfully fresh and oh, so comfortable.



Good form for formals.

White shoulders and white ties demand perfect grooming and, above all, smooth underarm loveliness. In shaving under arms be sure your blade is new, your razor clean. Shave downward, slowly and gently, to avoid unattractive scratch marks. Then apply Yodora, the deodorant beauty cream that soothes and beautifies your underarms—keeps you dancing fresh, sweet and glamorous all through the night.

Scat to mid-winter blues.

Change your outlook with a new hair-do. Beat the season with a bunch of gay artificial flowers pinned to your coat, your belt, or worn pertly on a dress.



One thing *sure* that always lifts the spirits is knowing you're just as lovely and desirable as you can be, because gentle Yodora is safely and surely protecting you from the slightest trace of perspiration odors. You feel so fresh and you stay that way all day through. (Yodora keeps your underarms lovelier, too, because it smoothes and softens your skin as it guards your daintiness.)

Tubes or Jars—10¢, 35¢, 60¢



McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

movies

CONTINUED

Meet Me at the Fair

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)



This tune-trimmed comedy-drama gets off to an ingratiating start, then slows down and overplays its simple story. As a braggart medicine-show man, Dan Dailey gives a lift to a lad who's on the lam from a dismal orphanage. Dan's generosity involves him in crooked small-town politics, and Diana Lynn gets into the act as a member of the orphanage board. Song numbers feature Dan, boy soprano Chet Allen (as the orphan), "Scat Man" Crothers and Carole Matthews.

Verdict: Barber-shop-style nostalgia

Tropic Zone

(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)



Extra background color would have built up the attractions of this unpretentious melodrama. As an innocent fugitive from a political brawl in one of the Central American banana republics, Ronald Reagan arrives in another of these countries in time to help Rhonda Fleming save her plantation. (You'll recognize the good old Western motif of the girl ranch-owner.) Estelita tosses in Latin rhythms as a café singer who's sweet on Reagan.

Verdict: Bananas sub for cattle herds

Million Dollar Mermaid

(M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR)



Fans probably expect more musical trimmings from an Esther Williams film than they get in this extravaganza. Es is the logical choice to play Annette Kellerman, Australian-born swim champ famous at the beginning of this century. There's nostalgic charm in the sequences showing Annette as a child (Donna Corcoran) swimming to heal her crippled legs, and the grown-up Annette horrifying prudes with her one-piece bathing suit. But the story falls into the show-business formula, with Victor Mature as the carnival man who can't stand being overshadowed by his girl.

Verdict: Mild salute to a real-life star

Pony Soldier

(20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR)



The soldier of the title, typified by Tyrone Power, is none other than your old friend the mountie who always gets his man. Ty plays a new recruit who must prove himself by persuading the wandering Crees to return to their reservation and give up two American hostages they've captured. Cameron Mitchell is startlingly cast as a bloodthirsty brave, but Thomas Gomez provides expected comedy relief as Ty's half-breed guide. The captives are portrayed by pretty Penny Edwards and by Robert Horton, an able young heavy.

Verdict: Stilted but often exciting

Abbott and Costello Meet Captain Kidd

(WARNERS, SUPERCINECOLOR)

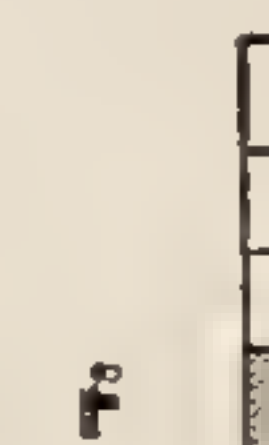


With more song and spectacle than most Abbott-Costello vehicles, the comics' excursion into the pirate era finds a goodly number of laughs. Charles Laughton, playing Kidd in his fruitiest style, makes an imposing stooge for Bud and Lou, cast as a pair of tavern flunkies. There's much nonsense about who's got the treasure map, which keeps getting mixed up with a mushy love note written by Fran Warren to tavern singer Bill Shirley.

Verdict: Plenty of fun for A & C fans

Desperate Search

(M-G-M)



Howard Keel's first Hollywood try at a straight dramatic part is unfortunately framed in a strictly gimmick sort of plot. A transport plane has crashed in a Canadian wilderness; aboard it are Keel's two children, returning to their mother, his first wife; both Keel and his arrogant ex are flyers in the search. Patricia Medina has a hopeless role as the man-eating aviatrix, but the highly talented Jane Greer, as Keel's second wife, and Keenan Wynn, as his knowing buddy, almost breathe life into the mechanical story. Low point is the wooden depiction of the children.

Verdict: Trick idea that misses fire

The Thief of Venice

(20TH CENTURY-FOX)



As a spectacle, this Italian-made adventure movie is often a treat to see, filled with the ancient grandeur of Venice and great crowds of picturesquely clad extras. As a story, it's less effective, getting well snarled in fictional intrigues of the Renaissance. The late Maria Montez has the kind of role that won her fame, playing a fiery slum-dweller who helps to free her city from a cruel usurper. Paul Christian plays a Venetian Robin Hood.

Verdict: Slight story in splendid settings

Thunder in the East

(PARAMOUNT)



The violence that shook India as British rule drew to a close is much too serious a subject to be used for a routine action yarn. Every nationality concerned is likely to be insulted by the stock types presented here: Americans, by Alan Ladd's money-grubbing, gun-running flyer, who won't rescue a group of Europeans until he gets cash on the line; Indians, by Charles Boyer's gentle Indian leader, who finally discards his Gandhian principles; the French, by Corinne Calvet's fancy lady; the British, by the *Colonel Blimps* and their ladies. Deborah Kerr's blind heroine is a queasily sentimental creation.

Verdict: Shallow and tasteless

"I soothed my husband with sandpaper!"

"Nobody'd ever call Paul Douglas a meek husband," Jan Sterling explains, "and he was pretty irate at the 'junk' I picked up at auctions... that is, until I showed him how lovely it was underneath."



JAN STERLING,
co-starring in
"PONY EXPRESS"
A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

"Then he admitted all the sanding and scraping was worth while. But, oh, what it did to my hands! And what a relief it was afterwards to smooth on soothing Jergens Lotion!"



"We worked like beavers getting settled and unpacking barrels filled with scratchy excelsior. Again I blessed Jergens. It works so *fast*! See for yourself why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens..."



"Apply ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as it will with an oily care."



"My hands are always smooth and soft for close-ups with my favorite leading man." No wonder Jergens Lotion is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1!



Use Jergens Lotion to keep *your* hands lovely, too. See why it's the hand care used by more women than any other in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK



Easy to Use

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Come Off On Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, this new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone will bring to your lips color-beauty that's *almost too attractive!*

Makes the Sweetest Kiss

Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous on Your Lips...

... they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES AT MY INVITATION

You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no grease or paste give your lips a tempting charm they have never had before. Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Mail it at once and I'll send you costume sizes of all shades you order. Each is at least a two weeks' supply. Expect to be thrilled. You WILL be!



Liquid Liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 3102
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below.
I enclose 25c coin for each one.

- ☐ Jewel—Sophisticated ruby brilliance.
- ☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ Cyclamen—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ Orchid—A cool fuchsia pink.
- ☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.

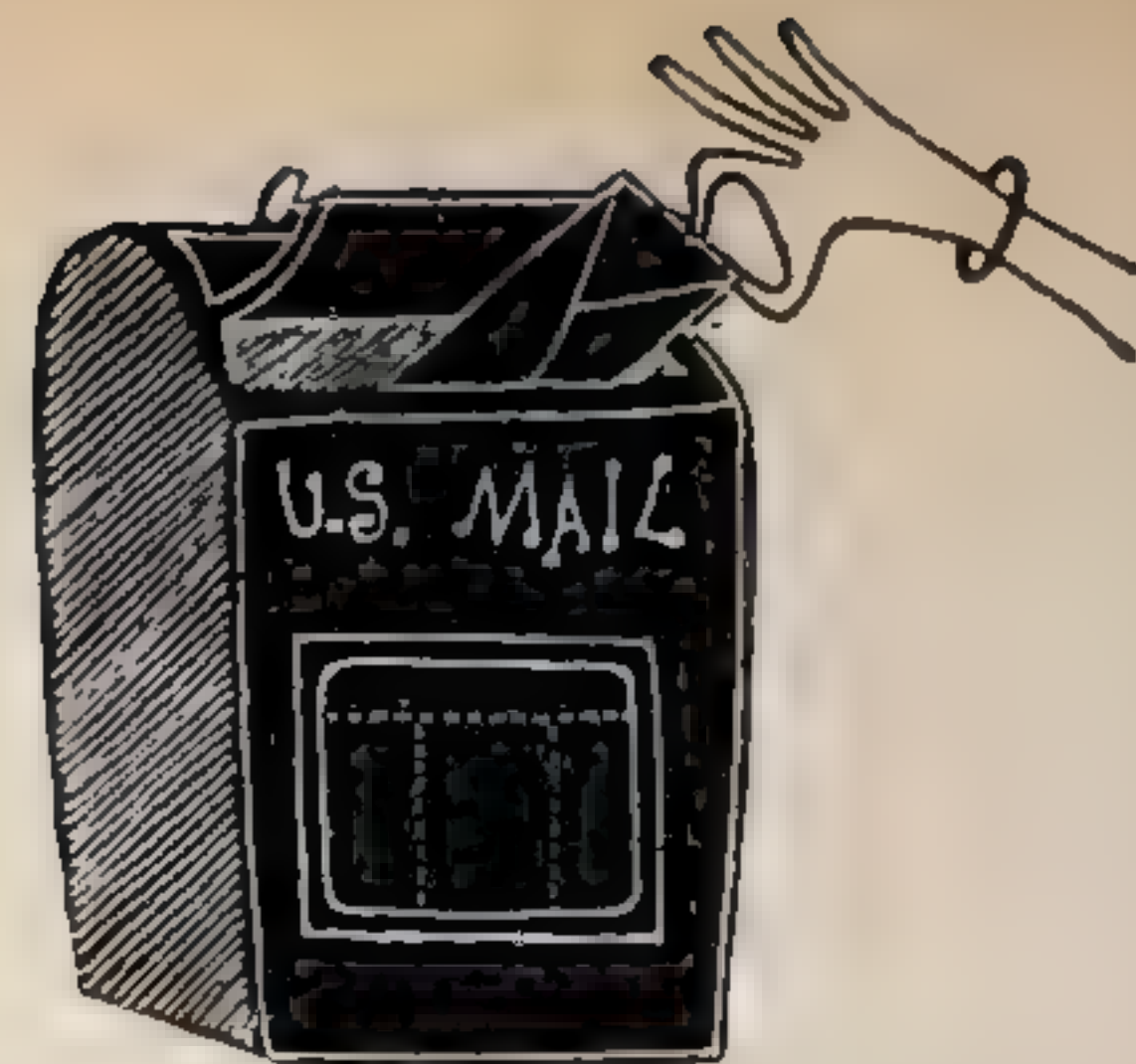
☐ CHEEKTONE—"Magic" natural color for cheeks.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

readers inc...



SOAP BOX:

I'm just a little weary of reading ... that my favorite, Bing Crosby, is a "meanie" when it comes to signing autographs. I've been a fan of Bing's for nearly twenty years. Every year ... Bing has answered my letters and ... enclosed an autographed photo. ... For twenty years, he has given of his golden voice, unique brand of comedy and charming personality ... He's entitled to privacy ... He's also entitled to a few little faults. ...

GERTRUDE CHART
New Britain, Connecticut

What's all this about Zsa Zsa Gabor? She's only played a few minor roles, but we read about her all the time ...

JOHN COATES
Provo, Utah



What is this Zsa Zsa?

My girl friends and I just saw "Because You're Mine" with Mario Lanza ... he was wonderful ... Why does everybody tell stories about him? ... any man who can have a bunch of teenagers crying over his singing is really good ... We give three cheers for Lanza ... give him a fairer chance with the public ... we are his fans ...

VIRGINIA NOLAN
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

I am a Marine out here in Korea and ... I speak for a great number of the Marines here ... In your September issue you had "Hollywood's Ten Top Pinups." Well I wanted you to know you excluded one of the best of them all. I don't know how you pick your pinups, but we fighting men pick them by who takes the time in answering and sending out pictures ... I wrote Miss Betty Hutton ... and within one month I had an 8x10 with three poses, personally signed ... That's our idea of a pinup girl! ...

PFC. STANLEY GILBERT
c/o FPO San Francisco, California

... If Paramount and Warners ... lose Betty Hutton and Doris Day, they might as well burn up the studios, because they will have lost everything. Please take my advice and get them back.

BETTY HARDIN
Inez, Kentucky

A sincere "Thank You" to M-G-M for giving us "The Merry Widow." It was a genuine

treat to sit back and relax and enjoy Lehar's music once more, as well as the superb cast and production.

MARY FOSTER CONOVER
Poughkeepsie, New York

I live in a little town way up in the mountains where I never dreamed I'd even see a movie star, much less my favorite, John Agar. But yesterday, I did, thanks to Movietown, USA. John was so sweet. So were Una Merkel and Barbara Ruick.

HELEN CURRAN
Kremmling, Colorado

I am writing ... in defense of B pictures. I have seen several ... that I thought were terrific. One was "Valley of the Eagles" and another, "Storm Over Tibet" ... I think Hollywood ballyhoos the wrong pictures. Why not give the little unknown pictures and players a break? ...

MRS. JACK E. TALLEY
South Pasadena, California

CASTING:

... The ideal movie would be Marge and Gower Champion, Betty Grable and Dan Dailey all dancing and singing in one big musical. Then movies would really be better than ever.

SAL RAE NORRIS
Columbus, Ohio

... they are looking for a singing Rhett Butler for the musical version of "Gone With the Wind." The only person who has the looks, voice, build and personality for the part is certainly Howard Keel ...

MRS. GLORIA SIKES
Brooklyn, New York

Why doesn't some studio make a film about a female baseball player—a comedy with ... Jean Peters or Mitzi Gaynor? ... Such a plot would be different ...

R. E. CHANEY
Massillon, Ohio

... I saw John Derek in "The Family Secret" and I think he played the part beautifully. But he certainly does not look like a murderer. Really, could not those Hollywood producers find him nicer parts than those of a killer? Why don't they give him good parts taken from the classical books like "Green Mansions" ... and let him play ... a young romantic man?

LILIA R. BOREISIS
Detroit, Michigan

What are the big bosses out in Hollywood trying to prove? It makes me sick to see all of the nation's top heartthrobs such as Rock Hudson, Scott Brady and Robert Wagner appearing in Westerns. Rock Hudson and Scott Brady are two of the sexiest men in the movie capital, and to see them making love to a horse is very repulsive. Also, I read recently that Robert Wagner, my favorite, is going to be in a Western. Can't you just see him playing a cowboy?

WANDA SACKES
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina
(Continued on page 20)

You feel it!

*With your hair Shasta-Soft
and sweet, you're every inch a
desirable woman!*



Feel it on your fingertips!

Rub it into the palms of your hands!

*You can feel that Shasta Shampoo
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can *feel* that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do *wonderful* things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so *femininely right* for your hair. So when it's important for you to look *and* feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P. S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

New
Shasta

the Softest of the Cream Shampoos

CREME 60¢ LIQUID 50¢—\$1



Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film... just soft shimmering beauty

Now... try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way... With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

Suave

End dry hair worries
with miracle Curtisol—
Only Suave has it



created by *Helene Curtis*
foremost name in hair beauty

readers inc . . .

(Continued from page 18)

Why doesn't U-I put Jeff Chandler in a musical picture? He sure can sing, and boy! does he sing "Black Magic"!

JOY EDWARDS
Athens, Georgia

Not long ago, I saw the picture, "Island of Desire," and all my girl friends and I couldn't get over Tab Hunter. All we have to say is, "Oh, man, what a living doll!" We also think Anne Francis is a little doll and would think it wonderful if they could be teamed up in a picture...

JOAN DICK
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

Why don't they put Susan Cabot, Suzan Ball and Faith Domergue in a picture as sisters, or even triplets? They all look so much alike that I get confused when I see them...

RHODA SANDLER
Chicago, Illinois

QUESTION BOX:

I would like to know who played *Charmaine* in "What Price Glory" in the Twenties. Was it Renée Adorée or Dolores del Rio?

AUDREY ALBRECHT
Brooklyn, New York

That was Dolores del Rio. Renée Adorée played in "The Big Parade."—ED.

Is it true that Mary Pickford has completed the movie, "The Library," and at the preview the shots of her were so poor that it was shelved?

DEAN RANDALL
East Orange, New Jersey

No. The film was never put into production with Mary Pickford. She canceled out when the producers decided to make the picture in black and white instead of Technicolor.—ED.

I really enjoyed the show, "Mickey." Could you please tell me who played the role of Mickey. Did she do her own singing?...

GAY ANN HARRIS
Gardiner, Montana

Lois Butler. And she did sing for herself. She is now married and retired for the time being.—ED.

... a question that has been puzzling my friends and me for a long time... Are Rod Cameron and Randolph Scott brothers?...

KAY SANTILLO
Ellwood City, Pennsylvania

No, they're in no way related.—ED.

I say the Spanish dancer in "Snows of Kilimanjaro" is the same actor who danced with Susan Hayward in "With a Song in My Heart." My friends disagree. Who's right?

EVELYN WINTERS
Seattle, Washington

You are. It was Richard Allan. And he's equally good in "O. Henry's Full House."—ED.

... to express my enjoyment of "The Way of a Gaucho"... wonderful acting and story... beautiful scenery... If the back (Continued on page 22)



Pauline Trigere, award-winning designer: "This dress reveals your figure boldly! It's for *you*—if you wear a Playtex!" Playtex works figure-slimming magic without a seam, stitch or bone . . . it's invisible, even under this sheath!



Philip Mangone, designing genius: "My suits blend slimness and a fluid ease of motion, look their best over a Playtex Girdle!" Made of miracle latex with *all-way* control, Playtex slims you by *inches* . . . leaves you wonderfully free!



Monte Sano, American suit designer, says: "The secret of a successful suit is the long, smooth body line—and the secret of *that* is Playtex!" All-way stretching, all-way slimming Playtex controls, moulds you from waist to thigh!



Jane Derby, famous for sophisticated style: "I design for slender elegance—but I want *you* to be comfortable. I suggest a Playtex Girdle!" It's naturally slimming, and the cloud-soft fabric is so comfortable next to your skin!

FOUR LEADING AMERICAN DESIGNERS SHOW WHY

Only a **PLAYTEX®** Girdle lets you look as **SLIM** as this

...and feel as free as this!



Invisible

Playtex

FABRIC-LINED

Girdles from \$4.95

Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
At department stores and specialty shops. Playtex, known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.

ONLY with **SHADOW WAVE** patented 1-step lotion
HOME PERMANENT

NO NEUTRALIZER

NO TIMING



NEW CURLERS

FRENCH-STYLE—END PAPERS ATTACHED



The easiest, most
natural-looking home
permanent you ever had—
GUARANTEED
by the makers of Lux Toilet
Soap—or money back.

WAVES AND NEUTRALIZES IN ONE APPLICATION

1. Roll curls on French-style curlers—no resetting.

The only curlers that give you the hair style you want while waving. Use again and again. So soft you can sleep on them!



2. Apply lotion—no rinsing—just let dry.

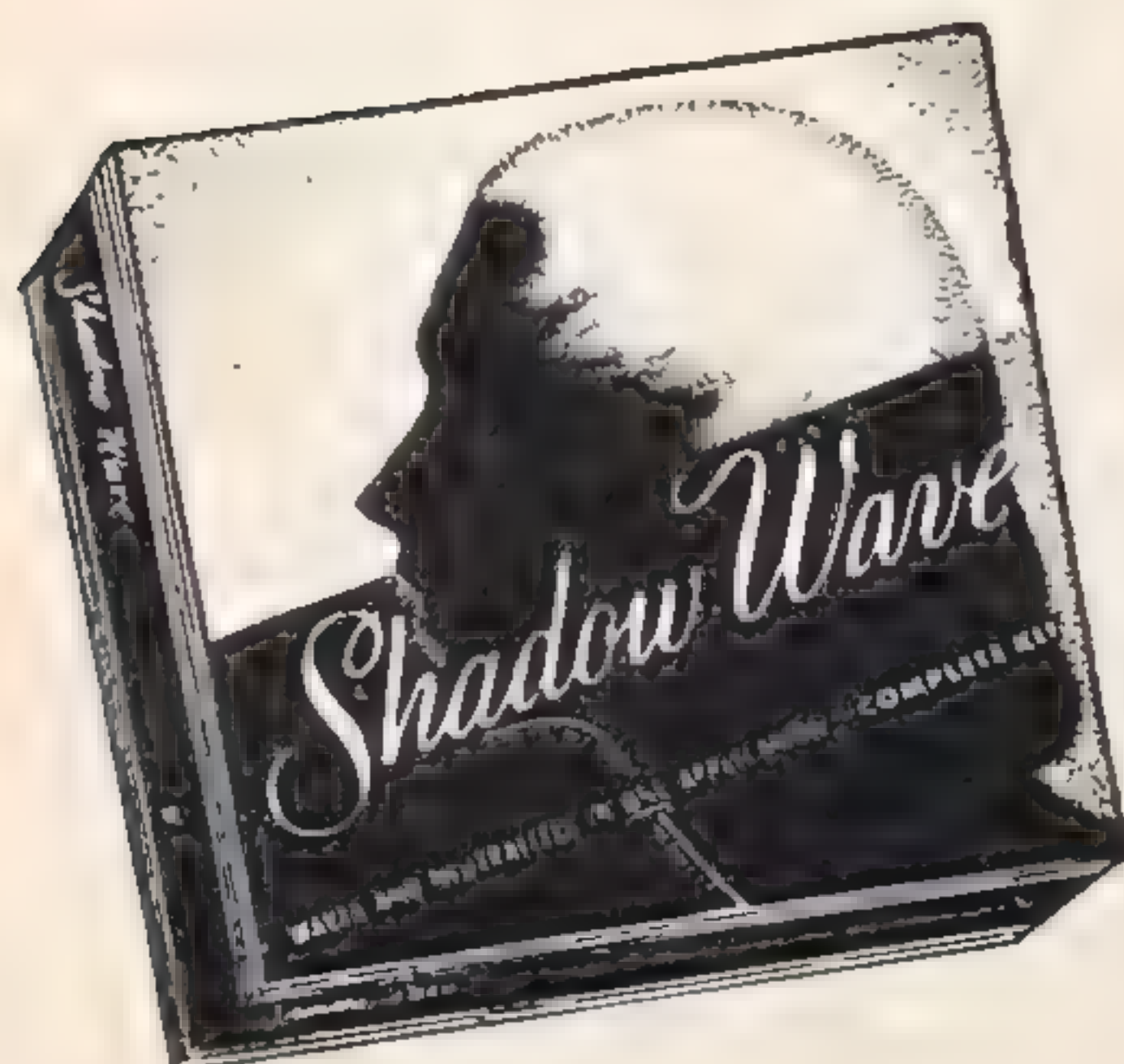


The only lotion that waves and neutralizes without timing, rinsing or resetting. One single lotion right for every type of hair.

3. Brush into springy, soft, long-lasting curls.



When dry, simply remove curlers—no resetting—just brush and the set becomes a lovely, lasting wave.



\$2²⁵

Complete Kit
including
curlers...
Plus Fed. Tax

\$1⁵⁰

Refill
Plus Fed. Tax

**SHADOW
WAVE**
HOME PERMANENT

readers inc . . .

(Continued from page 20)

ground music is recorded, would you please tell me the title.

JEAN HOUSE
St. Paul, Minnesota

The music was scored only for the picture by Twentieth, and it has not been either titled or commercially recorded.—ED.

In "Because You're Mine," weren't the lady and gentleman who asked Mario Lanza for his autograph his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Coccozza?

KAYE KOHLER
Denver, Colorado

In a word, yes.—ED.

I would like to know if Marisa Pavan sang a song in "What Price Glory" and was it her own voice? I would also like to know the name of the song.

MARIE GRASSO
Springfield Garden, New York

She sang it herself, and it was "My Love, My Life," which was written by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans.—ED.

I have been so interested in movies . . . that I started a collection of movie magazines. I now have over two hundred and would like to put them to good use. Is there any way in which I could send them to the boys in Korea?

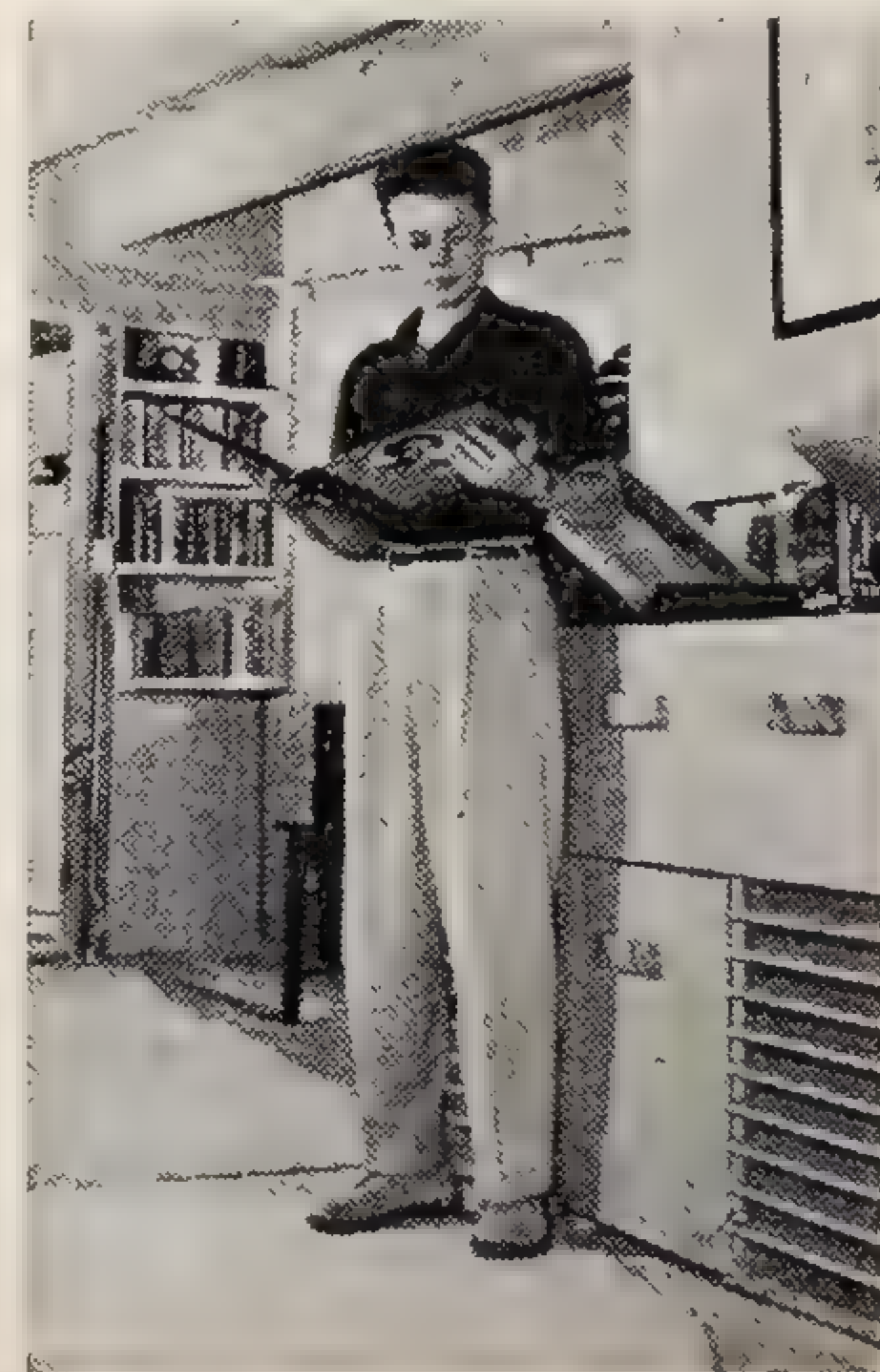
MARY A. BARBARENA
San Francisco, California

The Army tells us that it has a regular service which supplies magazines to men stationed overseas. And we were unable to locate any organization that handles such donations. But you could mail them directly to servicemen (stationed in or out of the country) whom you or your friends know.—ED.

I have just seen the show, "Just For You." Please tell me who played Bing's girl and boy in it.

EMILY SNYDER
Grants Pass, Oregon

His daughter was played by Natalie Wood, a teenager who has been in movies since she was a tot. The son was Robert Arthur, who is in his mid-twenties and whose greatest unhappiness is that he looks too young to be his age in pictures.—ED.



The Youthful Bob Arthur

If you're neglecting dry skin... watch out!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY



I am always amazed at some women. They spend hours nursing plants, exclaim with horror if a begonia wilts. But these same women do nothing to keep their own dry skin from getting thirstier, flakier, more withered... and just plain wrinkled.

If you're neglecting dry skin, let me caution you... you're adding years to your face! Perhaps you think skin care is expensive, time-consuming? Well, there is a dry skin care that costs pennies, takes less than five minutes a day, and will make you look like a new woman!

I'm talking about Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with its amazing new penetrating ingredient, *Penaten*! Penaten carries the lanolin and other rich softening oils in the cream deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.



While many creams just stay on the surface of your skin, Woodbury penetrates — so quickly — five minutes' care is all you need!

here's a simple routine
I recommend:

With your fingertips, cream this rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream in tiny circles about your eyes, nose and mouth, over your cheeks and forehead. With firm upward strokes, work the cream over your throat and neck. Leave it on for five minutes, then... tissue off!

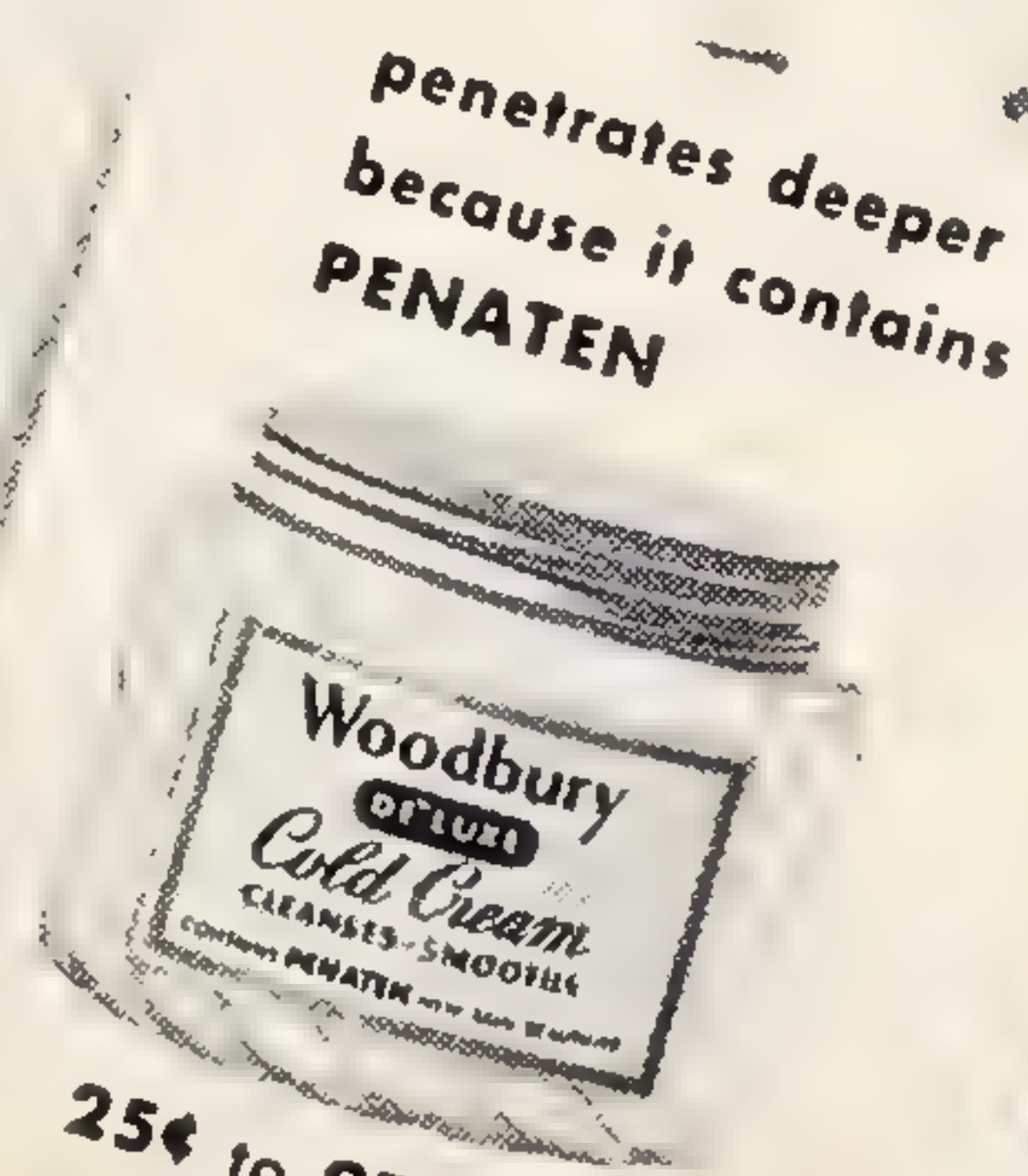


Dry lines and rough flakes will be gone. You'll notice a fresh new bloom in your face, and others will notice it too! Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It costs only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax. The results are priceless.



Jane
Russell's
advice to
a fan

Dear Rosalind,
Just finished filming my new R.K.O. Radio Picture "Montana Belle".
Now to answer your question: I use Woodbury Cold Cream! It has a marvelous new ingredient — Penaten! They say it penetrates deep into pore openings — loosens every trace of make-up. And I believe it does! I've used the most expensive face creams and nothing's ever made my skin so fresh and smooth as Woodbury Cold Cream! Try it!
Kindest regards,
Jane Russell



25¢ to 97¢ plus tax

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Now available in Canada



DIAL
DAVE GARROWAY
—NBC, Weekdays

Casts of Current Pictures

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD—Warners, Directed by Charles Lamont: Rocky Stonebridge, Bud Abbott; Oliver Johnson, Lou Costello; Captain Kidd, Charles Laughton; Lady Jane, Fran Warren; Capt. Bonney, Hillary Brooke; Bruce Martingale, Bill Shirley; Morgan, Leif Erikson.

ABOVE AND BEYOND—M-G-M, Directed by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama: Col. Paul Tibbets, Robert Taylor; Lucey Tibbets, Eleanor Parker; Maj. Uanna, James Whitmore; Maj. Gen. Vernon G. Brent, Larry Keating; Capt. Parsons, Larry Gates; Marge Bratton, Marilyn Erskine; Maj. Harry Bratton, Stephen Dunne; Gen. Samuel E. Roberts, Robert Burton; Dr. Ramsey, Hayden Rorke; Dr. Van Dyke, Larry Dobkin; Dr. Fiske, Jack Raine; Dutch Van Kirk, Jonathan Cott; Thomas Ferebee, Jeff Richards; Bob Lewis, Dick Simmons; Wyatt Duzenbury, John McKee; Radio Operator, Patrick Conway; Paul Tibbets, Jr., Christie Olsen; Driver, William Lester; Mary Malone, Barbara Ruick; Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, Jim Backus.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—RKO, Directed by Chester Erskine: Lavinia, Jean Simmons; Androcles, Alan Young; Captain, Victor Mature; Ferrovius, Robert Newton; Caesar, Maurice Evans; Megara, Elsa Lanchester; Lentulus, Reginald Gardiner; Menagerie Keeper, Gene Lockhart; Editor, Alan Mowbray; Spintho, Noel Willman; Cato, John Hoyt; Centurion, Jim Backus; Metellus, Lowell Gilmore.

APRIL IN PARIS—Warners, Directed by David Butler: Dynamite Jackson, Doris Day; S. Winthrop Putnam, Ray Bolger; Philippe Fouquet, Claude Dauphin; Marcia, Eve Miller; Francois, George Givot; Secretary Sherman, Paul Harvey; Joshua Stevens, Herbert Farjeon; Sinclair Wilson, Wilson Miller; Joseph Weimar, Raymond Largay; Tracey, John Alvin; Cab Driver, Jack Lomas.

BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL, THE—M-G-M, Directed by Vincent Minnelli: Georgia, Lana Turner; Jonathan, Kirk Douglas; Harry Pebbel, Walter Pidgeon; James Lee, Dick Powell; Fred, Barry Sullivan; Rosemary, Gloria Grahame; "Gaucho," Gilbert Roland; Henry Whitfield, Leo G. Carroll; Kay, Vanessa Brown; Syd, Paul Stewart; Gus, Sammy White; Lila, Elaine Stewart; Von Ellstein, Ivan Triesault.

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER—U.A., Directed by Anthony Squire: John Ridgefield, Ralph Richardson; Susan Garthwaite, Ann Todd; Tony Garthwaite, Nigel Patrick; Philip Peel, John Justin; Jess Peel, Dinah Sheridan; Will Sparks, Joseph Tomelty; Christopher Ridgefield, Denholm Elliott; Windy Williams, Jack Allen; Fletcher, Ralph Michael; A.T.A. Officer, Vincent Holman; Controllers, Douglas Muir, Leslie Phillips; Test Bed Operator, Robert Brooks Turner; Peter Makepeace, Anthony Snell; Baby John, Jolyon Jackley.

DESPERATE SEARCH—M-G-M, Directed by Joseph Lewis: Vince Heldon, Howard Keel; Julie Heldon, Jane Greer; Nora Stead, Patricia Medina; "Brandy," Keenan Wynn; Wayne Langmuir, Robert Burton; Don, Lee Aaker; Janet, Linda Lowell; Lou, Michael Dugan; Stewardess, Elaine Stewart; Detective, Jonathan Cott; Ed, Jeff Richards; Communicator, Dick Simmons.

FOUR POSTER, THE—Columbia, Directed by Irving Reis: John, Rex Harrison; Abby, Lilli Palmer.

HANGMAN'S KNOT—Columbia, Directed by Roy Huggins: Matt Stewart, Randolph Scott; Molly Hull, Donna Reed; Jamie Groves, Claude Jarman, Jr.; Cass Browne, Frank Faylen; Captain Petersen, Glenn Langan; Lee Kemper, Richard Denning; Rolph Bainter, Lee Marvin; Mrs. Harris, Jeanette Nolan; Plunkett, Clem Bevans; Quincey, Ray Teal; Smitty, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Maxwell, Monte Blue; Egan Walsh, John Call; Hank Fletcher, Reed Howes.

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL—U.A., Directed by Phil Karlson: Joe Rolfe, John Payne; Helen Foster, Coleen Gray; Timothy Foster, Preston Foster; Tony Romano, Lee Van Cleef; Boyd Kane, Neville Brand; Pete Harris, Jack Elam; Andrews, Howard Negley; Tomaso, Mario Siletti; Teresa, Dona Drake; Mrs. Crane, Helen Kleeb; Mrs. Rogers, Vivi Janis; Olsen, Ted Ryan; Morelli, George Wallace; Diaz, Don Orlando.

LAST OF THE COMANCHES—Columbia, Directed by Andre DeToth: Sergeant Matt Trainor, Broderick Crawford; Julia Lanning, Barbara Hale; Little Knife, Johnny Stewart; Jim Starbuck, Lloyd Bridges; Rusty Potter, Mickey Shaughnessy; Roman O'Rattigan, George Mathews; Denver Kinnaird, Hugh Sanders; Martinez, Ric Roman; Henry Ruppert, Chubby Johnson; Billy Creel, Martin Milner; Prophet Satterlee, Milton Parsons; Corporal Floyd, Jack Woody; Black Cloud, John War Eagle; Major Lanning, Carleton Young; Lieutenant Floyd, William Andrews.

LAWLESS BREED; THE—U-I. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *John Wesley Hardin*, Rock Hudson; *Rosie*, Julia Adams; *Jane Brown*, Mary Castle; *J. G. Hardin*, John McIntire; *John Clements*, John McIntire; *Ike Hanley*, Hugh O'Brian; *Joe Hardin*, William Pullen; *Ben Hanley*, Glenn Strange; *Dirk Hanley*, Lee Van Cleef; *Gus Hanley*, Michael Ansara; *Jim Clements*, Dennis Weaver; *Gyp Clements*, Bobbie Hoy; *Joe Clements*, Richard Garland; *Young John Hardin*, Race Gentry; *Zeke Jenkins*, Forrest Lewis; *Marshall Bill Hickok*, Bob Anderson; *Sheriff Charlie Webb*, Stephen Chase.

LIMELIGHT—U.A. Directed by Charles Chaplin: *Calvero*, Charles Chaplin; *Terry*, Claire Bloom; *Neville*, Sydney Chaplin; *Harlequin*, André Eglevsky; *Columbine*, Melissa Hayden; *Clowns*, Charles Chaplin, Charles Chaplin, Jr. and Wheeler Dryden; *Mrs. Alsop*, Marjorie Bennett; *Postant*, Nigel Bruce; *Bodalink*, Norman Lloyd; *Maid*, Molly Glessing; *Calvero's Partner*, Buster Keaton.

MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Doc Tilbee*, Dan Dailey; *Zerelda Wing*, Diana Lynn; *Tad Bayliss*, Chet Allen; *Chilton Corr*, Hugh O'Brian; *Clara Brink*, Carole Mathews; *Enoch Jones*, "Scat Man" Crothers; *Pete McCoy*, Rhys Williams; *Sheriff Evans*, Russell Simpson; *Billy Gray*, Thos. E. Jackson; *Leach*, George Chandler; *Mrs. Swaile*, Doris Packer.

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID—M-G-M. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: *Annette Kellerman*, Esther Williams; *James Sullivan*, Victor Mature; *Frederick Kellerman*, Walter Pidgeon; *Alfred Harper*, David Brian; *Annette (10 years)*, Donna Corcoran; *Doc Cronnol*, Jesse White; *Pavlova*, Maria Tallchief; *Aldrich*, Howard Freeman; *Policeman*, Charles Watts; *Garvey*, Wilton Graff; *Prosecutor*, Frank Ferguson; *Judge*, James Bell; *Conductor*, James Flavin; *Director*, Willis Bouchee.

OUTPOST IN MALAYA—U.A. Directed by Ken Annakin: *Liz Frazer*, Claudette Colbert; *Jim Frazer*, Jack Hawkins; *Inspector Hugh Dobson*, Anthony Steel; *Nair*, Ram Gopal; *Mat*, Jeremy Spencer; *Jack Bushell*, Tom Macaulay; *Eleanor Bushell*, Helen Goss; *Ah Mov*, Sonya Hana; *Wan Li*, Andv Ho; *Mike Frazer*, Peter Asher; *Putra*, Shaym Bahadur; *Capt. Dell*, Bryan Coleman; *Lieutenant Summers*, Don Sharp; *Arminah*, Maria Baillie; *Planter*, Bill Travers; *Len Carter*, John Stamp; *Harry Saunders*, John Martin; *Mildred Saunders*, Myrette Morven; *1st Soldier*, Patrik Westward; *2nd Soldier*, Alfie Bass; *Ho Tana*, Ng. Chenk Kwong; *Ah Siong*, Yah Ming; *Radio Operator*, Victor Maddern.

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO. Directed by Hamilton Luske, Clyde Geranimi and Wilfred Jackson. Voices only; *Peter Pan*, Bobby Driscoll; *Wendy*, Kathryn Beaumont; *Captain Hook*, Hans Conried; *Smere*, Bill Thompson; *Mrs. Darling*, Heather Angel; *Mr. Darling*, Paul Collins; *John*, Tommy Luske; *Indian Chief*, Candy Candido; *Narrator*, Tom Conway.

PONY SOLDIER—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Joseph M. Newman: *Duncan MacDonald*, Tyrone Power; *Konah*, Cameron Mitchell; *Natayo*, Thomas Gomez; *Emerald*, Penny Edwards; *Jess Calhoun*, Robert Horton; *Comes Runnig*, Anthony Earl Numkena; *White Moon*, Adeline De Walt Reynolds; *Inspector Frazer*, Howard Petrie; *Standing Bear*, Stuart Randall; *Bryan Neeley*, Richard Shackleton; *Tim Neeley*, James Hayward; *Poks-ki*, Muriel Landers; *Custin*, Frank De Kova; *Crier*, Louis Heminger (Shooting Star); *Shemawgun*, Grady Galloway; *Medicine Man*, Nipo T. Strongheart; *Katatastsi*, Chalos Loya; *Indians*, Anthony Numkena, Sr., John War Eagle; *Chief Brightfire Thunder-Sky*.

ROAD TO BALI—Paramount. directed by Hal Walker: *Harold Gridley*, Bob Hope; *George Cochran*, Bing Crosby; *Lalah*, Dorothy Lamour; *Ken Arok*, Murvyn Vye; *Gung*, Peter Coe; *Bhoma Da*, Ralph Moody; *Ramayana*, Leon Askin.

THIEF OF VENICE, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by John Brahm: *Tina*, Maria Montez; *Alfiere Lorenzo Contarini*, Paul Christian; *Scarpa*, the Inquisitor; *Massimo Serato*; *Francesca Disani*, Faye Marlowe; *Captain Von Sturm*, Aldo Silvani; *Alfredo*, Louis Saltamieranda; *Polo*, Guido Celano; *Durro*, Humbert Sacripanti; *Admiral Disani*, Camillo Pilotto; *Lombardi*, Ferdinand Tamberlani; *Duenna*, Liana Del Balzo; *Marco*, Paul Stoppa; *Mario*, Mario Tosi; *Grazzi*, Vinicio Sofia; *Sharp Eye*, Leon Renoir.

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Paramount. directed by Charles Vidor: *Steve Gibbs*, Alan Ladd; *Joan Willoughby*, Deborah Kerr; *Singh*, Charles Boyer; *Lizette Simon*, Corinne Calvet; *Dr. Willoughby*, Cecil Kellaway; *Moti Lal*, Mark Cavell; *Nitra Puta*, John Abbott; *Nawab Khan*, Philip Bourneuf; *General Harrison*, John Williams; *Maharajah*, Charlie Lung; *Dr. Paling*, Leonard Carey; *Norton*, Nelson Welch.

TROPIC ZONE—Paramount. Directed by Lewis R. Foster: *Dan McCloud*, Ronald Reagan; *Flanders White*, Rhonda Fleming; *Lukats*, John Wengraf; *Capitaine Basilio*, Rico Alaniz; *Tapachula Sam*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Elena*, Estelita; *Bert Nelson*, Grant Withers; *Tia Feliciano*, Argentina Burnett.

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PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
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impertinent interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"WHAT TRUTH IS THERE TO THE RUMORS that you and Ben are headed for a marital bust-up?" I put the question to Esther Williams.

Figuring there isn't a better way to find out the score than to ask the players, I visited the set of Esther's newest picture, "Dangerous When Wet," on the M-G-M lot to get the facts about what's what between her and her husband, Ben Gage.

"Rumors, rumors!" Esther looked at me hard and long. And then she made a firm statement. "The gossip columnists can break us up all they want. Let them all have their 'good copy.' It won't make a bit of difference to us, because Ben and I will always be together!"



It was a little tough arguing back with a gal who looks as lovely as Esther does in her swimming togs, but I said: "There must be some basis for the stories. After all, too many people have phoned me that they have seen you and Ben tiffing in public . . ."

"Tiffing!" Esther snorted. "Actually, the word is *not* strong enough. We were having real knock-down arguments! And so what? Doesn't every married couple? And because they do, does it mean their marriage is breaking up the very next edition?"

Printed rumors of the crash of a marital craft are an everyday thing in Hollywood, and Esther and Ben have suffered silently through their share. But I have never before seen Esther as upset as she is over the latest. In the past, she has accepted these whisperings as part of the price she must pay for her status as a glamorous star and has shrugged off the mongering with a laugh. But not this time.

"It's different now," she said. "My two little boys" (Benjy, three, and Kim, two) "are growing up and I can't bear to think that they might read the break-up stories or hear of them from their playmates. I'm going to put up a fight this time!"

Hollywood gossip says that the arguments between Esther and Ben sometimes start when he enjoys a few nips before dinner and occasionally after dinner. "But Ben can do anything he wants," Esther added, "because as far as I'm concerned we'll be together till death do us part. You see, we've never forgotten our marriage vows."

That's why I say you can relax. For I have a feeling that Esther can fight as well as she can swim.

One
of these girls
has discovered
this wonderful
complexion
secret...



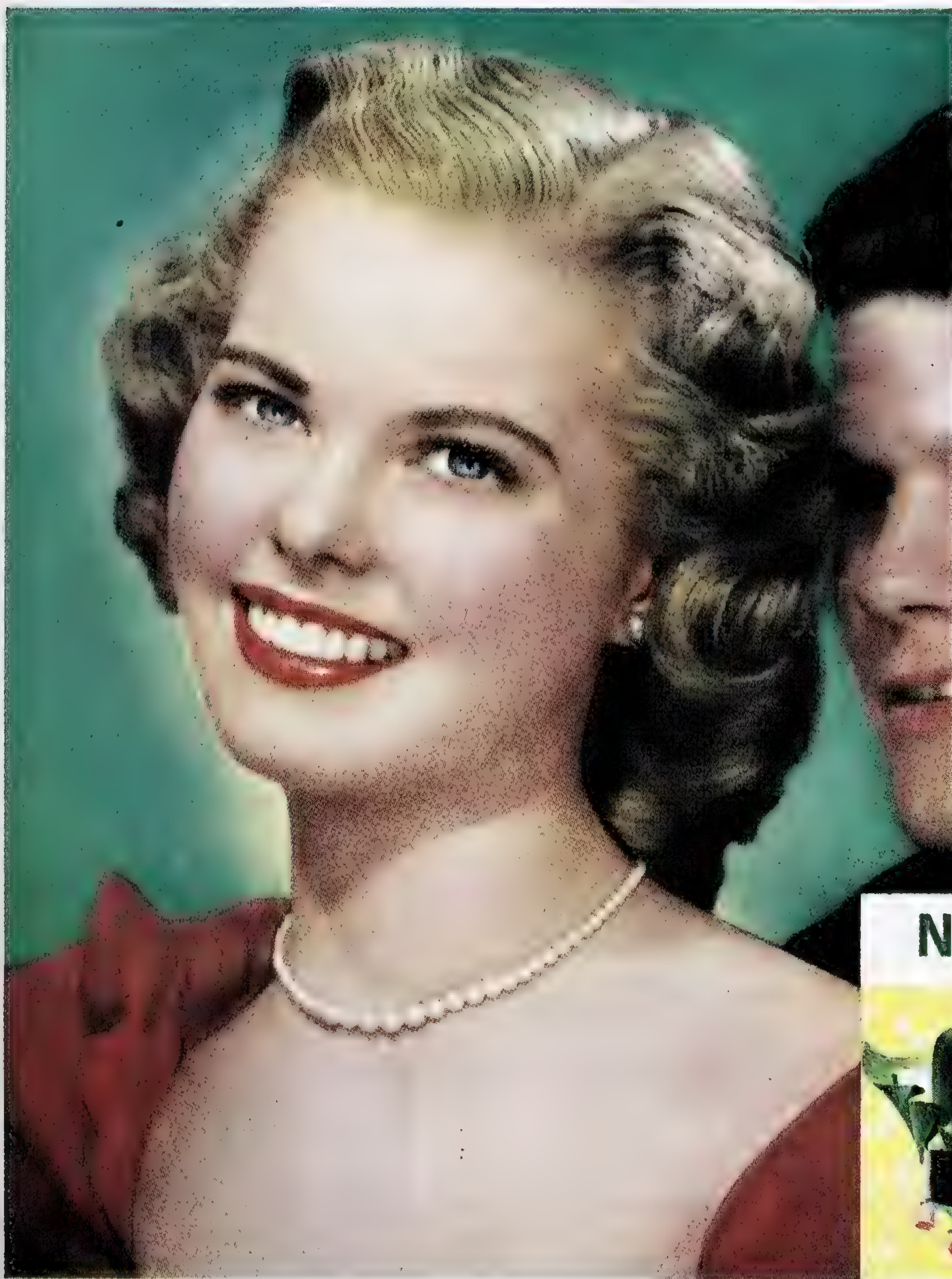
She's washing her face . . . Like many girls and women, she's washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing—*stop!* You could do *so* much more for your skin! You should know Palmolive's complexion secret.



She's getting a lovelier complexion . . . She's using Palmolive in a way that leads to softer, smoother, more radiant skin. By cleansing properly, she's doing what skin specialists have proved is the best way to help guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that

Schoolgirl Complexion Look!



**Palmolive's Beauty Plan
Is Far Better For Your Skin Than
"Just Average Care" With Any
Leading Toilet Soap!**

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Lovelier Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—can easily be yours. 36 leading skin specialists have proved it in actual tests on 1285 women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is *unquestionably* better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap. Palmolive is one soap that is 100% mild! No wonder it provides such tender care for babies' skin, for your skin!

Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan . . . massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you'll have a softer, fresher looking skin! You need no other beauty aid. Let 100% mild Palmolive Soap help you guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

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Is In Every Cake Of
Palmolive Soap . . .
That's What Makes
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100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!



hollywood party line

by Edith Gwynn

ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT fashion problems stars constantly face is the quantity of clothes their profession requires. We all know the reasons for this. A leading actress is photographed nearly every day of the year. And unless she's careful—and practically keeps a "time-table" of what she was wearing and when, she may appear a half dozen times over a few months in the same outfit, by the time the photos reach magazines or newspapers! Maybe it never occurs to the fans that a movie gal has to face the costly fact that each time she appears publicly she must have a change of wardrobe—or what appears to be a change! You and you can repeat your "good things" again and again, but the buying plan of a movie star has to be different—and most stars have at least a few suits or gowns that are terribly expensive that they must find ways to use over and over. Some of Hollywood's better dressers who are also maaaaad for fine clothes (sometimes the two *don't* go together) like Arlene Dahl, Mona Freeman, Diana Lynn, Greer Garson, Irene Dunne, solve their

problems by buying copies of French originals, or like Betty Hutton and others, "stretch" their evening dresses for seasons by wearing them first long, then shortening them, adding a little jacket or dying them to a new shade.



Ginny premieres in ermine

Hats had the best of it at the big cocktail party director Chuck Walters tossed for Earl Blackwell, who heads that famed "Celebrity Service" in New York. On hand were Leslie Caron in a shortish black taffeta cocktail dress . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas . . . Marilyn Maxwell with Paul Box . . . Nina Foch, Mike O'Shea (not Virginia

Mayo's spouse), Charlotte Greenwood, Ann Sothorn with Dick Egan—and Louella O.P. in one of those new and soooo expensive crystal mink capes, plus a bluish-gray lid trimmed with a deep blue feather.

Another sparkling event and slightly off the beaten path (or rather off the bridle-path) for Hollywood, was the opening of the Horse Show—a very fancy, ceremonious, black-tie affair, at which a regiment of the Royal Canadian Police furnished extra color and a thrill to not only "the horsey set," but a nice mingling of stars and socialites. Amidst the music, the presentation of the colors, the gloved and bejewelled applauders were Dan Dailey with Beetsy Wynn; Mervyn LeRoy with his daughter Linda; the Cecil de Milles; the Jack Beutels with their four-year old daughter; Elyse Knox with Tom Harmon; Liz Dailey with Bob Neal; Lucille Ball and her ever-lovin' Desi Arnaz, Georgianna and Ricardo Montalban. Irene Dunne was a standout in a ravishing imported Italian gown of green and gold satin stripes, with a wide floating skirt and a bare, strapless top. Arlene Dahl was in white satin—a ball gown with a deep red velvet sash, and at her waist—a diamond sunburst.

Ava Gardner was home ill that night "Snows of Kilimanjaro" had its Hollywood preëm, and too bad. Her ravishing beauty and her great performance got her more raves from top Hollywood brass than she ever reaped before. Event was real glittery with such stars as Jeanne Crain (in red chiffon, along Grecian lines); Anne Baxter, in crisp pink satin, with John Hodiak (and without cigar!); Zsa Zsa (in a form-fitting Schiaparelli job of black velvet) with George Sanders; Rhonda Fleming, also in black velvet, with a yoke and shoulder straps of heavy white lace; Diana Lynn, stunning in very décolleté, slinky black velvet and a very long and wide and snowy white ermine stole! There too were Jan Sterling (stunning in dark red taffeta) and Paul Douglas; the Charlton Hestons; Vera-Ellen (in tight-waisted sapphire blue satin) with her new beau, Russ Severin. Tab Hunter escorted Gloria Gordon, daughter of producer Leon Gordon. More who enjoyed the picture and the late supper the Darryl Zanucks threw at Romanoffs afterward were Joan Crawford, Bob Mitchum, Lita Baron and Rory Calhoun, Ty Power and Linda Christian, the James Masons, Debra Paget, Bob Wagner with Debbie Reynolds, and Dawn Addams.



On hand: the Charlton Hestons

Just for a bit of a change, let me tell you who is wearing what—but not to dinner! In "The Farmer Takes a Wife," Betty Grable cut up in a burlap-potato-sack skirt and old-fashioned bloomers. Does a dance in 'em yet! . . . Virginia Mayo has a dreamy new nightgown of black lace—real lace. Across one shoulder, embroidered in pale pink are the words, "I Love You." Michael O'Shea gave it to her . . . Marie Wilson, who always wears 'em low, really raised a few eyebrows at a party one night in a gown cut down to—well Marie calls it, "Everything I Have Is Yours" . . . Lana Turner is curraazy about her wardrobe for "Latin Lovers." And here's the twist: Even though the film is in Technicolor, all of Lana's clothes will be in black and white! Gowns, suits, negligees—even the bathing suits! . . . Marilyn Monroe is mad for some of the naughty duds she dons in "Gents Prefer Blondes." One is a diamond-studded bathing suit—what there is of it. About another outfit Marilyn giggles, "It's even better than that. It's like a black silk stocking all over—and just as clingy—and has jewels dangling from it in all the right places" . . . Robert Taylor was spied buying a gorgeous chiffon and lace negligee with nightie to match—and ordering it monogrammed with merely an "M." That doesn't stand for Barbara (Stanwyck) or Ursula (Thiess)—so . . .

Denise Darcel has been here for a long time and never threw a party—but when she finally gave her first, she made up for lost time! Over two hundred made it up the steep hill to the house where indoors and out, bars and buffet tables kept most of the cocktail guests there until three ayem! Denise was gay as all git-out and provided plenty of "stags at eve." A party with lots of extra, unattached males is a rarity around Hollywood — in case you didn't know! Some of the gents poured the darndest "confidential information" into my shell-pink ears — and confidential it will have to stay! Twos on hand were Pat Nerney (Mona Freeman's ex) with Peggy Ann Garner, Nina Foch with Hugh O'Brian, Scott Brady with Pat Knight. Also there, were Cesar Romero, John Hudson, Helmut Dantine and Lex Barker.



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20 MINK COATS**

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Here's all you need do to enter

1. In 25 additional words or less, complete the statement: "I use Lux Toilet Soap because . . ." Use entry blank below or plain paper. Print or write plainly and include your name and address. With each entry enclose two wrappers from any size Lux Toilet Soap. Send as many entries as you wish in each contest. Mail to: "Lux Contest, Box 321, New York 46, New York." Use adequate postage.
2. There are four weekly contests, closing January 25th, February 1st, February 8th, February 15th. All entries received on or before January 25th will be judged in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in each week's contest, as received. Entries for final contest must be postmarked not later than February 15 and received not later than February 25, 1953.
3. Contest confined to Continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska. Entries judged by staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation for originality, sincerity and aptness. Each entry must be original work of contestant, submitted in own name. Judges' decisions final. See entry blank available at most grocers for detailed rules.

Rhonda Fleming

co-starring in

"TROPIC ZONE"

A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

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New! a shampoo that

Silkens
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Picture you . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather—milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .
to see your hair so silky soft,
so silky bright . . . to feel the
magic of this lightning lather—
milder than castile. No other
lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*.

New Lightning Lather—

a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use Drene every day!



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RITA TAKES THE COUNT



If it's consolation Rita needs, she's getting it from gallant Count José Maria de Villapadierna, who's been her constant escort in Spain

● Apparently the fight is over. As for the winner, no one seems quite certain. Rita won her terms—a divorce, custody of Yasmine and \$50,000 a year for the child's support. However, if she actually expected to resume marital life with the unpredictable Prince Aly Khan, she was the loser in the final round of the international Battle Royal.

Rita evidently believed that Aly was the soul of sincerity when he came to call in Hollywood. Soon after his departure, she packed her bags and flew to Paris, admitting that a reconciliation was not impossible. But still another quarrel followed. Rita walked out announcing, "He's a playboy, while I work all year round in Hollywood."

When she left Aly for what appears to be the final time, Rita proceeded to Spain. Soon her name was being linked with that of Count José Maria de Villapadierna, reportedly an old friend of Aly's. He is tall, handsome and forty. And extremely chivalrous when it comes to protecting Rita from fans, reporters, and would-be suitors. Answering persistent rumors that she may next become a Countess, Rita says, "We're just friends."



Smith

Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone frolic by the pool of the new Sahara in Las Vegas. Their romance still has people guessing

Dale Robertson, lunching with Lola Albright at Twentieth, says stories of his marital rift were exaggerated

Smith



With Karen Sharpe and Elaine Stewart at the Masquers' Revels, pert Piper Laurie looks like a wistful bride—just the role gossip hints for her

Stern



INSIDE STUFF

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

TWO'S IN THE NEWS: Best of all, Piper Laurie likes to travel and go to the movies. And best of all, if those dates are serious, she'll be doing some of same with David Schine, son of the hotel-and-chain-theatre owner . . . They may have quarreled and maybe it was just that the spaghetti was good, but Joyce Holden and Dok Stamford in a dark corner at the Villa Nova never looked happier . . . Following a five-year absence, Helmut Dantine's back. Vera-Ellen's got him—at least for dating purposes. The provocative Austrian says he's a little older and a great deal wiser (we don't know what that means, either!) . . . Ann Blyth's a bright star. Palmer Lee is newest and handsomest of U-I's leading men. Put them both together, which they are these days, and what do you have? A publicity romance . . . Unpredictable Jane Wyman's marriage to her orchestra leader Freddie Karger really rocked Hollywood. One week previous the evasive Jane was redecorating her home and the masculine touch was conspicuously missing. And everyone is just as pleased as can be over this union.

ACCORDING TO CAL: When you meet her in person, the soft and soothing tones of Lori Nelson's voice make her sound just like Ava Gardner . . . People were saying Scott Brady made a mistake in turning down that role at U-I and washing up his contract there, but Scott says 'tain't no mistake. He has a picture coming up at Twentieth plus a couple of other outside films . . . Time to time, rumors have Marge and Gower Champion heading for New York to do the choreography for a Broadway musical. But with their

more pictures on next page



Stern

Jane Wyman's new movie, "Love Song," is an apt title, with her marriage startling Hollywood

Marge and Gower Champion are too busy in M-G-M films to listen to other-career rumors

Fink



INSIDE STUFF

CONTINUED



Truce called—between battling Sinatras, as they depart for Africa and "Mogambo"



June Allyson visits Dick Powell, Lana Turner on set of their film "The Bad and the Beautiful." Below, Linda Christian, baby Romina in New York



M-G-M pictures such hits you can bet they'll be kept busy on the sound stages in Hollywood . . . Dale Robertson tried to talk Tab Hunter into changing his name. And when Tab told him it had already been changed, Dale tried to talk him into changing it back again!

GENIAL GENTS: It's Bob Hope's crack after returning to Hollywood from making that smash hit in London's Palladium: "I just got back from England and your money sends regards to everyone!" . . . According to Red Skelton: "If the John Hodiaks have another baby, Anne Baxter (who now smokes 'em!) will pass out the cigars" . . . It's Jack Benny's definition of the most practical man in the world: "A guy who would throw away a Marilyn Monroe calendar—because it was no longer up-to-date!" . . . Clifton Webb said it to Barbara Stanwyck when they were trying to think up a title for their new picture. It concerns the sinking of the *Titanic*, only the names can't be used. Cluffy boy suggested: "Bottoms Up!"

IT'S MERELY MONEY: When she was at Warner Brothers, Joan Crawford received \$250,000 per picture. Eventually they came to the parting of the ways. A settlement was made because, "Crawford's name no longer draws at the box office." Believing poor scripts can kill *any* star, Joan went out and set up a terrific independent deal for herself. By the time the now sensational "Sudden Fear" completes its run, Joan's percentage alone will net her around \$800,000. Needless to say, every studio in town is trying to get La Crawford under contract again.

EVERYONE'S AMUSED BY: Those "dirty" looks Terry Moore's casting in Mitzi Gaynor's direction these days. It all revolves around rumored reasons concerning that fabulous top studio executive . . . The silly scuttlebut that the Humphrey Bogarts were such rabid Stevenson fans, they fired their vegetable man when he voted for Ike . . . That fan letter received by Ray Milland, which reads: "Am looking forward to seeing your picture on television when I get out in 1963." It was signed: "The Thief."

HOLLYWOOD HIGHS: Carleton Carpenter and Barbara Ruick's recording of "No Two People." No two people have ever been better . . . Ethel Merman's admiration for Donald O'Connor's talent. She even came to the studio on her first day off to watch him do a number for "Call Me Madam" . . . Marlon Brando's stirring speech as Marc Antony in "Julius Caesar." Hundreds of extras (who understood every word) applauded like mad . . . Ann Sheridan's "Academy Award" performance. She kept right on acting during a scene for "Flame of Timberline," when a bee flew into her bustle!

HOLLYWOOD LOWS: The disheartening waste of Van Johnson's name and talent. His glorified bit in "Plymouth Adventure" gives credence to the rumor that he won't re-sign when his M-G-M contract expires . . . The casting of Ray Bolger opposite Doris Day in "April in Paris." Talented and terrific the dancing comedian is, but as a romantic lover he makes a charming story seem ridiculous . . . The way gossips are trying to make a romance item of Barbara Stanwyck's friendly and professional interest in her young co-worker, Bob Wagner.

ACCORDING TO CAL: Robert Horton has every director on the M-G-M lot trying to reserve his services for future pictures . . . By the time you read this, that secret we promised Angela Lansbury we'd keep—may be public property . . . Pity poor Rock Hudson! He's torn between sex and selfishness. Marilyn Monroe looked at his hide-away house in the hills while he was in Europe and now she wants him to forfeit his lease so's she can buy it . . . Janet Leigh is exhausted from making so many movies, she says she'll have to have a baby to get a good rest. Tony promises to cooperate. . . . Glimpsed at a recent Palm Spring tennis tournament: Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac holding hands. Ginger is taking French lessons now that handsome Jacques has an M-G-M contract. After all, a gal does have to understand a guy—just in case he pops *the* question.

PIPE OF PEACE: Currently all's well with the Frank Sinatras. To prove it, he escorted Ava to Africa where she's making "Mogambo" with Clark Gable. The night before their last Hollywood flare-up, the Sinatras and the Gottfried Reinhardts went to Chasen's for dinner. Frank and the producer rode in one car alongside of Ava and the producer's wife in another. At red light intersections, Mr. S. gaily leaped out of his car, dashed over and bussed the beautiful Mrs. S.! Tempestuous though it may be, no one doubts their burning love for each other. On the other hand, sometimes the turn it takes is mighty confusing to everybody!

BEHIND THE SCENES: Reading in a column that Robert Wagner took Barbara Stanwyck to Romanoff's, some of Debbie Reynolds' prize pixie friends tried to induce her to finagle a date with Robert Taylor! . . . Run don't walk to the nearest newsstand when Steve Cochran's next interview appears. He's calling it "Sex After Six," a subject he finds interesting at any time.

IN CASE YOU CARE: From Canada, Gary Cooper goes to Mexico and then heads for England. He'll be out of the country for eighteen months or more, which could be for tax purposes . . . Three non-professional wives altered an edict. Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Jimmy Stewart and Mrs. Fred MacMurray (so improved in health) did a TV coffee commercial, the money going to charity . . . When Tony Curtis went to pick up Janet Leigh in a beauty parlor, he kiddingly called out: "Here I am, Mrs. Schwartz." Two fat ladies bearing the same name came running out of their booths!

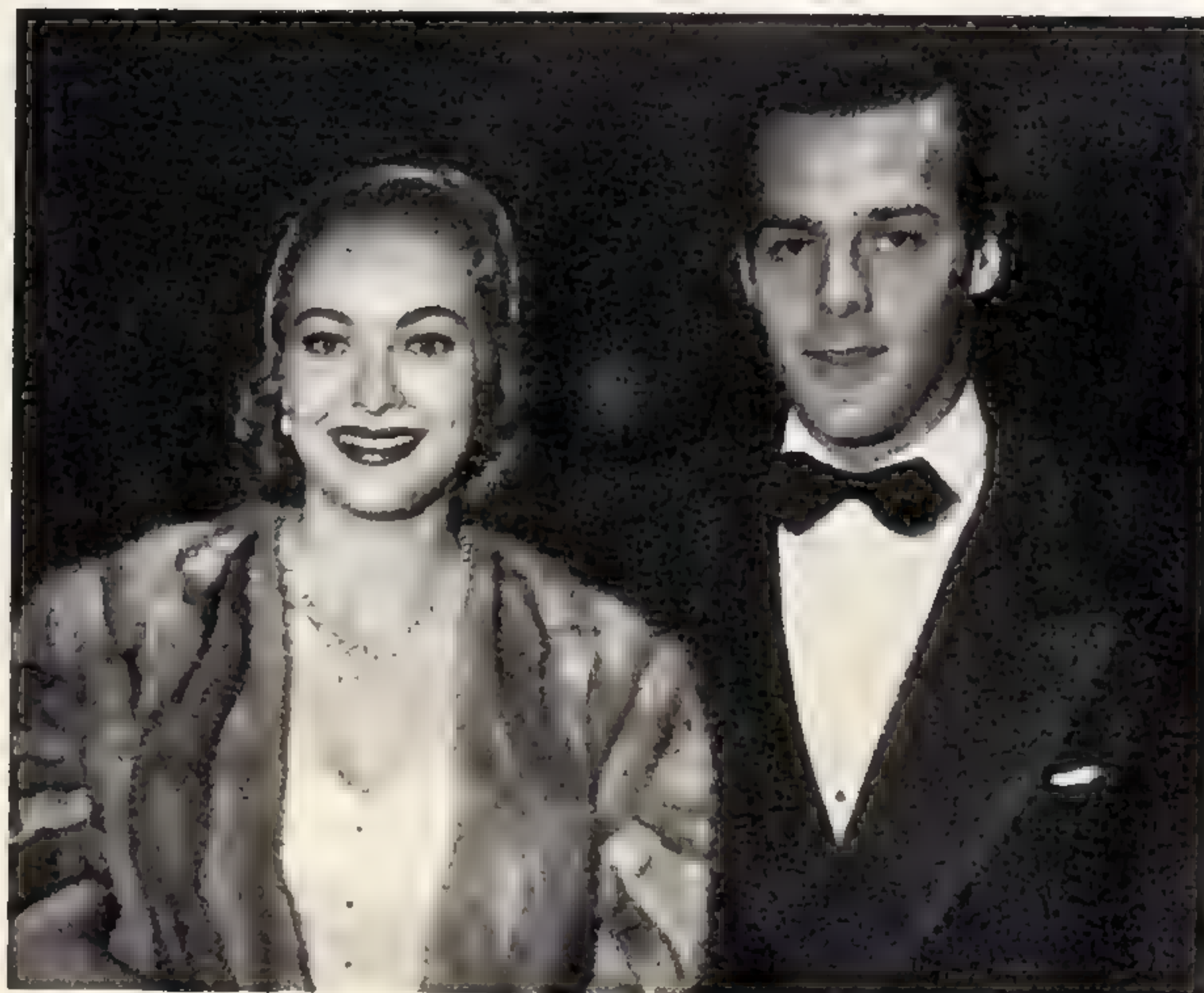
TRUTH ABOUT FEUDS: The usual mischief mongers would have you believe there's feudin' and a-fussin' between Doris Day and Peggy Lee, who's now at Warners too. 'Tain't so. Doris wouldn't feud with *anyone*. Besides, each songbird is terrifically talented in her own style of singing, but so opposite in type and temperament that they couldn't possibly be rivals for the same roles . . . It probably makes better copy to say that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell prefer to ignore each other away from the camera. The truth is, the "Big Four" (as the gang on the set refers to 'em) happen to like each other very much.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION: Alan Ladd is Hollywood's greatest ambassador of good will. Reports on his careful consideration of everyone during the making of "Red Beret" are an object lesson in diplomacy for other actors making pictures in Europe . . . The cast and crew of "Remains to Be Seen" was taken to task for kidding June Allyson. As a groovy young bandsinger, she wears skintight, low-cut gowns and all the glamour trappings. Whenever she took a step, everyone wolf-whistled at Junie and she got so embarrassed it affected her performance . . . As background music for U-I's "Sioux Uprising," the studio decided to use a special theme song. Jeff Chandler, who does a big switch and plays a cavalry officer in this one, suggested: "Sweet Sioux!"

FOR YOUR INFORMATION: Judy Garland's favorite singer is Ann Southern. Her inimitable style reduces Judy to tears every time Ann sings at a Hollywood party . . . Jack Benny gives the most lavish tips in Hollywood. Actually a very generous guy, he's sensitive about having his "stingy" radio character confused with his true self . . . Leslie Caron loves the ridiculous way George Hormel's eyebrows grow together and won't allow him to "make alterations" . . . Susan Hayward really lived up to a redhead's legend for having a temper, when a top studio executive invited her to a private screening and didn't invite husband Jess Barker . . . Burt Lancaster finally relented and posed for group shots when his family visited him on the Fiji Islands where he was shooting "His Majesty O'Keefe" . . . Marlon Brando does a highly amusing impersonation of James Mason which he tried out the first time the Masons invited him to dinner! The reviews on "John Brown's Body" were so great for Tyrone Power, he says: "They read as if I'd written them myself." (Continued on page 78)



Hard to believe Shirley Temple, in New York with hubby Charles Black, is the mother of two children!



The lucky lad with Lori Nelson at a recent premiere is Bob Preble, who used to room with Rock Hudson



Meet the missus—Joan Evans, that is, with husband Kirby Weatherly, at party. Joan's in "Column South"



Powolny

A beauty with brains, Marilyn Monroe might still be unknown if she hadn't figured out the campaign that launched a new sex era



Paul Hesse

There was no mystery about Mitzi Gaynor until she went into the dance that left Hollywood gasping—and won her a new contract

Is Hollywood carrying



Stern

A low bow for Elaine Stewart at Masquers' Revels!

Monroe's not-so-demure doctrine has started a new siren trend. But over-exposure, warns Sheilah, has ruined many a film!



Carpenter

Another youngster affected by the new sex "styles" is Liz Taylor, whose necklines leave no doubt that her figure matches her face



Engstead

Even Susan Hayward, who prefers to stay home with her family, shows she's hep to the new trend when she dons evening clothes

Sex too far?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Pronounce **SEX** backwards and you come up with **EXCESS**. And that's exactly the state of affairs in Hollywood, which is going all out in a hysterical effort to sensationalize—only here we call it glamourize—the female of the film species. It's a wild-eyed pageant of sex on celluloid and off—the like of which hasn't been seen since the decline and fall of the early motion picture empire.

A blonde bundle, sixty-five and one-half inches high, soft and cuddly all 'round—and I don't have to tell you her first name is Marilyn—is the spearhead of this new type of Monroe Doctrine. Open your mouth, remove the underwear, pose in the nude, show your legs, show your bosom, split your skirts, V. to the waistline, front as well as back, and *never* mention anything quietly domestic—

this is the snowballing formula for success in Hollywood, which now believes nothing succeeds like *sucsex*.

There is only one top movie star in Hollywood who refuses to be stampeded by Mlle. Monroe—Betty Grable, the Queen of Curves at Twentieth Century-Fox, before the throne was kicked out from under her glammer gams by the bold, brash newcomer. When needled with "How about that Marilyn taking over the studio?" Betty replied nonchalantly, "More power to her. There's always plenty of room at the top." Brave words. But I'm told Betty burned a bit when the MMmmmm girl stepped into her dancing shoes for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

And Olivia de Havilland says, "There's a big difference between vulgar and (Continued on page 84)

SO

THEY

WERE

MARRIED

They were just old friends—until Cupid steered them to hamburgers and a brand new “Love Song”

BY RUTH WATERBURY

● It's great when you can write a love story about a couple of wonderful people. And it is really great when such a story is a Photoplay exclusive—like this story of Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, which Janie told me one rainy November afternoon, less than a week after she and Freddie had eloped to Santa Barbara.

The Wyman-Karger love story began in mid-October. Or at least, that's when the love began. It began on one of those evenings at which California is particularly expert, an intense blue evening, highlighted with a big, golden moon, and a temperature not hot, not cold, but simply perfect.

There's always something in bloom in southern California. In October, it is a riot of chrysanthemums, and their spicy scent drifts along the evening air. And there's always something singing, too, and in autumn that's usually the doves, trilling softly from the tall palm trees.

Ordinarily Jane Wyman, a girl with a love of living, would have been aware of all these things—but on this particular night, she wasn't. She was too beat. As she stretched out her long, lovely legs against the floor boards of a car, buzzing toward Beverly Hills, she was conscious only of gratitude that she was being driven home and that there, she could just relax. (Continued on page 87)



As musical supervisor at Columbia, Freddie Karger worked with Jane Wyman on her songs



Their children—Janie's two and Freddie's one—sent this wire: "We're so happy to have our mommy and daddy together"

Here is my untold story, and in it I
am shouting my thanks to the highest-paid
teachers in the whole wide world

the things I've learned

by *Robert H. Lyman*

....and the guys who helped me



DAN DAILEY
ALAN LADD



CLIFTON WEBB
CLARK GABLE



● I'm going to write this myself. R.J., my friends are going to say, you're crazy! So, maybe I'm crazy, but I'm *going* to write. Sure, I'm only twenty-three, but Mr. Shakespeare, move over!

I guess you could call this "things that haven't been told yet." And it's time they were nosed about. Not that this is a story that's not fit for the printed page, because it is! I'm going to write about all the inside stuff I learned from the "older men." (Definition of an older man? Anybody *over* twenty-three.)

I'm going to tell the "untold story" of one boy-actor (that's me) who learned about life and how-to-be-happy-though-young from a handful of swell guys—more than he ever could have absorbed from twenty-three straight years of books and theories.

As an author, I'm going to dedicate this little set of notes to the guys who squared me away. They'll probably be surprised to see their names on the printed page, but I want to make sure they get *full* and just credit.

What guy wouldn't be grateful for the chance to shout out loud his thanks for what he's learned from the highest-paid teachers in the world? And for free, yet! Dan Dailey, Alan Ladd, Dick Widmark, Clifton Webb, Macdonald Carey, John Hodiak, one and all, I thank you!

R.J. (I say to myself), you're on a bandwagon! You bet I am, R.J. (I reply to myself). Sounds corny,



Stern

I know, but it's hard for a guy like me to put into words my gratitude. But, I mean it—I'm grateful, and I'll tell you why.

I've always been nuts about the picture business. I've always wanted to be an actor. As a little kid, I used to come home and act out all the scenes from the movie I'd just seen. Imagine me in the middle of the living-room rug with my knickers on playing Humphrey Bogart in "High Sierra." Brother, with knickers, that's ambition!

As I grew up, I wanted to act even more. By the

time I was seventeen, I was ready to mow-em-down. And I almost did, only not quite in the way I'd planned.

I managed to wangle an appointment with a big studio casting director, Solly Bianco of Warners. I slicked down my hair and splashed myself with some of my pop's best shaving lotion (though I didn't shave much then). I hopped into my V-8 with great confidence and dragged out to the studio, which I was about to conquer single-handed.

The cop at the gate (*Continued on page 91*)



Neither time nor Hollywood has changed Dodo. She's the same happy Day, with a love for people, an infectious laugh, and an unbreakable habit of originating wild nicknames

Once there was a lonely little girl

who found a friend in

a strange city. Years later, she

again needed friendship . . .

AND ALONG CAME DODO

BY MARY GOODWIN

● I had been brushed off. I had written to Doris Day three times, in care of Warner Brothers Studios. Weeks had gone by with no answer, and my husband had said, "You see? Movie stars are all alike. They have no time for their old friends."

It made me a little sad, remembering our first meeting. I was twelve, lonely and friendless in a new town. The neighborhood to which we had moved, in a Cincinnati suburb, seemed to be filled with nothing but boys at an age when they definitely do not care for the companionship of girls.

I was sitting alone on my front steps, feeling sorry for myself, when along came Dodo on a bicycle. She was wearing a sports jacket and a visored cap, and her face was covered with freckles and aglow with youthful friendliness.

"Hi!" she called to me. "Want to play softball with the gang?" There was no doubt about it. I'd found a pal.

Now, again, I was friendless in a new neighborhood, a new state. The only person I knew in the entire city of Los Angeles was Doris Day. But, with my notes unanswered, I was resigned to chalking off Dodo as a casualty of time and distance.

Then, one day, there was a big fire at Warners Studios. My husband and I have an apartment only a few blocks away in the Toluca Lake district and, attracted by the fire engines (*Continued on page 103*)



Mary Goodwin, childhood friend of Doris, visits her on the set of "By the Light of the Silvery Moon"

DIXIE

She was shy and retiring. But somehow, everyone always knew Dixie Lee was right behind Bing and their boys

● There was something about the rarely-seen, self-effacing little Dixie Lee Crosby that left an imprint on our town and in the hearts of the American people. Perhaps it can best be expressed by an elderly woman who wrote me shortly after Dixie was buried. "Movietown has lost lots of wonderful people. But Dixie was different," she said. "It just seemed to me that when Bing or the boys were mentioned or seen about, somehow—I can't explain it—you 'felt' Dixie."

She'll continue to be felt.

Back in 1930, Dixie Lee was a witty, beautiful young girl, in the midst of a zooming career. A "friend" gave her this advice: "Don't marry the guy. If you do, you'll probably end up supporting him all of his life. He'll never amount to anything." The man she was told not to wed was a little-known singer with Paul Whiteman's orchestra; his name, of course, is Bing Crosby.

In those days nobody could have predicted that Bing would grow into an American institution—one of the most famous men in the world, and a person of such wealth that it has become a stock gag with comedians. He was, in those days, a playboy with a fondness for firewater that seemed destined to wreck whatever career he had. But Dixie married him.

Twenty-two years later—this past October—Bing was returning from Europe, where he had made a picture. In June, Dixie had had a serious operation. The doctors discovered she had cancer. 'Tis said that nobody told Dixie the nature of her ailment. However, several others and I knew; but we wouldn't print it. We loved Dixie and wouldn't publish anything that might be discouraging to her.

(Continued on next page)

BY HEDDA HOPPER



Here, in these pictures, is a lifetime of living for Dixie Lee, who for



The Crosbys, in 1933, with first-born, Gary. But Dixie was always to long for a little girl, too



Friends said of Bing, "He'll never amount to anything." But marriage to Dixie brought success—and, in 1934, two more sons, twins—Philip, Dennis



By 1941, pictures of Dixie and Bing dancing were a scoop. This photo caused an "incident"

After her operation, she continued to ail. But when Bing arrived in Los Angeles, Dixie was at the station to meet him. Against medical advice, she got out of a sickbed to be at the train when her man came home. The strain was too much for her waning energies. The next day she collapsed and then went into a coma. Bing kept a constant bedside vigil. But the words that he would have doubtless given all of his fame and fortune to hear never came from Dixie. She remained in a coma until she died.

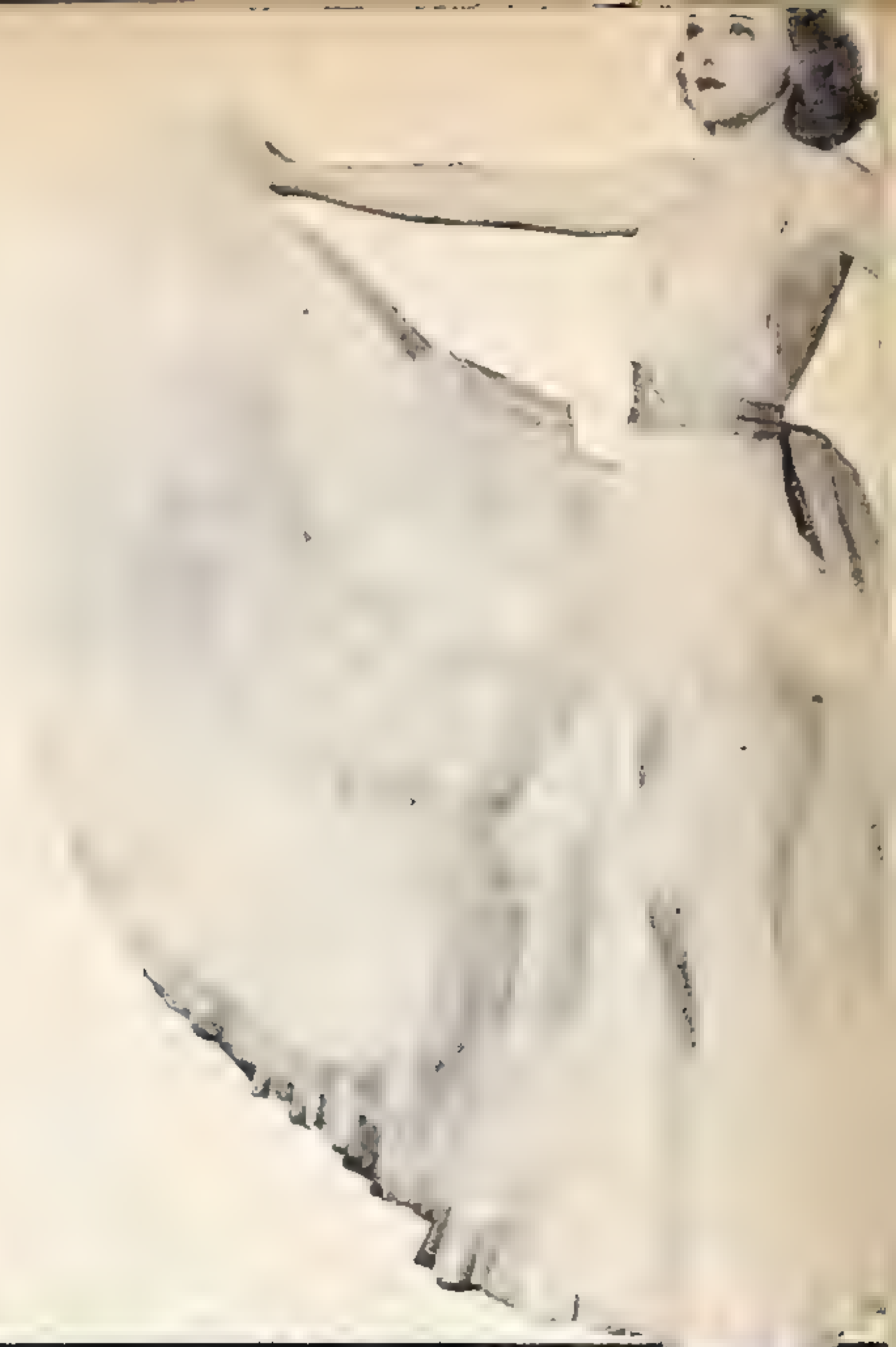
It is my guess that Dixie knew she had cancer. She was too intelligent not to have known. Last fall she wrote her will, leaving her half of the multi-million Crosby fortune to her loved ones. More significant is that less than a year ago she gave one of her rare parties, inviting seventy-five old friends. It was as if she wanted to take a last look at them all together. Not one member of the press was asked. I confess I was a bit hurt, because, more than a news source, I considered her my friend. I called Dixie the next day and told her so.

"I'd love to have had you, Hedda," she said. "But I didn't dare. It would have brought the rest of the press down not only on me—which wouldn't have mattered—but on Bing. Knowing you as well as I do, I was sure you'd understand." And I did.

That was Dixie. Always thinking of the welfare of those dearest to her.

Dixie was buried on November 4, her forty-first birthday. A crowd of fans waited outside the Good Shepherd Church in Beverly Hills, where the services were to be held. They were very solemn, and lacking in the usual curiosity-seeking of fans. They had come to pay tribute to Dixie, whom they had rarely, if ever, seen. But they loved her, and not necessarily because she was Bing's wife. To them, she represented a girl who had given up a brilliant career to devote her life and energies to her "five boys." She always referred to Bing as one of her "boys," too.

Bing, flanked by the four handsome, stalwart sons Dixie had given him, was on the point of collapse when



twenty-two years ruled quietly as Mrs. Bing Crosby



Dixie was a horse lover. So Bing once delighted her with a stable full of them

Bing's work kept him away from home a great deal, but Dixie was always there. A stern disciplinarian, she saw to it that Gary, the twins and Lindsay remained unspoiled by their father's fame

Secure in her family circle, Dixie forgot the shyness that plagued her

he entered the church. During the funeral ceremony, he sat with bowed head before the casket blanketed with orchids and white gardenias. He prayed; and as he prayed, he brushed away tears. It was difficult to see in him the debonair, carefree Bing whom the world knows. He was just another man deeply grieving for a girl who had stuck to him through thick and thin for twenty-two years. No one could say what ran through his mind during the Solemn Requiem High Mass.

Twenty-two years is a long time. During that period, the Crosbys, like all other married couples, had their ups and downs. Finances were not a cause for worry. After their marriage, Bing's career advanced at a rapid pace. He could provide his family with all the happiness money could buy; but there are some intangibles in human life that the wealth of emperors cannot purchase. For some reason, Dixie seemed to suffer from an acute loneliness. She was completely devoted to Bing and their four sons; but that was not enough, as great as it was, to obliterate some mysterious yearning in her

nature. It may have been a sense of incompleteness for not having fulfilled her career in show business. Bing gave her every material thing her heart desired—even a stable of horses. But show business, once in your blood, is hard to oust. Jimmy Durante once told me that the great regret of his life was having his wife quit work once he began to earn enough to keep them both. The desire for self-expression is deeply rooted in all of us; and once the possibility of doing it is cut off, frustration sets in.

I asked Dixie about this several years ago. "Career!" she hooted. "What do you think I've got now? Haven't I got my hands full raising my five boys?"

As time rolled by, she became increasingly shy. In her last years she saw very few friends; her rare appearances in night clubs sent the management scuttling to the telephone to alert the photographers. Getting an interview with her was almost impossible. I remember Bing's astonishment when he came home two years ago and found me sitting in the (Continued on page 94)

By Fred Brown

the threat to the
**tony curtis—
janet leigh**
marriage



Tony himself asks the question
and ponders the answer—will Hollywood
wreck his marriage?



A budgeted income means that Tony and Janet can't live up to gossips' expectations—and that's just one of their problems!

● A FEW WEEKS AGO, a recently-divorced actress in Hollywood was casually scanning the grist from the day's gossip columns. Suddenly, her attention focused on an item and froze there as she read:

"What's with the Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh marriage? At a party last night, Janet kicked Tony so hard on the shins he had to sit down the rest of the evening."

The actress read the printed words again. She had been to the party mentioned and knew the item wasn't true. What's more, as a friend of Tony and Janet *she* realized how much in love they are, how happy in their marriage. But what of the others who read it, those

thousands who don't know these two kids personally as she does?

Perhaps she was thinking back on her own Hollywood marriage and the myriad problems and pitfalls, rumors and gossip that beset it. She mused, half aloud, "Why can't they let them alone? Will Hollywood wreck their marriage?"

Tony himself has recently been giving serious thought to these questions.

"Sure," he admits, "like any other married couple, we have our little differences. Maybe I don't like a dress Janet likes; sometimes it's a *(Continued on page 100)*



LOVE STORY



BY STEWART GRANGER
as told to PAULINE SWANSON



Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley have a different love story—in which their love was never blind. But Cupid was!

● This isn't my own love story—which I really prefer above all others—but it comes next. And, if I weren't slightly prejudiced, it would come first. I hasten to add that it happened *before* I met, wooed and won—which still amazes me—my wife, Jean Simmons. That taught me a lot of things.

In mid-winter of 1945, I was in England, busy with picture-making, and going out with companies to entertain the troops. Romantically, I was as blind as a bat. In fact, I was inclined to think that so far as actors and actresses were concerned, they were, by the nature of their profession, so busy making love on the stage that they couldn't be serious about real romance.

Among my friends were two people whom I greatly admired. One was Deborah Kerr, whose gifts as an

actress are as great as her own charm. We had met in London in 1943, when I worked with her in rehearsals for "Heartbreak House," her first West End play. I was pulled out of the cast for a picture before opening night and she went on to do the play with Robert Donat as her co-star. But we kept in touch and were good friends.

The other person was Tony Bartley. Now do you see where this story is heading?

I had known Tony during my own war service days. I knew, as everyone in England knew, the legend of the Biggin' Hill Boys—a squadron of Spitfire pilots, commanded by Tony, who, in the terrible days when the Nazis were poised just across the channel, hurled themselves against the best the Luftwaffe could send and saved England.

(Continued on page 86)



Evans

ARE

They're as used to the powder puff as the prettiest girl. But do their he-man muscles revolt?

● JOHN WAYNE held a powder puff in one hand, a mirror in the other, and painstakingly dusted his nose. He grinned self-consciously when he caught someone watching. "Have to take the shine off," he explained. Then he added, "If I could make as much money as a prop man as I do being a movie actor, I'd still be propping for John Ford."

Even those who have been around ac-

Burt Lancaster takes many a risk to prove himself a real-life athlete



Rock Hudson is no softie. He's an ex-truck driver who will fight at the drop of a Hollywood "pretty boy" label



Tab Hunter, a new star, has his studio worried for fear he'll break his bones while putting his horse, Out on Bail, over hurdles

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG

ACTORS SISSIES?

tors for a long time are often startled when they see big handsome he-men of the wide open spaces primping and prancing in make-up before they go into a scene. It's all part of the job, of course, but it brings to mind some memorable words of the late John Barrymore. "It's okay for a woman to sit in front of a mirror and powder her face and curl her hair—you expect that," said Barrymore. "But for a man, it's unnatural. It's just plain sissy stuff."

Is it? The men in this country seem to think so. Joan Fontaine, discussing the shortage of actors in Hollywood, provides a theory. "It's because American men are not proud to be actors," she maintains.

Well, you wouldn't say that Burt Lancaster, for instance, is ashamed of his trade, although sometimes he is embarrassed by it. (Continued on page 97)

Tony Curtis fought throughout his impoverished boyhood. Now he fishes

Photos by Smith



Ricardo Montalban likes rugged, outdoor roles and keeps trim in the gymnasium at M-G-M between picture assignments







Reams have been written about Miss Betty Grable the star. But now meet "Mommie"—Mrs. Harry James, proud parent of Vicki and Jessica

• Betty Grable and Dale Robertson had just finished a scene for "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and, at long last, lunch was called. They were late that day—not breaking until after one o'clock. The crew watched as Betty and Dale strolled leisurely off the set. They knew that when the two stars neared the telephone, the pace would quicken. As usual, Betty reached their goal before Dale. "Mothers first," she reminded him with a grin. "Stand in line, Pa."

A lengthy conversation later, she put down the receiver. "Everything's okay at the James'," she reported. "Now you can check on your daughter."

"You sure haven't changed much," said Dale in mock sadness. He well remembered the time they had appeared together in "Call Me Mister," and Betty kept the telephone line busy with four and five calls a day to the James residence. "I'm a worrier," she'd explain. "And it's so reassuring to hear that everything is all right."

To most people in Hollywood, Betty is Mrs. Harry James—an extremely talented girl who happens to be a movie star. It's never been a secret that she prefers home to studio, and during her recent long absence from the screen, it was rumored that she might go into permanent retirement. The idea was no doubt tempting. For during that time, Betty had the opportunity to enjoy her home and children fully for the first time in their lives. She took them on picnics or to the Beverly playground, where there is a miniature train and merry-go-round and Ferris wheel. She took them shopping and, of course, to the races. Both girls naturally love that sport which is such a passion with their parents, and Vicki even pores over the Racing Form and picks her winners. On one occasion, Betty took Vicki with her when she went to the races in San Francisco. "She was so good," says Betty, "it was like traveling with a girl friend."

Fame is fine with Betty and she's grateful for the success she has had. But this other life of Betty's—her private life—is the one she values above everything else. And she prefers that the spotlight be kept away from Vicki and Jessica. "I want them to lead normal lives," Betty maintains.

Betty made her own professional debut at the early age of seven and she isn't sure she wants that sort of childhood for her girls—unless they want it. For instance, when Vicki was six, she took a few piano lessons—from the same teacher who had taught Betty to put over her songs. But Vicki showed little aptitude and no interest and the lessons were stopped. "I didn't see any point in forcing her," Betty explains. "I was coaxed to take dancing lessons. My mother would promise me that I could ride horseback if I would take them. That bribe never failed! If I could go riding on Sunday, I'd go to dancing classes weekdays. It worked out fine for me and I'm grateful to my mother."

(Continued on page 90)

Betty's Other Life

BY

MIRIAM ROGERS



Steve
Cochran

Photograph by Six. Steve's next in "She's Back on Broadway"

Bachelor in defensive armor . . . red peppers in Irish stew . . .
first parachute jump . . . a red plush carpet on concrete . . . fiery
rivets flashing against steel girders . . . magnetism in the rough



Photograph by Cronenweth. John's in "Prince of Pirates"

A young Adonis in battered denims . . . the brooding silence of a desert night . . . boxing gloves on a velvet cloak . . . ivy, growing on Greek columns . . . the haunting beauty of gypsy music . . . a serious cavalier

John
Derek

CHANGE OF FACE - IN HOLLYWOOD

In the old days, stars made up so heavily you couldn't see the players for the paint. Now they're doing what comes naturally

BY BUD AND BETTY MILLS GOODE

● Change! Revolution is more the word! For in the turbulent Twenties the make-up on the Hollywood face was judged more by its weight than by the artistry of its application. Beauty was truly skin deep. But the Hollywood face has come into its own. Today's use of powder and paint has been reduced to a minimum and the 1953 key to beauty is *naturalness*.

The question came up during a meeting of movie executives at the very start of Marilyn Monroe's career. And for a change, it wasn't the form divine that held the moguls' attention, but Marilyn's piquant face.

"Here we have another Jean Harlow," (Continued on page 74)

JOAN CRAWFORD, who is now one of the sleekest and suavest members of the movie colony, shudders when she looks back on herself as she was when she first came to Hollywood. She wanted attention, and she got it—with the heaviest eyelashes and the curviest lips in town. But social leaders like Mary Pickford—who was at one time her mother-in-law—ignored her until she let her own vividly exciting beauty show through the make-up Hollywood dictated



RITA HAYWORTH could never, by any stretch of the imagination, have been called plain. But she was definitely on the dumpy side before she learned to make the most of her own potential. Once she knew what she wanted, she went all out. A new hairline, a new hair color, X number of pounds dropped off—and the obscure dancer was transformed into a goddess of the form divine and a princess of glamour on two continents



BETTY HUTTON used to think that she had to dress flamboyantly and make up heavily in order to have her appearance match her bubbling personality. But studio executives convinced her that the real Hutton buoyancy would show up even more effectively if she shed the gew-gaws and kept the cosmetics down to an absolute minimum. And now, there's nobody who's surer than Betty of precisely how right the studio moguls were



Sweethearts in Sweaters

Who made us love the sweater? Hollywood sweater-girls! What's fashion's newest love? The sweater-look—brand-new knitted clothes. On Valentine's Day and every date, be his sweetheart in a love of a sweater-fashion!



PHOTOPLAY
★
STAR
FASHIONS

LONG-STEMMED roses for a sweetheart in an exciting sweater-dress and jacket! Svelte Lisa Ferraday says, "Thees sweataire-look, it is vairy continental!" as she opens box of roses from her escort of the evening. She will take off the jacket for dancing, to reveal an enchanting, off-the-shoulder dress with a ribbed, softly flared skirt. Lass o' Scotland, in pebbly wool chenille. 10-18. Under \$40. Lisa pins her Photoplay Star to glove cuff

SWEET SWEATER-GIRL Ava Norring is a delightful date in any outfit, sensational in a scoop-neck, jewel-encrusted evening sweater by Rosanna. "I love its new look of elegance," she tells the lucky man with whom she's tete-a-teting in a "small cafe." Ava wears the gay, white wool top (32-38, under \$15) with a brown, quilted nylon McArthur skirt. 10-18. Under \$10. She clips *her* Star to her ring. Lisa and Ava are both in 20th's "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"



BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS IN STORES LISTED ON PAGE 90

FOR STORE NEARER YOU WRITE PHOTOPLAY FASHION EDITOR, JESSICA BRADT



Sweethearts in Sweaters

"SWEATER-SEPARATES are great for outdoor dates!" Ava says as she and her dog, Napsu, greet a friend for a strolling date in the park. Ava is natty and warm in Jantzen's oxford gray Khara-fleece skirt, long-sleeved turtleneck sweater, sleeveless green vest. Star's on collar of Jubilee white alpaca coat. Skirt, 10-18, under \$12; sweater, vest, 32-40, each, under \$9. Coat, 10-18, \$30

"MOVIE STARS have movie dates, too!" the girls laugh as they are "caught in the act" of being escorted to the exciting, three-dimension "Cinerama" film. And both look very chic in the new, dressed-up sweater mood! Lisa's pale blue Wyner jersey ensemble couples a petal-appliqued strapless dress with a daytime jacket (Minx Modes, 7-15, about \$35). Ava's chic navy Fashion Towne suit in the same wool jersey is slim, fitted, piped in chartreuse. 10-18. Under \$50. See their Photoplay Stars?





★
PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS *cont'd*

THE STARS' LAST WORD on the new sweater-look: "It's Hollywood-glamorous!" Here, lovely Lisa proves the versatility of knitted fashions with exciting sweater separates that can be dressed up or down. Lisa is the perfect hostess when she entertains at home in a dramatic, barberpole-striped drawstring skirt and lovely white, pebble-stitch knitted blouse. Both, by Goldworm, are chic when accessorized Lisa's way with dramatic gold jewelry—and each looks just as well in a casual, sporty mood or worn with different skirts or blouses. Top, 32-38, under \$8; skirt, S-M-L, under \$17. Her Star is clipped to bracelet

Starring the Sweater Look

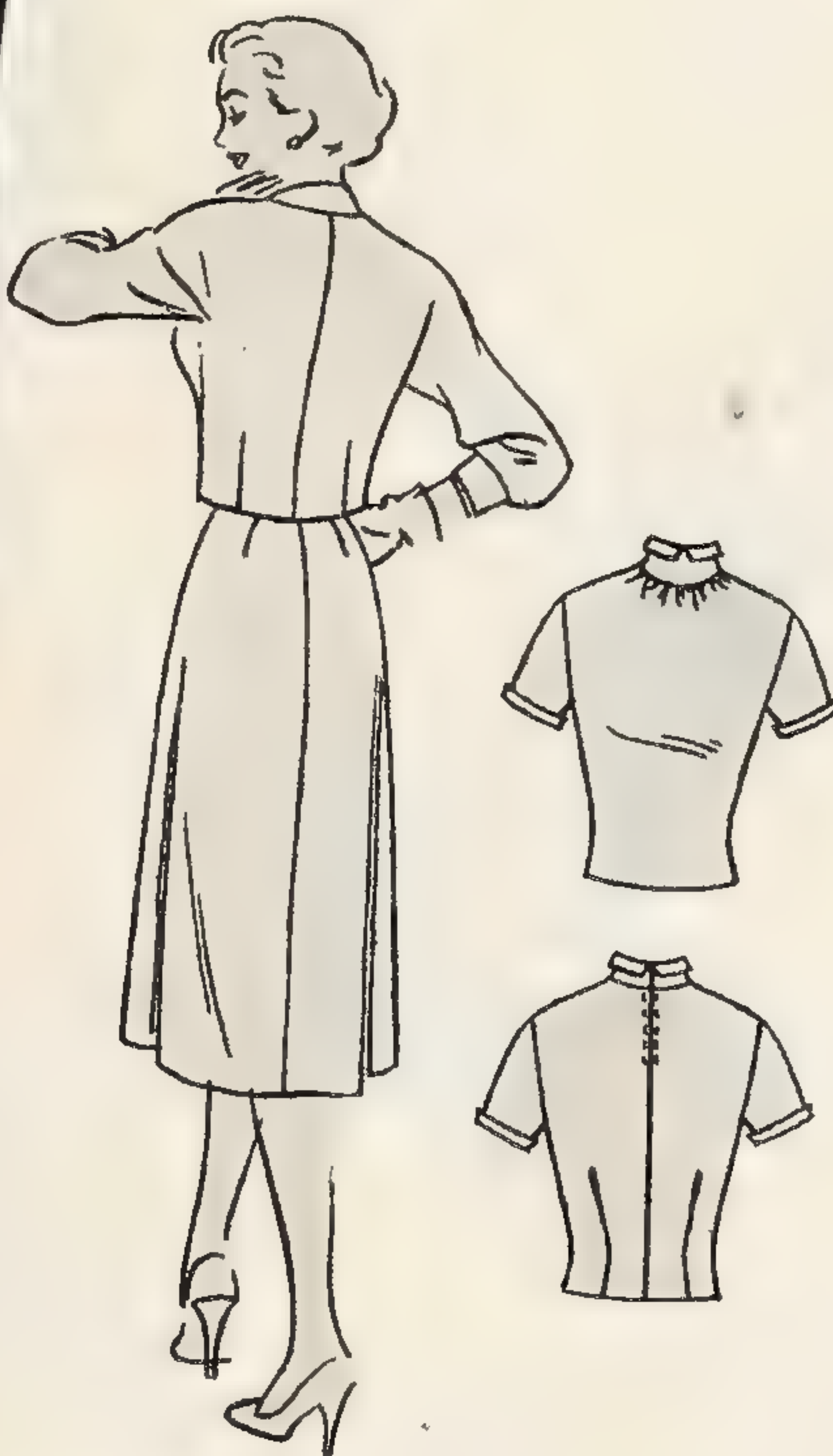
SWEETHEART ACCESSORIES

Gloves by Alexette Bacmo • Gold jewelry by Accessocraft • Pearls by Deltah • Handbags by Roger Van S • Hats by Betmar •
Lisa's shoes by De Liso • Ava's shoes by Palizzio; her Polo Boots by Jantzen • Photoplay Star by Coro • Fashion Photos by Solowinski

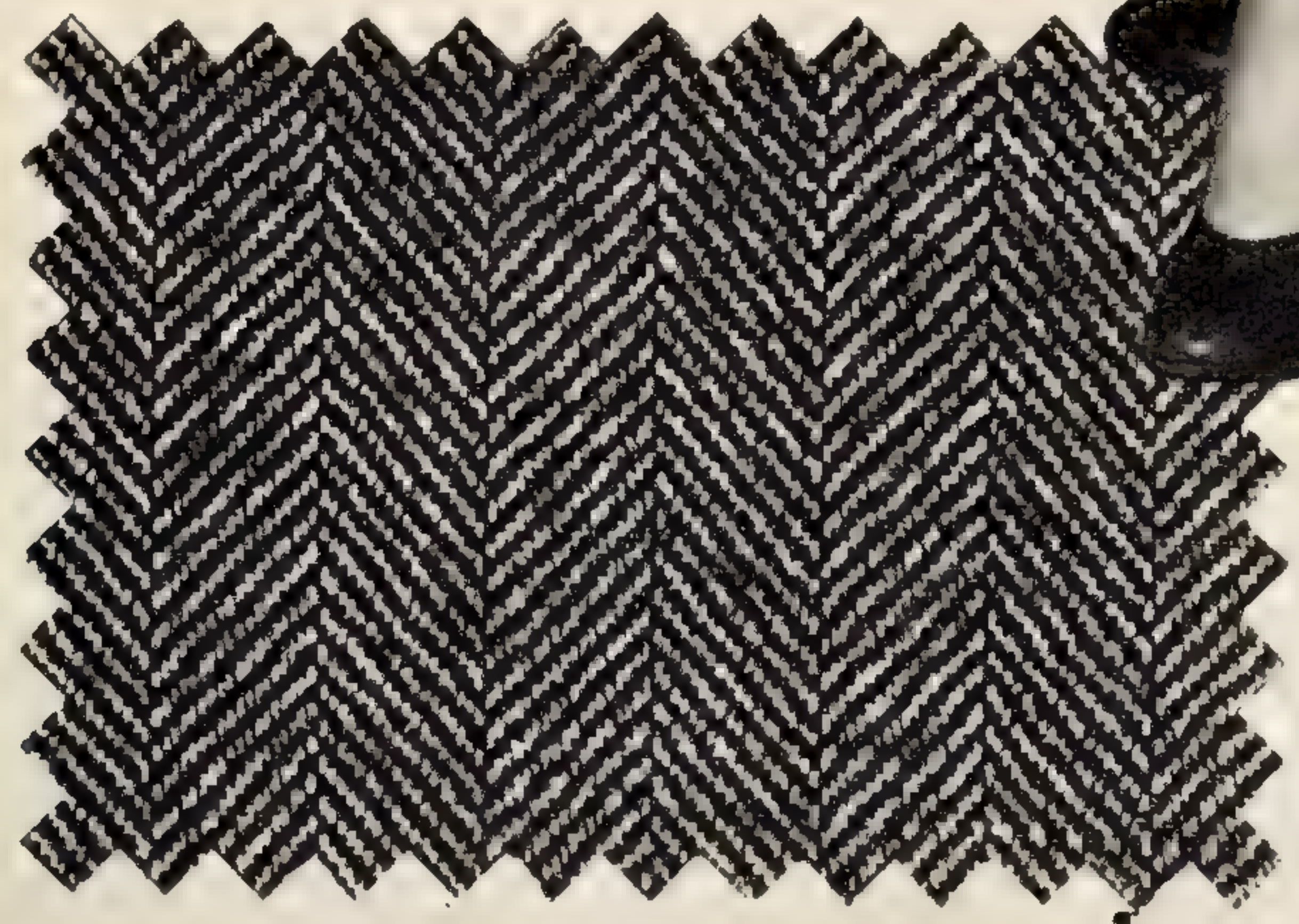


SEW EASY

SO EASY TO SEW! Now you can have for your very own an exact replica of the exciting new spring suit designed for Doris Day by Leah Rhodes to wear in her new spring movie, Warners' "April in Paris." At right, Doris poses in the smart tweed suit with slim, pocketed skirt and easy-shoulder, cutaway jacket. With it, she wears a simple blouse of wool jersey, with pique collar and cuffs to match the jacket's cuffs. Above, your exclusive sneak preview of Doris Day wearing the ensemble in the movie. Make it in sizes 10-20 in the same beautiful fabric, a California herringbone wool, in tan like hers; or wine, brown, gray or blue, about 54 inches wide, approximately \$5 a yard. Size 14 takes only 2⁷/₈ yards for the suit and 1¹/₄ yards of 39-inch jersey for the blouse



Above: Sketches of Doris Day
suit and blouse,
pattern No. 15



★ Photoplay Star Patterns,
Box 229, Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (50c) for which please send me Doris Day pattern No. 15, in size _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Note: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra to cover the cost of special handling.



Her dates with Fernando Lamas would seem to prove Arlene's heart isn't entirely in her work. But friends of both scoff at

TOO BUSY FOR

Not even a new romance can convince Hollywood that Arlene Dahl has lost the heart she controls as well as she does her career

● When Arlene Dahl's marriage broke up late last summer after a stormy, headline-making year, Hollywood sad singers tuned up for their sob songs. "Arlene is too ambitious to put anything into marriage," they said. "And too beautiful. That face and figure can't help attracting men like flies. But no man who calls himself a man is going to stand still for all the competition."

Then they made a prediction. "Arlene is headed for a life as the richest and the most beautiful spinster in town."

Arlene was too busy to comment—too busy being seen socially with the most attractive men in town. She was also busily cementing her heady new start on the career that was threatened when M-G-M terminated her contract.

And what lay ahead for Arlene in the romance department? When, at first, she seemed unconcerned, her friends wondered. Even when tall, dark Fernando Lamas entered her life, they still wondered.

Arlene and Fernando began appearing together in Hollywood nightspots soon after the names of Lana Turner and Lex Barker were being linked by columnists. At first, it seemed a turn-about-is-fair-play attitude. However, even when Lana and Lex began being seen with other people, Arlene and Fernando remained a devoted twosome.

It has been said that the lovely Miss Dahl may not wait for her (Continued on page 79)

BY EVE FORD



Arlene, the business woman, and a model who wears a Dahl-designed negligee at a showing for buyers



LOVE ?



SECOND CHANCE

BY

JANE WILKIE

As the man on the flying
trapeze, Cornel Wilde proved
you can't keep a good man—
or actor—down!

● Not too many months ago, a dashing, dark-eyed actor swooped across the nation's movie screens on his flying trapeze and made a graceful landing right smack in the middle of the hearts of a million palpitating movie fans. As far as the younger moviegoers were concerned, this handsome daredevil was a discovery. *Their* discovery. And what they wanted to know was why hadn't somebody told them about this marvelous Cornel Wilde before.


Well, somebody had told them—or at least their older sisters—long before Cornel made his sensational comeback in "The Greatest Show on Earth." Anyone over twenty can remember that half a dozen years ago, the magazines of America were liberally peppered with his pictures—acting, eating, laughing, loving, sneezing and snoozing. He was a top man on the popularity polls after he played the role of Chopin in the picture, "A Song to Remember" nine years ago. And because of the smoldering melancholy Cornel brought to the composer's life, every album of Chopin's records was sold right off the shelves of music stores all through the country, and bop got edged out of first place on the Hit Parade.

Hollywood rushed to offer Cornel Wilde its hottest movie scripts—and for the next few years, the film world was his personal oyster. Then, gradually, the familiar sad old story began to unfold. New faces moved into prominence, new players jockeyed for position, and Cornel began to be overlooked. He had the examples of dozens of other Hollywood careers to go by, and he knew the pattern—the tremendous flush of popularity, the decline, a long slump, perhaps, and then (for the solid performers), the needle pointing little by little upward once more, and the return to a comfortable place in the gallery of filmdom's dependables. But knowing what to expect didn't make the reality any easier for Cornel.

That initial dip worries all actors. Why wouldn't it? Though some are willing to take anything— (Continued on page 98)

With wife Jean Wallace, Cornel got a second chance at happiness





Warning to
WOLVES...

Don't Be My Valentine

BY
JUNE HAVER

● It was February 14, that day when hearts just automatically beat a little faster. In a corner of the classroom was a large box, covered with bright red crepe paper. For three days, its presence had created a great deal of excitement. Our eyes could not seem to resist straying from our books to that box. Now the morning had arrived and lessons were temporarily forgotten. The teacher stood beside her desk to hand out the precious Valentine messages. And as she called the names, there were giggles and blushes and shy sighs.

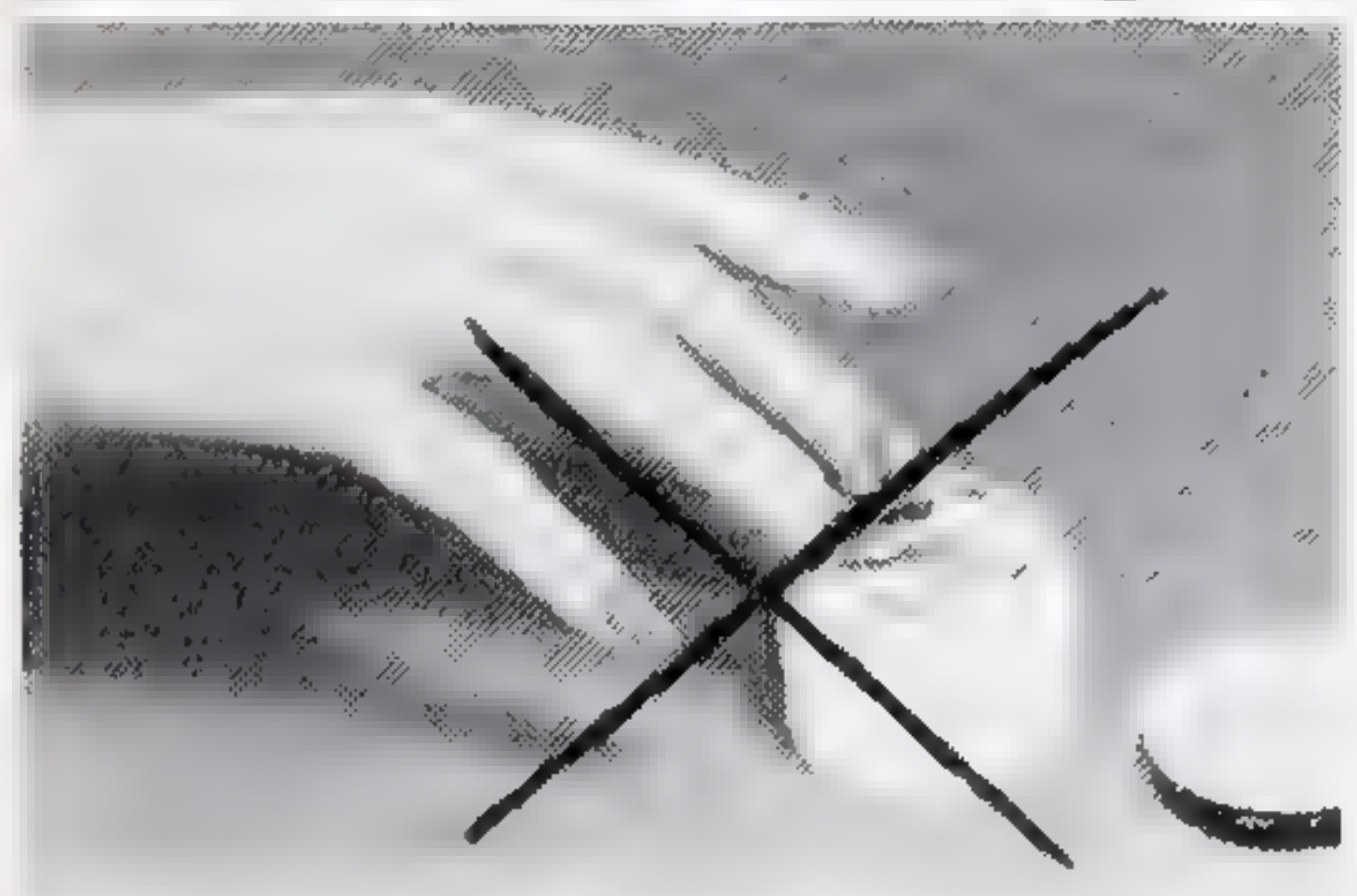
I tried to be nonchalant as I tore open a large envelope I'd received. Noting the signature, I glanced across the room at Billy, who had asked me to be his Valentine. All of a sudden, he had become completely absorbed in his history book. Billy was the boy who'd waited after school for me every day for weeks, asking me to ride home on his bicycle. At that time, we lived only a block-and-a-half from school and, being far from senile, I was well able to get home under my own steam.

But each day he was there, the picture of devotion, smiling his invitation out of innocent blue eyes. No female can long resist patient adoration, and Billy knew it instinctively, even then. So that day I got on his bicycle, (Continued on page 101)

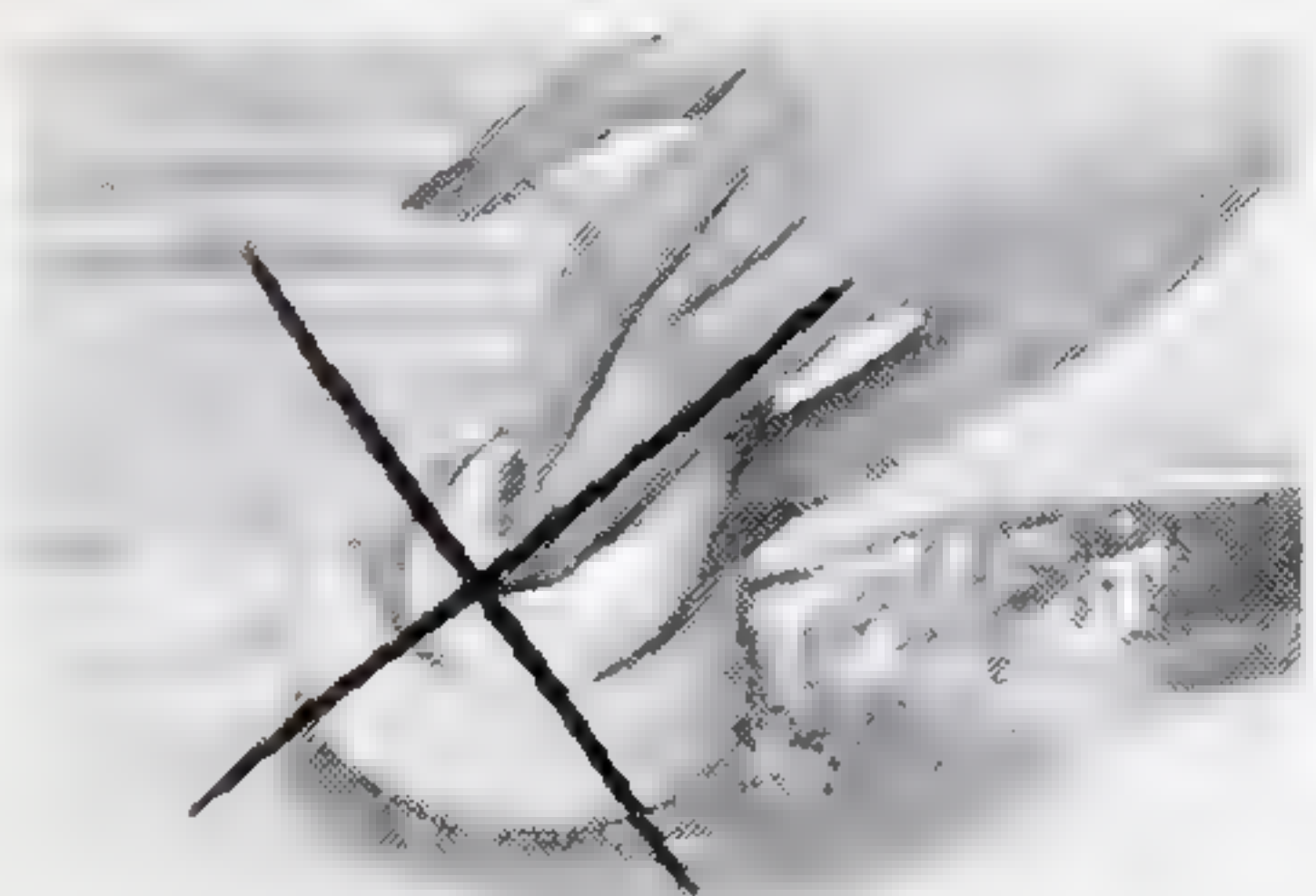
**It's never been so easy
to have such a divine complexion!**



no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



no spilly powder



In 5 seconds—Angel Face gives you a “perfect complexion”

**Angel
Face**

by POND'S

in a slim, smart Mirror Case

your powder and foundation—in one!



It smooths on with a puff—and stays! Today's most popular complexion flatterer! With just a touch of the fluffy puff, Angel Face gives a soft-tinted, velvety finish that's smoother than plain powder—and *much more clinging*. Because Angel Face by Pond's is powder and foundation in one! Never drying, never shiny. “Angel Face gives my skin the soft fresh look I want,” the lovely Marchioness of Milford Haven says.

It can't spill in your handbag! Carry your Angel Face the way you do your lipstick. In its neatly hinged ivory-and-golden Mirror Case, Angel Face has *everything* you need for a heavenly new make-up—mirror, puff, and your powder and foundation *in one*. “I carry an Angel Face in my handbag always,” says Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. In your choice of 6 soft skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case—\$1*

*plus tax

Also in the sweet blue-and-gold boxes—89¢, 59¢*

Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* in 10 Seconds!



Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type **Non-Smear** Lipstick!



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 43¢

What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been going steady with a boy from my school for five months. I'm very much in love (Mother calls it “puppy” love), and I'm sure he loves me, but he is very jealous and enjoys hurting my feelings.

We broke up about two weeks ago because a boy I know asked me to help him pick out a birthday gift for his mother. I didn't see why I should refuse to do this little favor. My boy friend either saw us, or someone told him about this shopping trip.

The next time I walked into The Drippy Faucet (our hangout) with a girl friend, my beau went out the back door. He said he didn't want to stay in the same building with me until I had apologized.

I apologized and now we're going steady again. But I don't feel right about it. I think he was wrong to get so mad. I think he might have given me a chance to tell him about the shopping trip before embarrassing me in front of our gang.

Am I right?

Devonne M.

Dear Devonne:

It seems to me that, if you are wise, you will transfer your affections from this hot-headed boy friend to someone capable of playing fair.

Boys and girls should be taught one cardinal principle of life: no human being owns any other human being. This boy feels, obviously, that you are his property.

Psychologists know that this ultra-possessive trait is caused by insecurity, but that fact has nothing to do with you. You aren't responsible, so certainly you shouldn't have to bear the brunt of his resultant ill nature.

Better pick out a beau who will bring you pride and happiness instead of misery.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty and until two years ago, I had never had a date in my life. During high school I was shy and introverted. After graduation, I took a job in a big office where I worked with many girls and boys of my own age and I began to act more natural with fellows.

There were two in particular that I liked. I had a few dates with each one, but nothing much came of it. Then Mike went into service and asked me to write to him. I wrote to him—and how I wrote. I sent him every quip I heard, especially if it happened to be a little wicked. I think I wanted to give the impression that I was sophisticated. Actually, I didn't understand some of the things I wrote until months afterwards when I was re-reading the carbon copies. I nearly died.

When Mike came home on leave, he didn't even call me although I had been



BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

writing to him twice a week and he had been answering. He did call one of the other girls in the office and had several dates with her.

Now here is what's bothering me! I'm not in love with Mike, and never will be. He wasn't a "romance." But I don't like the idea that he may have shown my letters to some of the other boys, or that he may have the wrong impression of me.

What can I do to correct this? Would it be corny to ask for my letters if he still has them?
Van B.

Dear Miss B:

I'm a great believer in the candid approach. You have made a mistake. You understand the nature of the error and you won't repeat it.

Suppose this boy had heard you trying to learn to play the piano. Few people produce bearable music during the early days of finger exercises, so you might have offended his ears. When you had mastered a difficult piece of music, wouldn't it then be sensible to ask him to listen to you?

Learning to write letters and learning to be simple and unaffected are merely two exercises in the process of developing a personality.

You might write this boy a straightforward letter, much like the one you have written me, explaining your high school diffidence and then your inclination to be a shade too bold.

Nothing would be lost by a sincere confession, and much might be gained. Even if you had no response from the boy, you would have faced a problem with courage and honesty, and that's a great foundation for social success.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have a serious problem concerning our daughter. She is twenty-one and is going steady with a boy who doesn't amount to beans. He won't work, has never worked in his twenty-three years, and is supported entirely by his mother. The boy says he sees no reason to "kill himself off" when he can live on an allowance.

He lies to my daughter, borrows money when he runs short on a date and then "forgets" to repay the loan. He dates other girls, but makes a dreadful fuss if my daughter dates other boys.

Our daughter is an only child, but is usually sweet and tractable. She has an excellent reputation, and is holding a responsible job.

She insists that she is madly in love with this wastrel, and because she is twenty-one, there is nothing we can do if she decides to marry him. At least, I haven't been able to think of anything. Can you?
(Mrs.) Hazel M.

(Continued on page 81)



... on a Greyhound AMAZING AMERICA TOUR pre-planned just for you!

Start your travel adventure with your hotel accommodations, itineraries, transportation, and special sightseeing all planned and paid for in advance. Then relax and enjoy yourself, without a care in the world!

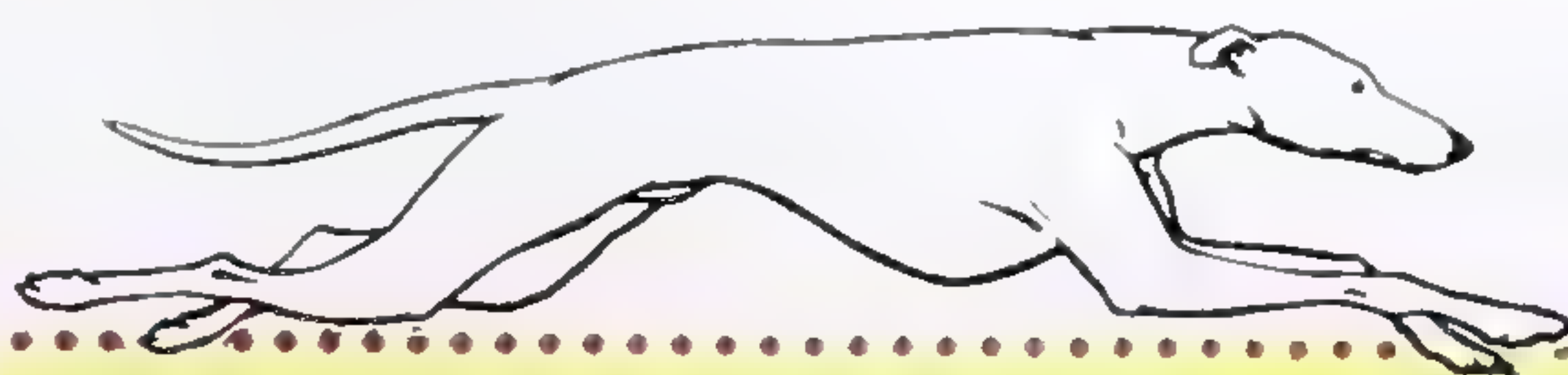
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Please send me a free folder which describes 50 Amazing America Tours.

MY TOUR PREFERENCE _____

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ TS-2-53

GREYHOUND

Change of Face

(Continued from page 59)

they were gleefully saying to each other. "But if she is another Jean Harlow," said one executive, "we should make her look like Jean Harlow."

So they called in a make-up man who compared photographs of the two girls. "Is this what you want?" he asked, pointing to the Harlow high, thin, arched brow. "Or this?" pointing to the now-passé bowed lips.

"We . . . ll," hesitated the executives, "not exactly. It's a shame to destroy Marilyn's natural loveliness, isn't it?"

"A shame? It's criminal," exclaimed the make-up man. "You don't wear last year's dress, and you don't wear last year's face. There've been some changes made!"

How did these changes come about? The Motion Picture Make-up Artists and Hair Stylists, that all-important group who work with the world's most glamorous women, say that there are several basic reasons. "Today's young stars," said Karl Herlinger, "have more naturally beautiful faces, and it hurts us to cover up that beauty. But in the Twenties, the whole secret of appeal was supposed to be an oval face. If a star didn't have one, no matter how lovely she was, we made one! Believe me, for the square-jawed gals this wasn't easy. It took pounds of putty and powder to landscape those faces."

The recent trend of pictures about the Twenties raised this very point. Lovely Debbie Reynolds of "Singin' in the Rain" and cute Piper Laurie of "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" were scheduled to get the full make-up treatment. This called for circles of rouge on the cheeks, mascara-beaded eyes, heavy-straight brows and cupid-bow lips. Poor kids! They gave them the works for the tests. But one look—and everybody immediately agreed that they could hardly see the girls for the paint, let alone their natural beauty! So the make-up men started all over. Their goal—to achieve the effect *and* save the face!

But there was a time when even the make-up man knew little about saving face. Facial composition and contour were not in his vocabulary. But glamour was, and Theda Bara had it. "Make her sultry," was the order. And the make-up men went all out. You recall the straight, menacing brow, heavy mascara and beaded lashes. But you'll also recall what the results of these were. Two black burning holes in Theda's face and—no eyes! So the brows began to go up . . . up . . . and pretty soon they went off entirely. They were *then* penciled back in, arched in a curve and towering.

The extreme fads of the Thirties followed the temperament of the Twenties. A natural outgrowth of this 23-skidoo era of look-alike make-up was the need for individualization. Hollywood immediately set the trend for trade-marks.

"Joan Crawford's own brand," recalls William Tuttle of M-G-M, "was the exaggerated lipline. If only the millions of women who attempted to copy it had realized how it started! For Miss Crawford's famous mouth was an outgrowth of her characterization of *Sadie Thompson* in 'Rain.' And we all know who *Sadie Thompson* is. In striving for a daring effect Joan emerged with the generous mouth. It evoked so much comment she kept it—and so did her millions of fans!"

"But Joan Crawford," says Paramount's Harry Ray, "was equally responsible for bringing back the natural eyebrow line. This was in the Thirties when the brow had reached its peak—high-arched and pencil-thin. I had seen Joan on the screen and wondered why she looked so different.

Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly *mild* that its gentle lather is ideal for *all* types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Now at lowest price!
**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

I suddenly realized she had let her brows grow back to their natural shape. And it looked great! So I told Dorothy Lamour that we should try it, and that's how natural brows returned to Paramount."

But today's lovely young stars do not resort to extremes to attract attention. Three of M-G-M's popular new stars, Debbie Reynolds, Pier Angeli, and Leslie Caron, are typical examples of the fresh, well-scrubbed look.

"Pier's lack of make-up has caused some comment," says make-up man Bill Tuttle of M-G-M, "but she knows what she's doing. Her beauty is completely natural and is best left alone. She looks striking with just the barest touches of make-up—almost no lipstick at all. This emphasizes her magnificent eyes instead of her mouth, and the effect is most exciting.

"Debbie Reynolds and Leslie Caron also wear very little make-up. Yet with a slight emphasis upon eyes and mouth, the petite French star becomes the sophisticate, and Debbie turns in to the girl-next-door. Small amounts of make-up artfully applied *can* and *do* create whatever effect is wanted."

"In the Mack Sennett days," says veteran make-up man Fred Phillips, "clown-white make-up was necessary for many shots. This was because the film was insensitive and needed a bright reflecting surface to register. Sirens like Mabel Normand wouldn't be found dead without their dead-white faces.

"You would never think technical developments in film would affect the looks of millions of American women. But that's exactly what happened. Around 1928, a more sensitive film was developed. It required far less light—and, consequently, much less make-up."

Today, because film is so sensitive, and natural beauties like Jane Russell and Mona Freeman are so perfect, they can face the cameras *without any powder base whatsoever*. Leading glamour gals like Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Linda Darnell, who are definitely not the "girl-next-door" type, achieve their sophistication with very little cosmetic trickery but much subtle artistry.

The Hollywood face has changed in two ways—for technical reasons, and because the stars these days want to be—and look

—themselves as much as possible on screen and off. Rita Hayworth, when first thrust on the Hollywood scene, was a far cry from the bewitching beauty she is today. She came from nowhere to glamour. Rita first appeared as a plump, dark-tressed Spanish type with a low hair-line. This, she hated. What a striking change she has undergone! Raised hairline, slimmed down, re-colored and restyled hair *plus* proper use of make-up have helped her achieve stardom—and become a Princess!

On the other hand, Jane Wyman has moved in the other direction. Jane earned her first success as a glamorous "show girl" type. Then her blonde curls were sheared and her false eyelashes dropped. As a result, her particularly unique quality of natural sophistication was revealed.

Betty Hutton, who used to slap the make-up on so heavily it covered all her freckles, and used to pile her hair into architectural fantasies, has toned it all down. Now, her own vibrant personality really comes through. And, incidentally, the freckles do too.

The Flapper, the American girl of the Twenties, overdid everything—her face, her dress and her figure. But as soon as she began to *get smart* she began to *look smart*!

The keynote to smartness and beauty today is the accent on naturalness. Take a look at June Allyson, Janet Leigh, Jane Powell and Debra Paget. But it takes brains to achieve the ideal effect—not just born good looks. The idea is to accentuate your best features and still look yourself. The wonderful thing about this is it gives every girl her own personal and exclusive look.

Typical of the natural beauty is Liz Taylor and typical of the exclusive look is Doris Day. What irony, that fortunate Liz, whose face is copied by so many, complains of her heavy eyebrows. "I don't see why they have to be so hairy," says she. "Give me eyebrows like Liz Taylor's," say the starlets to their make-up men.

As for Doris Day, the natural look is revealed on her face a thousand times over. Her love for the sun has gifted her with countless freckles, and each one, whether large or small, speaks right up and demands to be seen. At one time it was the despair of the studio.

"Please, Dodo," the executives begged, "cover your face in the sunshine. We can't cover the freckles for the camera."

"No," Doris firmly retorted, "the fans like my freckles—and so do I!"

The revolution in the Hollywood Face has led to revelation! A revelation of natural beauty. And if that's good enough for the Hollywood stars, there must be some wisdom in it for every girl everywhere.

Check yourself on the following eleven points suggested by the Motion Picture Make-up Artists. Their formula—the formula of the stars—will help you to *look* natural and be beautiful.

1. Forget what you consider your bad feature—accentuate your good features!

2. A great amount can be accomplished by make-up, but it must never be obvious. It's better if you don't know the correct application, not to apply it at all. Observe the stars and observe the ads in this magazine for ideas.

3. Since most people see you in profile or a three-quarter view, always carry your make-up through, such as bringing out your lip-line to the end of the mouth, and applying mascara to the last little lash.

4. Generally applying your make-up with an upward curve gives you a pleasant expression.

5. Follow the natural line of the brow in shaping, but more important, be sure to do away with retracting hairs under the brow line—never on top. Keep brow line clear and clean.

6. Blondes must be extra careful, for their make-up tends to be unusually obvious. Blondes, in applying eyebrow pencil should use ordinary lead pencil and apply to a hair at a time.

7. For true beauty, hair, lashes, brows and lips must balance. If you have light hair don't exaggerate dark brows or lashes.

8. Your lips must be subtle—never appear like a danger sign!

9. Always use a make-up base bearing same pigmentation as your own skin.

10. To determine shade of eye shadow for you, follow the true tinge of color already around your eye.

11. Always start your make-up on the base of a shining-clean, well-scrubbed face.

THE END

Who are your favorites? Send in your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

Actor:

Actress:

In color I want to see (1) _____ (1) _____

(2) _____ (2) _____

I want to read stories about (1) _____ (3) _____

(2) _____ (4) _____

The features I like best in (1) _____ (4) _____
this issue of Photoplay are

(2) _____ (5) _____

(3) _____ (6) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ AGE _____

Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1364, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York

Mothers' Day

BY JANE CORWIN



At the Steffens', Jane Powell calls her girl, Suzanne Ilene

JUDY GARLAND—one of the prettiest babies on record, herself—has the knack for producing baby girls who look just exactly like her. Liza Minnelli, Judy's five-year-old, is a dead-ringer for her mom—and now along comes Lorna Luft, who's another carbon copy of them both.

If Lorna is the kind of little baby who believes in omens, she might find a significant one for her own future in the picture her mom contracted to make while she was waiting for Lorna to be born. Just before Judy went into the hospital, Sid Luft (he's her agent as well as her husband, you know) and Jack Warner signed Moss Hart to do the musical version of "A Star Is Born" for Judy. It's to be chockful of wonderful songs—and neither Baby Lorna nor Mother Judy could ask for a more exciting "welcome-to-the-world" gift.

Judy will be hard at work on the movie—the first she's ever made for any studio other than M-G-M—just as soon as she's strong enough to be up and about.

But the chief concern in the Luft household now is not Judy's career—as important as that is—but the health and welfare of both Judy and Lorna.

The stork doubles up on delivery service and Judy and Jane each have girls the same day

JANE POWELL always has been a girl whose prayers get answered. So, when she announced months ago that she hoped her second baby would be a little daughter, those who know Janie best were pretty sure she'd get her wish. And she did! Geary, Jr.'s kid sister, Suzanne Ilene, made her bow on November 21. And Janie's been crooning her happiest lullabies.

The Santa Monica hospital where Suzanne made her debut was abustle with the news. And the first callers (outside of her pop, Geary Steffen) to welcome her in person were Liz Taylor and her husband, Michael Wilding, who were more than casually interested in babies themselves at the moment. Suzanne had done little more than catch her first breath in the world when Mike and Liz stopped by to coo at her through the glass partition.

Mother and daughter are doing just fine now, thank you—and both Gearys—Senior and Junior—think it's fine to have a *couple* of charming gals around.

At the Lufts', Judy Garland and Sid name the baby Lorna





Eugenie Haven's ring:
a family diamond.

She's Engaged

All their friends know that charming Eugenie Haven of New York and Ernest Greeff of Quogue, Long Island, will be married in March at St. James' Church in New York. But they're not telling anyone their honeymoon plans!

She's Lovely

Eugenie Haven has that typical "American girl" attractiveness. She is tall and slim, with a complexion that is radiant, and beautifully smooth.

She uses Pond's

"I love the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin feel satin-y...so very clean. I don't think there's anything as good as Pond's for my skin," Eugenie says.



A fascinating, immediate change can come over your face!

Every night be sure to give yourself this double skin-helping Pond's treatment:

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl up from your throat to your forehead. Tissue off—well.



"I've found
such a
wonderful
care for my
skin" // Eugenie says

"I NEVER REALIZED how much *better* my skin could look—really smooth and so much clearer—until I began using Pond's Cold Cream," Eugenie says. "It's so good to your skin . . . you must try it, too!"

Especially if you've hated to see your skin look harsh and rough, have a "muddy" look—see how daily Pond's Creamings can help *your* skin.

This famous cream is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients. These ingredients work together on your skin as a team—in interaction. And, as you use Pond's Cold Cream, you help *both* sides of your skin.

On the outside—embedded dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—immaculately. And, *at the same time*, your skin is given special oil and moisture it needs regularly. Your skin feels silky-smooth, never harsh, never feels "dried out."

On the inside—the circulation is stimulated...helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night, as Eugenie does. You'll be delighted with the difference in your skin, as it becomes so smooth, fresh, glowing!

Today—get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream—see your skin improve.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off again—*lightly*. Your face is immaculate, glowing.

(Continued from page 35)

Mr. Big: Ask any up and coming young actor which star he'd like most to be like and you get *one* answer, Cary Grant! They see all his pictures, they study his acting technique, they even buy clothes where Cary shops. Recently, an actor new to Hollywood introduced himself at a party. "Mr. Grant," he said politely, "would you mind telling me who cuts your hair?" Always the realist, Cary answered: "Not at all—*anybody!*"

Date with Fate: When Aldo Ray tested for "The Marrying Kind," Jeff Donnell assisted him. He had no friends in Hollywood, so Jeff and her radio-producer husband rented him a room in their valley home. Later, when his career was set, Aldo moved to Malibu Beach. Time passed, now Jeff and her husband are divorcing. Until his own divorce became final, Aldo never dated anyone. Recently he and Jeff began making appearances together in public. Friendship or romance, Hollywood is asking. Cal says: The important thing is that two very nice and very lonely people found each other.

Stalking the Stork: Hungry lunchers watched with amusement when Shelley Winters and Ruth Roman greeted each other at Romanoff's. Both pregnant and both looking it, they exclaimed in unison: "What's *new?*" . . . Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding are building a wishing well for their baby. It's a wonderful idea! Every time a guest throws in a coin a kind wish goes with it. By the time he's twenty-one—young Wilding could be a millionaire! . . . There's a new baby at director Charles Vidor's house—a baby monkey. They sent away for him and so help us—he arrived wearing diapers.

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 2-31

STAR CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
5. Alan Ladd
7. Gregory Peck
8. Rita Hayworth
9. Esther Williams
11. Elizabeth Taylor
14. Cornel Wilde
15. Frank Sinatra
18. Rory Calhoun
19. Peter Lawford
21. Bob Mitchum
22. Burt Lancaster
23. Bing Crosby
24. Shirley Temple
25. Dale Evans
26. June Haver
27. June Allyson
29. Ronald Reagan
30. Dana Andrews
31. Glenn Ford
33. Gene Autry
34. Roy Rogers
35. Sunset Carson
36. Monte Hale
46. Kathryn Grayson
48. Gene Kelly
50. Diana Lynn
51. Doris Day
52. Montgomery Clift
53. Richard Widmark
54. Mona Freeman
55. Wanda Hendrix
56. Perry Como
57. Bill Holden
60. Bill Williams
63. Barbara Lawrence
65. Jane Powell
66. Gordon MacRae
67. Ann Blyth
68. Jeanne Crain
69. Jane Russell
74. John Wayne
75. Yvonne de Carlo
78. Audie Murphy
79. Dan Dailey
84. Janet Leigh
86. Farley Granger
88. Tony Martin
91. John Derek
92. Guy Madison
93. Ricardo Montalban
94. Mario Lanza
95. Joan Evans
103. Scott Brady
104. Bill Lawrence
105. Vic Damone
106. Shelley Winters
107. Richard Todd
108. Vera-Ellen
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
111. Howard Keel
112. Susan Hayward
115. Betty Hutton
116. Coleen Gray
120. Arlene Dahl
121. Tony Curtis
123. Tim Holt
127. Piper Laurie
128. Debbie Reynolds
129. Penny Edwards
131. Jerome Courtland
134. Gene Nelson
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
137. Stewart Granger
138. John Barrymore, Jr.
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
142. Leslie Caron
143. Pier Angeli
144. Mitzi Gaynor
145. Marlon Brando
146. Aldo Ray
147. Tab Hunter
148. Robert Wagner
149. Rusty Tamblyn
150. Jeff Hunter
151. Marisa Pavan
152. Marge and Gower Champion
153. Fernando Lamas
154. Arthur Franz
155. Johnny Stewart
156. Oskar Werner
157. Keith Andes
158. Michael Moore
159. Gene Barry
160. John Forsyth
161. Lori Nelson
162. Ursula Thiess
163. Elaine Stewart
164. Hildegard Neff
165. Dawn Addams
166. Zsa Zsa Gabor
167. Barbara Ruick
168. Joan Taylor
169. Helene Stanley
170. Beverly Michaels
171. Joan Rice
172. Robert Horton
173. Dean Miller
174. Rita Gam
175. Charlton Heston
176. Steve Cochran

RITA HAYWORTH

MARIO LANZA

BETTY GRABLE

HOWARD KEEL

LANA TURNER

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Too Busy for Love

(Continued from page 67)

California divorce to become final—that she just might proceed to Nevada, divorce Lex and marry Fernando. However, Arlene's head often manages to work in collaboration with her heart. After a number of dates with Fernando, she announced the possibility of doing a picture together—a remake of a successful Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer film.

And so Arlene continues to baffle the experts. Only a few short months ago when she left M-G-M, a few chronic pessimists were proclaiming that her career was all washed up. Arlene fooled them. Within a period of a week, she had signed a bigger and better contract with Paramount and established herself as a comer in two other fields—as a syndicated columnist and a manufacturer of lingerie. Professionally, she was far from washed up. And personally?

"Don't worry about Arlene," said one of her friends. "The Dahl is the most beautiful girl in pictures today. And for my money she's the brightest . . . if not the brightest, certainly the best organized."

The occasion was a party at "the Dahl's" new bachelor-girl house high in the Bel-Air hills. It was an afternoon tea arranged by Arlene to introduce her most recent lingerie models to fashion buyers.

"Just look at this house," the friend went on. "You probably wouldn't believe it, but there wasn't a stick of furniture in the place at ten o'clock this morning."

At this point—some five hours later—Arlene's formal living room, and the dining room in view just beyond, were elegant beyond words with deep piled pewter grey carpets, custom made draperies of white satin, chairs and sofas in pewter and white; tall, red-gold lamps with white shades. Even Arlene's pet poodle (pewter grey, incidentally) had a handsome new collar.

And the hostess, her red gold hair and white skin set off dramatically by a taffeta dress of pewter grey, was ravishing.

The whole scene was a miracle of feminine allure carefully and concisely arrived at. Everything was in its place, and exactly right for its place. A cigarette ash in any of the new, white ashtrays seemed an affront to the hostess' perfectionist *tour de force*. A man's pipe would have gone out in protest.

Lex Barker, the man in Arlene's life for the tumultuous year and a half just passed, was not there. They had separated a month earlier, Arlene fleeing to her gilded, hilltop bird-cage, and Lex to bachelor diggings near his studio. Within a couple of weeks Arlene was to go to court to divorce her handsome *Tarzan* on the grounds that he called her a "hick from Minnesota," once locked her out of their home, and sulked when she was busy with her career.

Had Lex been there, in light of this complaint, he no doubt would have been "sulking." For Arlene was almost too busy with her career to come to her own party. Not only had she readied a new house for a big "do" in something less than two weeks, but she had just finished "Caribbean" for Pine and Thomas, going immediately into wardrobe and make-up tests for her role opposite Bob Hope in "Here Come the Girls." She had also supervised the preparation of a new winter lingerie line, worked long hours on its exploitation, and kept up with her daily beauty column.

If she was tense and tired, she didn't look it. "Probably had a nap," her friend put in. "Arlene *always* has a nap."

If she was unhappy, it didn't show. In fact she was radiant. Forty winks couldn't do that!

One cannot help but wonder what makes



When a girl changes schools, what's a good move?

- ☐ Try stalking the stags ☐ Pick yourself a pal

As "the new girl," you'll be noticed—but don't expect a brass band greeting. (Your new classmates may be shy, too!) Why not ask one gal to share a Slurp Special at the local fizz palace? Bimebye, you'll be buddies. Getting okayed by the ladies *first*—leads to meeting the boy-people. Same as the confidence you need, on certain days, begins with the *comfort* you get with Kotex. This napkin (so absorbent!) has softness that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft for hours and hours!



Which "look" is best for lasses with glasses?

- ☐ Uncluttered ☐ Dramatic ☐ Coquette

If you've got specs before your eyes, choose headgear becoming to your face type. Dodge severe or frilly-filly effects. Keep your brow uncluttered. A soft, simple hairdo plus a small or medium brimmed chapeau should suit you. For a smooth look on calendar days, let Kotex keep you outline-free. You'll see—those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!

Are you in the know?



What to do about the Spaniel Type?

- ☐ Rush away screaming ☐ Linger and learn

Adoring Egbert—always underfoot! A good kid, but you don't get his message: you're too busy torching for frost-hearted Ted. Should you ditch Eggie? Better linger. You'll learn how to charm other gents. And at trying times, learn about *poise* from Kotex and that *safety center*—(your extra protection). In all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S.

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex* tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.

Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helps me keep my extremely sensitive skin looking smooth and unblemished*!" says Cindi Wood of Springfield, Pa.



Dry Skin: " 'Cream-washing' with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin; helps it look much softer, smoother," Marjorie Weir of Huntington, L. I. says.

How you, too, can **Look lovelier in 10 days** ...or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier —and helps *keep* it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin — here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

Different! This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it brings such thrilling results.

Quick! Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh

your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash' — not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary pillow!

3. Make-up base. 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally-caused



2. Night cream

3. Make-up base

Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Special Trial Offer: For a limited time, you can get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax—at drug or cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA *skin cream*

Arlene tick. What quality has she—or perhaps, what normal feminine sensitivity was left out—which enables her to keep her fabled beauty unmarred, her composure unruffled in the face of almost unbelievable pressure, both personal and professional?

It is possible perhaps to approach an answer with a second look at her story.

Before she was twelve years old, a school girl in Minneapolis, Arlene herself has testified that she knew just what she wanted out of life—she wanted to be an actress. She was beautiful even then, and she was ambitious, just as her mother, Idelle Dahl, was beautiful and ambitious wanting for her daughter all the things she had missed in life. Visiting Hollywood with her parents when she was twelve intensified Arlene's earlier resolve.

She went back to school, but only her dramatics classes warranted her full attention. At fifteen she was appearing on children's radio programs as a professional; her high-school graduating class voted her "most likely to succeed."

Her rare beauty, rather than her budding talent, won her her first jobs—as a model in Chicago's smartest stores. Heady wine for a girl not yet twenty, but for Arlene they were just stop-gaps. She was headed for New York—and the theatre. And there she managed to land a part in a musical show. A short run here, another there and between, more modeling. More stop-gaps.

It was a hard-working life with no time for love, but it was by no means manless. Such beauty as Arlene's attracts men in the words of the sultry song "like moths around the flame."

"Come here," Arlene's beauty said, and men came and admired her. "Here—and no further." Arlene's ambition pushed love away. And then she came to Hollywood, on the wave of good notices for her performance in "Questionable Ladies." Here she met Lex Barker—just as ambitious, just as beautiful, if a man can be called beautiful, as she was.

Lex fell in love. And something new happened to Arlene. She found it increasingly harder to follow "Come here" with "Here—and no further."

Close friends who saw Arlene constantly during the period of Lex's wooing say that she was in constant conflict—with herself. "Do I love him enough?" she would ask, over and over again. How could she be sure? It was the first time. And so, after a false start or two, they were married.

The marriage was doomed from the start. Photographers dispatched to cover their life together in their honeymoon home returned to report not honeymoon bliss, but a contest to determine *who's* best profile would be turned camera-ward.

Lex, the outdoor man, went swimming alone, walking alone. Arlene's beautiful skin is allergic to the sun. He came home too many times to wait and wait and wait while Arlene gave interviews, posed for pictures, dictated her column. He found himself, when Metro's decision to drop Arlene drove her into an around-the-clock struggle to re-cement her career, spending even his leisure hours alone.

He sulked, understandably. He left—once, twice. But he came back.

The last time, he didn't come back. And if Arlene cared, it didn't show.

What next for this "most beautiful" girl? Professionally, undoubtedly, she will get to and stay at the top. Her acting improves with every picture. Her ambition and her organizational talent will see her to success. But in the realm of the heart?

Here the prospects are not so bright, whether or not she and Lamas decide to wed. Before she can love and be loved, marry and have a successful marriage, Arlene will have to discover—at least *uncover*—her heart.

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 73)

Dear Mrs. M:

Perhaps, since your daughter is an only child, and since you are completely devoted to her, you have indulged her in every wish she has expressed from babyhood.

It is natural for the human being to seek to assert itself. So your disapproval of this boy may have given your daughter her first opportunity to prove she is an individual. Let us hope that the boy is of secondary consideration, and that his true meaning for your daughter is that of rallying point for her eagerly-sought maturity.

If you could explain to your daughter that you regard her as a woman, capable of making her own decisions sensibly, perhaps she will feel that she has won her point without continuing her romance with this unpleasant man.

I'm sure your daughter loves you and her father very much, and if you will relax your pressure upon her, let her use her own well-developed good sense, and assume that this is merely a passing phase, she will no doubt react favorably.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-seven years old and have been married ten years. My husband is a fine man and we get along happily together, but we have been unable to have children for some reason which doctors can't diagnose.

Now we have the opportunity to adopt a little one, but my husband is opposed to the idea. He says it is too great a gamble, and that he would always feel dubious about the child. I have pointed out that he and I might have a child who would be different from either one of us in nature, but that we would love the baby just the same.

I feel that our home is threatened by this conflict. How can I dispel my husband's fears and convince him that our greatest happiness lies in taking this child? Our doctor has assured me that he will not permit us to take the baby unless it appears to be in good health and of sound mind.

Please help me to realize my heart's desire.

A Friendly Woman

Dear Lady:

Every woman in the world can sympathize with your eagerness to adopt a child, because since time began it has been the ultimate aim of a woman to become a mother.

However, marriage is an equal partnership and any major undertaking should be entered into with equal enthusiasm by both husband and wife. In your marriage vows you promised to cleave unto your husband alone. This sentence means more than mere physical faithfulness; it implies that, in all things, you and your husband will consider one another above all others.

Bringing up a child is, at least, a tremendous sixteen to twenty-year job. Such a job must have the active cooperation of both parents.

It seems that only unhappiness could come to all three of you, if you insisted upon taking a child whom your husband does not want. In all differences of opinion, there must be a final vote. Let your husband's vote decide this if you truly love him, and you wish to avoid giving him the feeling that an unknown child is more important to you than he is.

Claudette Colbert

rabbit eye tests prove ZONITE'S ABSOLUTE SAFETY to body tissues in feminine hygiene



Unmarried Women as Well as Wives Should Benefit by These Intimate Facts!

For years, modern-thinking women have realized that vaginal cleanliness is a *must*. It's just as necessary as brushing one's teeth or taking a bath. The big problem is what is *right* to use for a cleansing antiseptic douche solution. What product can a woman BE SURE is powerfully effective, deodorizing yet soothing and absolutely safe to body tissues? Any woman worried about this intimate problem should read these facts and find out WHY ZONITE is a perfect solution.

Developed by a famous surgeon
and scientist

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be *powerful enough* yet positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating*.

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet harmless as ZONITE. And ZONITE is *more* than an antiseptic and germicide. It is also an amazing cleansing and healing agent. Because of this, ZONITE may be used as

often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE's Miracle-Action

ZONITE completely deodorizes. It guards against infection. ZONITE kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but ZONITE *immediately* kills all reachable germs. It flushes out waste substances and leaves the vaginal tract so clean and refreshed. Costs only a few pennies per douche. Worth a fortune to feminine charm and health.

Always use as directed.

Tests made under methods developed in a government research laboratory

Tests of ZONITE's safety to body tissues were made to meet strictest scientific standards. ZONITE, as used in the douche, was put *twice* daily for three months into rabbits' eyes. *Not the slightest irritation appeared*. During the tests, Mr. Bunny lived like a pampered prince. He never had it so good all the while he graciously helped prove ZONITE is *absolutely harmless to him—harmless to you*. In fact, ZONITE is wondrously soothing.



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WITH OPEN HEARTS



While the baby of the family, Little Doe, naps, Cheryl, Dale, Linda, Dusty and Roy show Sandy around the grounds of his new home

Tragedy had struck home. But from
far away places came the happiness Roy
Rogers and his family needed

BY KATHERINE KINGSLEY

● The three youngsters stood spick-and-span in their Sunday best, trying to be calm. "There they are!" Dusty shouted as he caught sight of Roy and Dale. "And there's Little Doe and. . ."

He stopped for a moment and blinked. While Dale carried Doe, his dad was leading a little boy by the hand. "This is Sandy," said Roy, as they reached the junior welcoming committee.

"Howdy," said Sandy, in his Roy Rogers tone. Little Doe gurgled. And with that the new arrivals were quickly surrounded and became official members of the Rogers clan.

The family knew about the adoption of Little Doe, but there had been no word of Sandy. This was because Roy and Dale planned to arrive on Dusty's birthday and wanted Sandy to be the most memorable present in Dusty's young life. They were right. Dusty could hardly believe his eyes. And he knew that this was, indeed, his little brother and that he would take care of Sandy from then on.

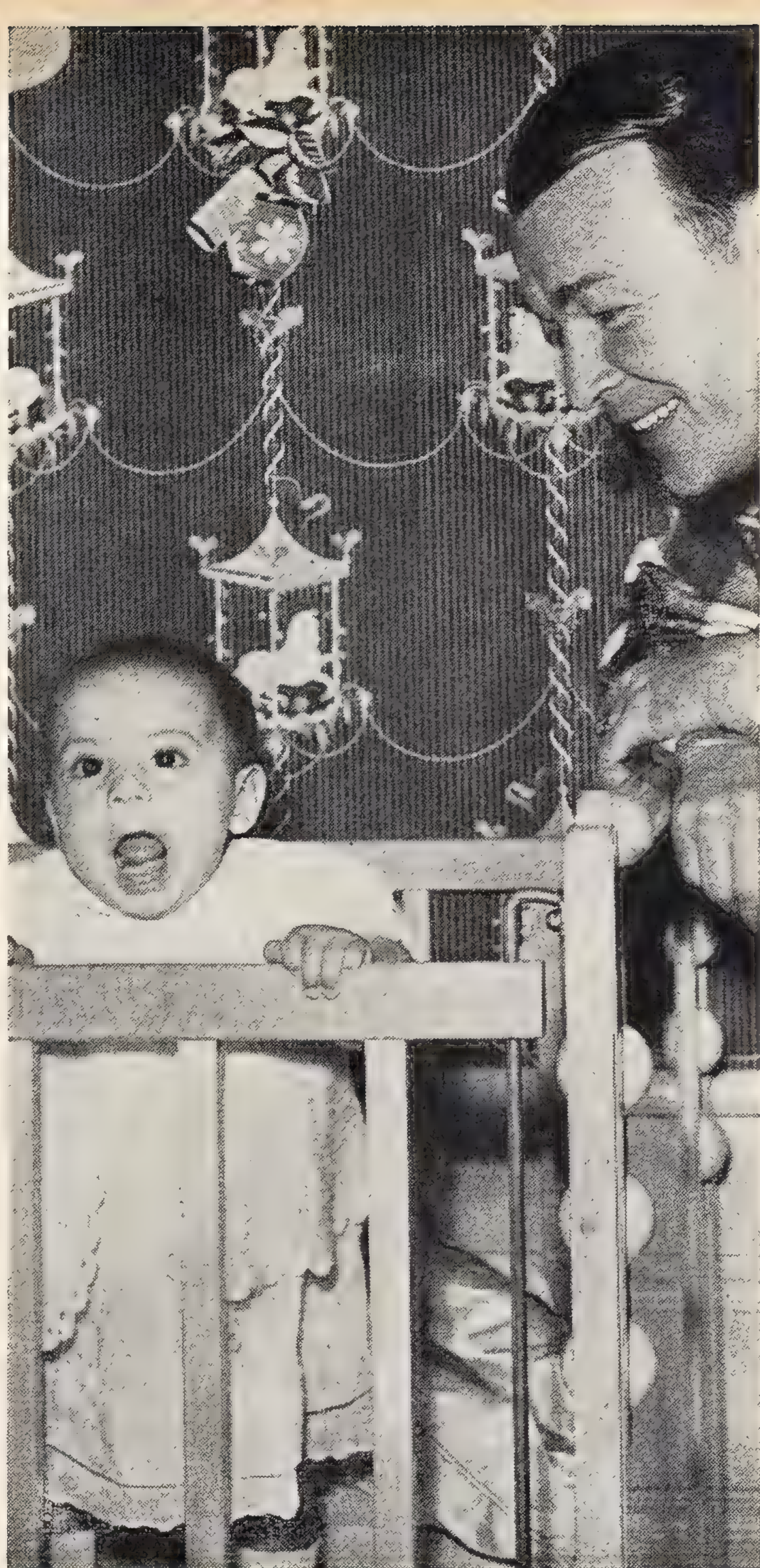
It was a happy day for all the Rogers. It marked the end of a long period of waiting. Dale had discovered Doe early last spring when she flew to Texas to be with her family. While there, she visited the nearby orphanage from which Cheryl was adopted. In the nursery, one baby stood out



Little Doe is the center of attention at a backyard pow-wow



Dale finishes work on "Angel Unaware"—the story of Robin Rogers



Roy looks on as Little Doe tries to say a few words

among the rest. She was part Choctaw Indian, the matrons informed Dale. "Roy has Choctaw blood, too," Dale replied. And a vivid memory of the child stayed with Dale.

In August, Robin was taken ill. She died two days before her second birthday. Roy and Dale threw themselves into work in an attempt to assuage grief with activity. It was Roy who suggested they adopt a baby girl "to take the place of Robin." Dale answered mechanically that no other baby could take Robin's place. But she began to think about it, in spite of herself.

On another trip to Texas, Roy suggested they visit the children's home. Doe was still there—and ready for adoption. The Rogers weren't certain they would be allowed to have the child, but Dale wrote a letter to the home telling how much she and Roy and the children needed the baby. During their rodeo appearance in New York, they received a call saying that their request had been granted.

The adoption of Sandy was an unexpected event. For a long time they had felt that Dusty needed a brother. And for over a year they had planned. Wherever they toured, they visited orphanages, seeking a boy in Dusty's age group. They were on a personal appearance tour after the New York closing when Roy received a call from a woman in Kentucky.

She told him that her daughter was a cerebral palsy victim. She was poor; she had three children of her own and acted as foster mother to fourteen wards of the state. Tickets to the show were out of the question, but if she brought her daughter to the arena, would Roy say hello to her?

As they talked, the conversation took a more personal turn and soon Roy was telling her of the search for a brother for Dusty. The woman said that she had such a little boy on her farm—one of the state wards. "Why don't you bring him along when you come?" Roy suggested.

So Roy and Dale met Sandy. And Sandy, forgetting his natural shyness when he found himself with his hero, sauntered over and said, "Howdy, pardner." It was a case of mutual love at first sight. The next day, Roy and Dale visited the judge, signed papers and claimed their new son.

The new members of the Rogers family have settled in beautifully. Dusty is busily teaching his brother the simple things that we assume all children should know. As for Little Doe—the children's beloved Dodie—she is the queen of the household. The queen who ravishes her subjects with a grin: two teeth, front and center.

It's a full house, but there's always room for one more in the Rogers' hearts.

THE END

Is Hollywood Carrying Sex Too Far?

(Continued from page 37)

voluptuous, and some of these girls don't seem to realize the difference." But Livvy must be mentally amending those words a little, because her agents are looking for "something feminine and glamorous."

Of course, nudity and the flaunting of the female form divine is nothing new. Eve started it, and down through the centuries, the fair sex, from the Duchess of Alba to Mata Hari, has used its undraped assets for propaganda, power or passion. But the Duke of Alba, unlike Tyrone Power, didn't take to the strip act, and threatened to paint portraitist Goya in his own blood. Ty's reaction to the furore following the published photos of wife Linda's undraped marble form, was a proud smile of possession, plus a place of honor for the sexy statue in his garden by the swimming pool. Their guests have a look—then cool off in the water.

But to get back to the theme that Nature by any other name spells Monroe: The sudden rise of the luscious beauty was no accident. She was under contract three years ago to Columbia, labeled an all-American girl—the kind who lives next door—and she got exactly *nowhere*. Because this beauty has brains, she sat down on her delectable derriere and figured out why—and she came up with a sex campaign as deliberate as D-Day.

Vulgar? Of course. But everyone flocks to her films. So . . .

Jane Wyman tossed out drammer and Mother Hubbards, split her skirts and wore leotards in "Just For You." And now you'll find her at most benefits in long opera hose and abbreviated panties.

Mitzi Gaynor, an ingenue if ever I saw one, performed an almost indecent dance on the stage here in "Jollyanna," doing blush-making things with a tassel. And her studio, which was on the verge of not picking up her option, did a figurative double-take, and picked her up, tassel 'n' all.

Corinne Calvet, a shrewd French gal, directed world-wide attention to her mammary assets with a million dollar law suit against Zsa Zsa Gabor, whom she claimed said she didn't have enough to hang a bra on. When Corinne made "What Price Glory," she even dared to tangle with director John Ford, who wanted her blouse over her shoulders. But as fast as John pulled it up, Corinne wriggled it down.

When dyeing her brown hair blonde didn't land Anne Baxter in "Gents Prefer . . ." she agreed to keep her hair yellow for "My Wife's Best Friend," and, to clinch her new sexiness, Anne The Dignified did a belly dance in one sequence.

Terry Moore was nothing at Columbia, even in a picture with Glenn Ford, until a hep male friend told her that the best way to avoid being a bust was to show it. Now little Terry is bustin' out all over.

Vanessa Brown, former quiz kid, believes her brains are a terrible handicap on the road to stardom. "I was caught like a rat in the trap of my I. Q." So about six months ago, Vanessa performed a mythical operation, and made over her outlook almost as completely as any schnoz remodeled by her plastic surgeon husband, Doctor Robert Franklyn.

But I suspected a little trickery was afoot when Vanessa's high powered press agent called to say that she was posing completely nude for a camera magazine. It turned out that her husband was taking the photo. He posed her with her back to his camera, and his finder stopped at the second last vertebra in her spine. Vanessa wasn't a quiz kid for nothing.

I was forcibly reminded of the new Sex Deal at a party around Jimmy McHugh's pool, when I complimented Jeanne Crain on her trim figure and lovely face. (After the birth of the last baby she'd been letting herself go). "Got to be chic," she flipped, "we have a Monroe at the studio."

And Jeanne, who thinks she's as smart a girl as the next, sat down to do some calculating on the why of Marilyn's zoom boom. And she came up with the fact—and I don't know how smart this is—that Marilyn is minus children and has never had a home-shot layout in the magazines. So now it's taboo to talk to Jeanne about her charming kids or to take pictures of her with them. And I think that's a pity, because there was something madonna-like about Jeanne with her brood. And what's sauce for Monroe could make a goose out of Crain.

Esther Williams is another femme star to put her kids out to pasture in the name of sweet publicity. Her popularity isn't as high as it was a year ago, and she sincerely believes—or maybe her studio does—that she has overdone the open-air-girl routine, which comes naturally. Esther is now calculatingly going in for glamour.

Joan Crawford used to have a ball with her quartette of kids for the press, and with homey domestic shots. But Joan has a keen nose for a trend. And since she practically invented glamour for the screen, she'll be in there pitching till the Angel Gabriel blows his horn over Hollywood.

When Lamas let Lana down with a verbal thump that shook our insular world, she didn't cry—not in public anyway. Like

an event you won't want to miss!

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most people in business, she took inventory, noted her charms, and decided the lily could be gilded. She's growing her hair longer and she's very blonde again. If that's what the public wants—for Lana the public is *men*—that's what they'll get.

Janet Leigh, who was showing what little girls are made of from the waist up long before Marilyn beat her to the inch, is now attacking the area from the toes up. As Mrs. Houdini, she wears tights and a spangled leotard most of the way. And as Mrs. Tony Curtis, her street dresses are split to the knee and molded to the body. Liz Taylor has taken to the "show-as-much-as-you-dare" routine, too.

They're exposing June Allyson in a pantie-bra during her current "Remains to Be Seen" film—with heavy make-up, black transparent negligees, and nail polish for the first time in her up-'til-now girl-ish life. But it remains to be seen whether June rhymes with glamour.

Susan Hayward revealed a lot of charm in "David and Bathsheba"—and is nearly as revealing in the clothes she's wearing off screen these "undressed" days.

Remember the sexy dance by Cyd Charisse in "Singin' in the Rain"? Wait till you see her little number on top of a mountain during a Technicolor thunderstorm in "Sombbrero." Excited Metro praise agents describe it as the hottest dance ever seen on celluloid.

And they're dusting off the sexiest oldies at Metro—and we mean pictures as well as people, for remakes—like Harlow's "Red Dust" with Gable, for Gable and Ava Gardner. Ava, like Jean, will take a bath in a rain barrel.

Why are they making so many Biblical stories in Hollywood? Because they're chockful of passion as well as preaching.

Prim misses like Diana Lynn are not only giving their all, they're showing their all, for *Life*, *Look* and what have you. And Elaine Stewart, who makes her own clothes, is using less material these days!

Hollywood had become too serious, say the popular-opinion pulse holders. So let's jazz it up a bit and give the customers what we think they crave.

But I can't believe they really crave the sight of nineteen-year-old Debra Paget, running around the Twentieth Century-Fox lot at nine in the morning in a low cut evening gown and no shoes . . . Or Nancy Olson, scaring the natives by swimming nude in Honolulu. And Jean Peters, re her "Blaze of Glory" role—"Holding my lips half parted to produce that sexy look. It cramps my facial muscles. And hip swinging makes my sacroiliac ache."

Jennifer Jones, a million miles away from Bernadette in her latest movie of passion, "Ruby Gentry," broke her arm swinging at Charlton Heston and left teeth marks on his nose during a wild love scene.

The moral letting down in pictures is reflected in the private lives of the stars, or vice versa. Much of what's going on is reminiscent of the Fatty Arbuckle era which blackened the name of Hollywood.

Look at the billboards! They scream of Hollywood's new attitude and latitude. Bustlines get bigger and more revealing, while the level of good taste goes lower and lower. And I'm wondering how it will end. Because there is little more than a metaphorical G-string between the possible and the impossible. Won't take too much to snap.

Then what happens? We've been handicapped enough by a forced puerile approach to the realistic facts of life because of too much licentiousness in pictures before. Can't we be adult, and amorous without being salacious? We don't want blue noses meddling again. But we don't want red faces either.

Let's not go under trying to go overboard.
THE END

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For skin that "can't take" heavy make-up:

Use a thin film of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

Love Story

(Continued from page 51)

Tony had joined the Royal Air Force when he was nineteen. His whole adult life had been spent flying. In the RAF he was tops.

Well, in the fall of 1945, Deborah and I headed a troupe to entertain the troops on the Continent with a production of "Gaslight." It was the first time we had actually worked together.

Our first-night audience in Brussels was fresh from the battle front, eager for entertainment, and, to put it mildly, noisy. We loved every minute of the way they welcomed us, but when the final curtain went down, we were a tired lot of actors. We looked forward to getting back to the comparative quiet of our headquarters.

When I got back to my dressing room, I found a visitor waiting for me. His uniform was splattered with battle ribbons and his face was adorned with a scowl that made him look like a bushel of bulldogs. It was Tony Bartley. I hadn't seen him for months. He was furious.

He had been grounded—to hear him tell it, the brass had personally and forcibly yanked him out of his cockpit. All because he had flown a mere 1,000 combat hours. And what-in-the-name-of-this-and-that was a man to do, in war-time Brussels, of all places?

Tony was reaching his peak when there was a tap at the door and Deborah looked in. The jeep was ready to take us back to the clubhouse. I beckoned her in. "I have an Air Force type here who's feeling a bit low," I said. "Can't we take him back to supper at the club?"

I thought, in my bright-eyed innocence, that what Tony needed was an hour or so with a lively crowd to take his mind off his troubles. I looked around at him—and blinked. His scowl was gone. He was smiling and alert. He looked as if he thought Brussels were the most delightful place in the world. He said he knew a "gay little place" where he would like to take us for supper.

"I'm afraid Miss Kerr is a bit fagged . . ." I began.

But Miss Kerr never felt better, nor hungrier, nor more like seeking out a "gay little place." She said so herself.

After a very long and very gay evening old-blind-bat-Granger earnestly thanked Deborah for being so sweet and kind to a poor lonely chap with troubles. I think I even used the word "motherly."

Nonsense, she had enjoyed it, she said. And she added: "He's sweet and he doesn't look at all like a murderous fighter."

And still I didn't catch on.

Our troupe spent a week in Brussels and every day Tony and Deborah and I were out shopping, sight-seeing, going places and doing things. They didn't ask me to please go away somewhere and get lost, and it never occurred to me.

The "Gaslight" company next went to Eindhoven, recently bombed and terribly depressing. There we found an Air Force fellow with a message from Tony. If we wanted any eggs Tony wanted us to know, he had a friend, a farmer, nearby. He was thinking of us, he added, and Brussels was deadly without us. Us! And eggs!

From Eindhoven we went to Lille and then back to Brussels at which Deborah seemed strangely pleased. In Brussels, Tony was waiting—but not for us. I was quite surprised. They started going out together after every performance, but somehow I wasn't asked. It seemed a bit odd.

It was several weeks later, back in London, that the truth finally hit Granger over the head. Deborah and I were back at work in films, and I read over my morning tea

a gossip item in the *Times* to the effect that Commander Tony Bartley, his leave drawing to a close, seemed rather loathe to leave London. That seemed more than odd to me. Tony not anxious to get back into the air? It didn't make sense. The next sentence opened my eyes. The reason, the item went on, was his blazing romance with screen star Deborah Kerr.

I called Deborah at once. "Is this true?" I demanded.

"Well, yes . . ." she temporized. "I think we're engaged. . . ."

I had supper with the two of them once after that. But this time it was not as it had been in Brussels, gay and carefree. The long arm of war had touched them again. Tony was being shipped to the States and from there to the South Pacific.

For months, all her friends suffered with Deborah. There was almost no news. But at any rate, there was no bad news. That was about all that could be said. Then she telephoned in great excitement. Tony had a ten-day leave. He was going to hitch a ride on a transport plane and fly home by way of Ceylon. What with engine troubles, monsoons and a few other delays, Tony finally came roaring into London just one day before his leave expired. Time for a marriage, even if no time for a honeymoon.

And so they were married, with all Tony's old squadron on hand. And Granger—if anybody cares—on location, sitting on top of a mountain in North Wales, waiting for the rain to stop.

The end of the war erased one hazard. Tony was safe. But it left another. All he knew was flying and most of what he knew was war. What could such a man do in peacetime? The answer seemed to be an offer from Vickers Armstrong Aircraft in India. But his wife was a film actress in England. The old story of one marriage and two careers.

They found the intelligent solution. Tony went to India. Deborah stayed in London. Then Deborah received a magnificent offer from M-G-M in Hollywood. She wanted terribly to go, but she wouldn't go without Tony. So he went to America, too, and faced another crisis.

Here on a visitor's visa, he couldn't even try to find work in America. He didn't want to be just Mr. Deborah Kerr. And she didn't want him to. She watched for a chance to help him. It came in when Metro assigned her to star in "King Solomon's Mines." That brought Granger back into the story, incidentally, if only as a first-hand witness. We were to co-star.

Doing "Solomon" meant going to Africa. Deborah, very sweetly and firmly, issued an ultimatum. She would love to do the picture, but she couldn't consider going to Africa without her husband. And since he, in America on a visitor's permit, couldn't get back once he had left, why. . . .

That did it. M-G-M bigwigs did some fast work, and a bill was rushed through the House of Representatives which took Tony off the uncertain status of a visitor and, according to its sponsor, was proper recognition for "one of our greatest allies' greatest heroes."

I spent five and a half months in Africa with Tony and Deborah and since then Deborah and I have made two films together. Although I had known the Bartleys well before, I found that I had only dimly sensed the meaning of what a marriage could be.

I know now that I was a privileged character to tag along during the beginning and growth of their love story, although it was a while before it dawned upon me that I was Cupid. THE END

So They Were Married

(Continued from page 38)

Jane had been acting all day long at Columbia in "Love Song." She had arrived at 7:30 A.M. to be on the set at nine. Her lunch hour had been spent in the Columbia portrait gallery, posing for publicity stills. When the day's shooting was over, she'd had a vague steak somewhere at a vague restaurant, en route to the Masquer's Club, where she was to rehearse for a benefit. The rehearsal had taken until ten.

Freddie Karger, driving the car, was just as tired as Jane. Musical supervisor for Columbia, he had worked all day alongside Jane, first at the studio, then overseeing the musical arrangements on the songs she was going to do for the benefit. Handsome, talented and very much the quiet gentleman, it had been simple, male courtesy which had made Freddie suggest he drive Jane home.

Freddie and Jane had known one another since the Thirties, before Jane knew Ronnie Reagan and before Freddie had married a young legal student, who then became Polly Karger. Back there in the Thirties, they were both trying to catch a hold in Hollywood.

Now in the Fifties they were both established, Jane, the more famous, of course, as people before the camera always are—Miss Wyman, big box-office star, Academy winner, mother of Maureen and Michael Reagan and, since 1948, the ex-Mrs. Reagan. Freddie's success was less spectacular, he behind-the-camera-kind, but very, very solid. It was 1945 when he first signed with Columbia—and you know how very successful that studio has been in all its musical ventures ever since. Like Janie, too, had a daughter and similarly, he also had a divorce.

But neither of them gave any of that a thought when Jane reported to Columbia last August for the first of the conferences in "Love Song," and Freddie sat in on them, because she sings in the picture. They had been running into one another at parties for years—and nothing had sparked in either of them.

Until that October evening, when Cupid turned up in the guise of a hamburger. And at Barney's Beanery, at that.

The chances are good that you haven't heard much of Barney's Beanery, which has been working at the same old stand in Hollywood for better than thirty years. It's real, un-glamorous, warm and wonderful. It's on a section of Santa Monica Boulevard which the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will thank you for ignoring. That's because in a boom town, this particular stretch of an otherwise pleasant thoroughfare has simply refused to progress. All the Chamber of Commerce can say in its favor is that it is a wonderful shortcut, traffic-wise, between Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

Which, of course, was the reason Freddie's car was purring along it, but Janie, looking up, and seeing one particular little building looming toward them, seeing its tall, bright sign, "Barney's Beanery," felt something click in her mind. Now she knows it was nostalgia, a remembrance of things past, but that October evening, she stood it for something else.

"I'm hungry," she announced. "So'm I," said Freddie. "Want to stop at Romanoff's?"

"Would you think I was crazy if I said I like to stop right here at Barney's Beanery? Freddie, do you remember how our whole gang used to come in here, back in the Thirties?"

"Sure. The hamburgers were a dime, the coffee was a nickel, and we'd talk all evening for the expenditure of twenty cents,

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and that was with the tip included." Jane giggled. "Even at that we could barely afford it. And isn't it too bad that none of us ever come here now?"

"I come here, often. The place hasn't changed a bit, the food is just as great as ever, the coffee is real, and so is the talk. So even though it may set me back all of ninety cents to drag you in here this evening, I'm game, particularly when I think how Barney will jump out of his skin at sight of you."

They climbed up the worn wooden steps, came into the shabby, warm room, with the four-sided counter in the middle of it, the stools in front, Barney, himself, presiding behind it all.

"Barney won't recognize me," Jane whispered. "The last time he saw me I was a blonde and I wore feathers, bows and beads all at the same time on the loudest-colored dresses I could find."

Barney caught sight of them then. "Freddie," he yelled. "Come in, fellow. Sit here." He looked at Janie. "Good evening ma'am."

Freddie grinned. "Barney, I'd like you to meet Miss Jane Wyman."

Well, the place was a madhouse after that. Not only did Janie have to have the best steak in the house on the house but she had to drink approximately a quart of Barney's wonderful coffee and she and Freddie and Barney began yaking about old times so furiously that you couldn't tell which of them was talking, or which listening. That is, until Janie blew it.

She blew it by asking, "Remember that vaudevillian with all the teeth we used to call the run-away horse? His name was Fred something. Whatever became of him?"

"I remember him well," Barney told her. "He was Freddie's uncle, you know."

As Jane tells about it now, she still turns pale, even though her eyes dance with laughter. "It was just one of those horrible moments when you can't do a thing," she says. "What I did was to turn to Freddie and say, 'Should I go quietly?' He said, 'I think we both should. It's late and we've got another tough day ahead of us.' So we did. He brought me home, he said, 'Goodnight, Janie' politely at the front door. I was most polite, too, you may be sure, and as I climbed the stairs toward my bedroom and heard his car driving away, I thought drowning was much too good for me. The next morning, as a kind of subconscious penance, I guess, I ordered all the hangings in the whole house taken down and sent to the cleaners. I had the rugs taken up, too."

"The next day I had straight dramatic

scenes all day, so I didn't see Freddie, but the day after that, he dropped down to the set and said, 'Could I get you to go to dinner with me tonight? Providing you leave my relatives out of the conversation.'"

"Well, all right already," Jane said, being of a sound, and suddenly very perky mind. "You'll pick me up after shooting time?"

"That I will," said Freddie.

She didn't ask where they might be going, and Freddie didn't tell her. But she was very glad it didn't turn out to be Romanoff's or Chasen's or any of the glitter places. It proved to be the Naples, a little Italian place, virtually across the street from Columbia Studios. The food is great. The wine is excellent and any one trying to be pretentious would be an idiot.

Again, Jane had the best time she had had for months. She and Freddie talked shop, they talked children, they talked music and then he took her home, quite early, being aware of that 7:30 A.M. call.

Three days later they had the same sort of date—only it was down toward the beach this time. Two nights later they were back at the Naples.

Now this was not the glamour treatment and Jane found herself more relaxed than she had been any time since she stopped being Sara Jane Fuls.

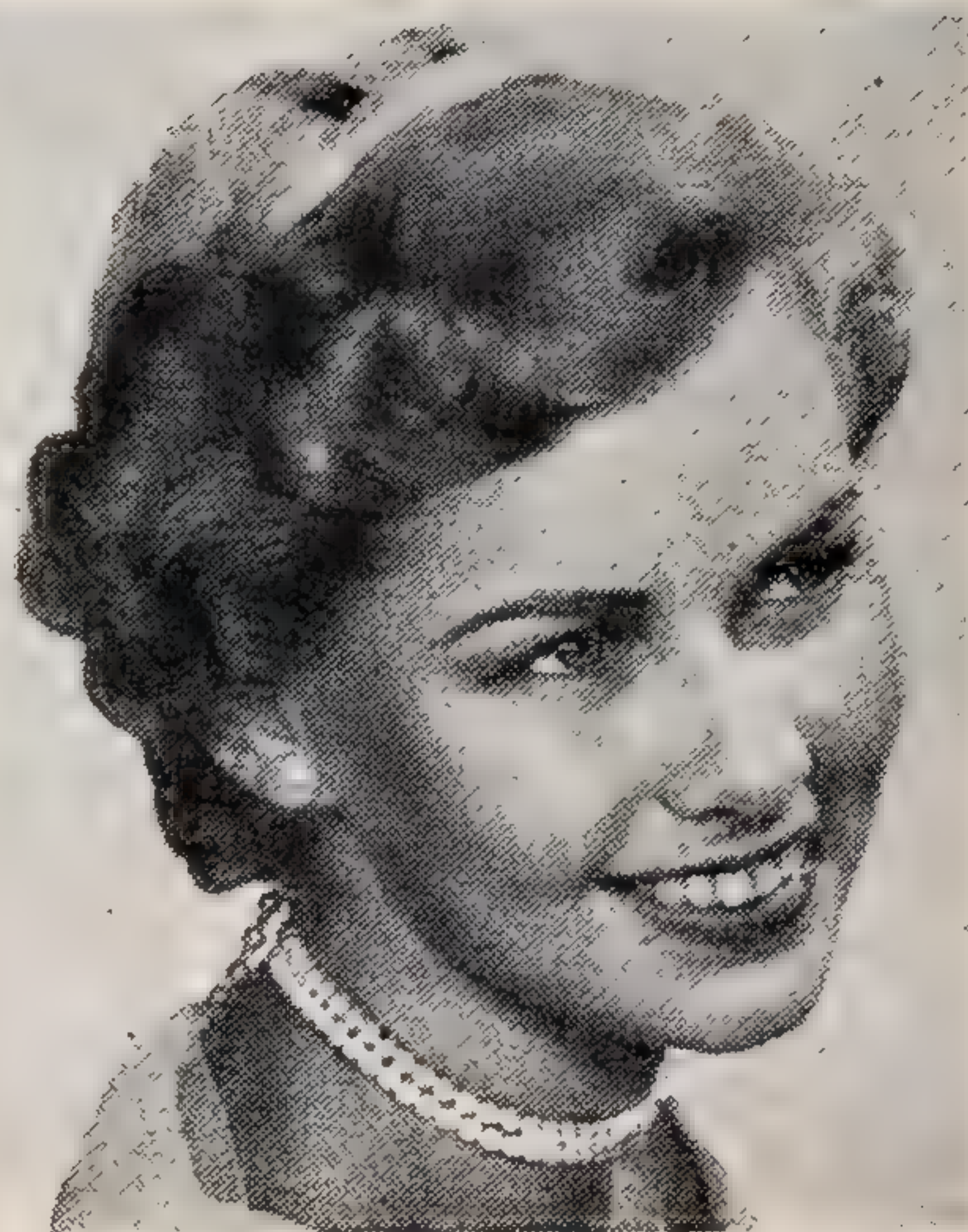
Because, as you see, one of the things no glamour girl can ever be sure of is whether she is being taken out because of herself alone—or because of dear publicity. The Strip places, the swank few "upper drawer" restaurants swarm with photographers and columnists. Overnight, you become a "newest twosome." Over a week, you become an engagement speculation, or even a "secret marriage" possibility.

It wasn't until their third date that Janie found out what it was that had kept Freddie so unaffected and full of humor in Hollywood's frequently phony atmosphere.

After his divorce, she discovered, Freddie had taken his daughter, Terry, who is just six months younger than Jane's Maureen back to live with his mother. And he'd moved in with his mother, too.

His mother and her sister had shared a house, since retiring from vaudeville where they had been a sister act. They were delighted to have Freddie around, and they could make him play the piano for them evening after evening, while they put on impromptu acts in the front parlor. Eleven-year-old Terry, a ballet student for more than four years, happily joined in so that there was practically a continuous performance always going on.

"At last I can smile again"



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Be sure to read "The Devil In My Husband"—True Story's \$5,000 prize novel in the February TRUE STORY now at all newsstands.

"Of course, a girl vocalist would help our act," Freddie said.

Janie didn't answer that. She didn't dare. She thought of her own formal house, even though the curtains were down, the walls half-painted, and the carpets up, and an almost prostrating loneliness swept over her again.

"I've got to break this up very early this evening," she said, finally. "My scenes tomorrow are really tough."

"I know. I skimmed over the script late this afternoon. I'll take you right now."

They left the Naples. It was one of the evenings when the fog had rolled in from the sea, cold and damp, obscuring almost everything. Janie was blue—but only for a moment. For as they went buzzing out Santa Monica Boulevard, straight by Barney's, Freddie proposed to her.

"No, I can't tell what words he used," Jane says, beaming. "It was too enchanting and too personal. But I made myself hold out three days before I said yes. Freddie brought Terry over to meet Michael and Maureen meanwhile, and it was heavenly that they all went for one another. Mike, in particular, has sometimes been difficult about some of my escorts, but he adored Freddie at once."

"The night we told them our plans was Hallowe'en."

Actually, on Hallowe'en night, they did not expect to be married the next day. They both had work to do, and they knew it. But somewhere, mid-afternoon, they didn't want to waste any more time before they belonged to one another. Freddie had already been talking to his closest male friend, Dick Quine, about the best and quickest way to get married. They did have their license in hand, their blood tests made. So the moment the last shot of the play was finished that Saturday, November , away they sped to Santa Barbara, with the Quines in attendance. They took off so unexpectedly that Freddie forgot to pack a razor and Janie had only one change of clothes, but they spent their fast week-end honeymoon at the San Ysidro Ranch.

The very first wire we received," Janie tells you, her eyes tender with devotion, was from the three kids. It was the first wire any of them had ever sent. It was signed with their three names and I can only think of the poor operator trying to make it down from them. But what it stated just melted us. They said, 'We're so happy to have our mommy and daddy together!'

And the kids didn't stop there. When Freddie and Janie came back to her house the Sunday, because they both had to work bright and early Monday, they found Terry, Maureen and Michael had had the whole house done with flowers, largely hand-picked and therefore uneven as to them, unbalanced as to arrangement but entirely loving. They discovered, too, the youngsters had gone down to a drug store and picked up a thirty-five cent recording of "The Wedding March" which they set whirling as Jane's key hit the lock.

"It was such a dreamy home-coming," Jane says, "that Freddie never noticed the lack of curtains, or the missing rugs."

Janie's glad she had all that work done, however, for the house is now on the market. She and Freddie want a much simpler house, where three rambunctious youngsters can barge around as they like, where Mrs. Karger and her sister can stage their impromptu acts in a living room that will be more of a play room. It won't be a "modern" house; it won't be "period" either. It will be, Jane thinks, a home.

All this, imagine, because of a hamburger in a little joint around midnight of mid-October evening. Some operator, at guy, Cupid!

THE END

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Betty's Other Life

(Continued from page 55)

It was her mother's confidence and courage that sustained Betty in the difficult times before she finally established herself as a top star. However, now that Betty Grable is a star who knows the motion picture business backwards and forwards, Mrs. Harry James has one thing on her mind—her family.

According to Betty, her girls are almost exact opposites. Vicki, she thinks, will be tall like her daddy, and she has red hair and a light sprinkling of freckles, whereas Jesse is blond and tiny—more her mother's build. Vicki, incidentally, is already worrying about the freckles; she wears a cap with visor and more willingly endures applications of zinc oxide than Jesse, three years younger and the tomboy of the family. Both girls sunburn quickly, and their mother has explained that little girls have to take care of their skin. Different as they are, the girls play happily together. Although Jessica struggles to emulate her big sister who can climb higher, swing higher, run faster, and in general do everything better, there is no jealousy

"I guess I am very lucky," Betty says, "to have such good children. They are never a problem. Oh, of course they do things they shouldn't now and then. The other morning Vicki was running around without her slippers. She knows I have told her not to do that, and that she will be punished. I haven't had time to do anything about it yet, but she realizes the punishment is coming—that she will be deprived of something she wants, and she will accept it."

"I never bribe them. For instance, I would never say, 'If you do this, I will give you that.' I believe in making them mind, because I have learned that children are much happier if they are not spoiled. My girls don't cry. They never have tantrums."

During the school year, the children go to bed at eight, but in summer, they stay up until nine. And they love it. They keep a regular summer schedule; after breakfast, they go outside to play, come in for lunch at noon, then nap until three. They always have dinner with their parents. After dinner, there is television, or perhaps Vicki will read Jesse a story.

In the James household, every holiday is a special day for the children. Betty decorates the dinner table to suit the occasion, whether it is a birthday or Valentine's Day. On Hallowe'en, she and Harry wander about the neighborhood with the girls while they ring doorbells and fill their paper sacks. At Easter, Betty hides the Easter eggs for them, and on the Fourth of July, she buys fireworks and lets the children stay up to see them.

After the long period of being together during her suspension, it was equally hard for Betty and the girls when Mother had to go back to work. But Vicki and Jesse hid their tears, as they always try to do.

That, their mother feels, is typical of her children. They have an almost adult understanding and acceptance of things. They know nothing about glamour—Betty is just "Mommie" to them—but they do understand about her work.

As, for instance, last June, when it was time for the final exercises at Westlake, the girls' school both children attend, Betty sadly explained that she could not go.

"I could see tears in Vicki's eyes as she turned away," Betty remembers, "but she tried to keep me from seeing them, tried to protect me!"

Even when working, Betty spends as much time as possible with her girls. Every Wednesday and Sunday, they dine out, and sometimes go to a movie, if there is a suitable one. Betty always washes their

hair herself, sets it, and puts each girl under a dryer with a magazine. Like all youngsters, they like to play at being grown-up and their mother, remembering how she used to like to totter around on her sister's high-heeled shoes, lets them have access to her belongings.

She buys all their clothes, and loves to take them shopping with her. Both girls have definite likes and dislikes, and both love pretty clothes. Harry and Betty seldom go out in the evening and rarely entertain, but on the few occasions when they do dress up in their best, the little girls are thrilled and excited. Recently, when Betty, ready to go out, went in to kiss them good-night, Vicki cried, "Oh, Mommie, you look just like a bride!"

Jesse said softly, "Very, very pretty, Mommie." They love to feel the material of her dress or wrap, and they always notice if she is wearing anything new, even if it's only a pair of earrings.

"I don't get things for Vicki if Jesse can't have them—like roller skates, for example," Betty says. "Vicki can swim and Jesse can't, but I don't let Vicki go in the pool except with Jesse and me. I never show any favoritism, so there is no jealousy."

"I don't know much about modern psychology," Betty will tell you. "I have a lot of fun with my two girls. I don't talk down to them, I treat them as adults. And they are wonderful company for me when Harry is away. I've talked about my method of punishment, which is simply to deprive them of something they want, but actually I very seldom have to resort to it."

"But don't get the idea that there is anything namby-pamby about them—they are two normal, healthy, active children."

When she's working, Betty likes to stay busy. It makes the day move more swiftly toward six o'clock. "This is the happiest hour of my day," she says. "Every night when I turn into the driveway, I 'toot' my horn and out of the front door, they come tumbling—the two girls and the two dogs!"

You don't need to read any books on psychology to know that here is a happy family—and that the main reason for that happiness is the eagerness with which Betty Grable doffs her glamour with her screen costumes, to play her favorite role, that of Mrs. Harry James, or just "Mommie," to Vicki and Jesse.

THE END

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The Things I've Learned

(Continued from page 41)

looked startled when I whizzed into the parking lot, but I just breezed by with a wave of my hand. He didn't have a chance to do his duty, I was parked and inside looking for the Casting Director's door.

There it was in big, black letters. *Solly Bianco, Casting Director*. I upped to the door and in I popped. "I'm R. J. Wagner, and I want to be in pictures."

Mr. Bianco about fell out of his chair and gave me a double-take, as if to say, "No. Nothing like this can happen to me." Then he looked me up and down, and for no good reason had a coughing fit. He then said with a very straight face, "Okay, Boy, read this, and we'll see if you are an actor." He handed me a script.

It was going better than I'd planned. There I was with a script in my hand. I didn't dare say, "What do I do now?"

But, oh! Reading from that script. I must have sounded like a 78 RPM record on a 33 RPM turntable. The words came out one after another all right, but there was a full two-minute pause between each word. "Thank you," said kind Mr. Bianco, "we'll keep your name on file."

Yeah, file. It's there yet, I guess. But I learned a lesson.

It was a couple of years later that something really happened. Agent Henry Willson sent over his card during a clowning session with the piano player in the Gourmet Restaurant. I love to sing, and that night I was having a ball just kidding around with the pianist. Henry heard me and invited me (and my parents) to come to his office to talk over a contract.

That was a twist—somebody coming after me for a change!

But that's how it began. Shortly, I got a ninety-day option contract at Twentieth. I'm proud to say I'm still there.

But my education in the cinema business really began a long time before I signed at Twentieth. At least part of it did, and that's where Alan Ladd comes in. He encouraged me, even the first time I met him. One of the finest compliments I've ever had came from Sue Ladd, Alan's wonderful wife. Sue said one day that Alan and I looked alike, in fact, looked enough alike to be brothers. That's encouragement enough to go on for years, because I always thought of Alan as one of the best!

I consider myself a pretty lucky guy for having known Alan as long as I have, and to have learned so much from him. "You can make it on your own, Kid," he always said and I believed him. What's more—I have made it on my own.

A lot of other "authors" have written stories saying it was my dad who paved the way for me. Let me be the first to say, tain't so, McGee! Sure, my dad's the greatest, but he didn't hold any magic key that opened the gates. He's offered me better things than that kind of help, because my dad has been with me one hundred per cent. We've had a man-to-man relationship, even during the days when Dad wasn't sure if I was serious about becoming an actor. He never really opposed my career, just questioned it. I've held my own magic key, and I'm proud of it.

But that magic key wouldn't have opened any gates without a lot of help from a lot of guys. Like Alan. "An actor," he used to say, "is the guy who carries the ball over the line. But he isn't any good without the team. The crew is the team and you are the football hero. Remember, you can never do it alone!"

He's so right. In fact, the crew's most important to an actor. And I've gotten to know the crews—because that's the way to learn the picture business. The men in the



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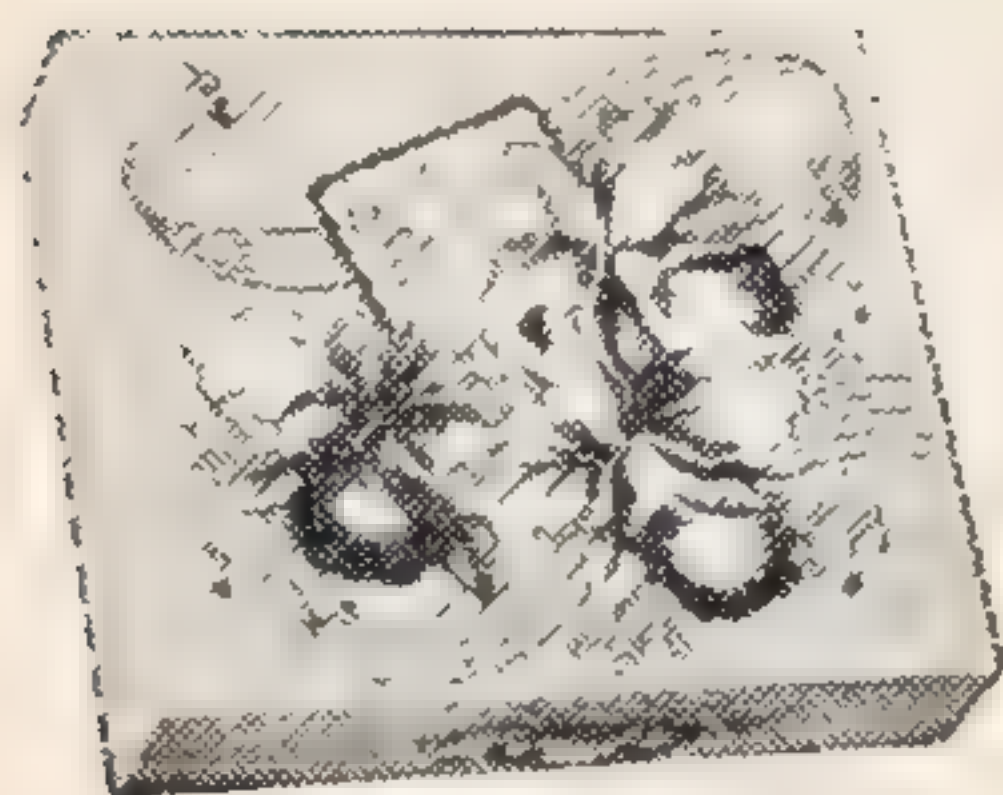


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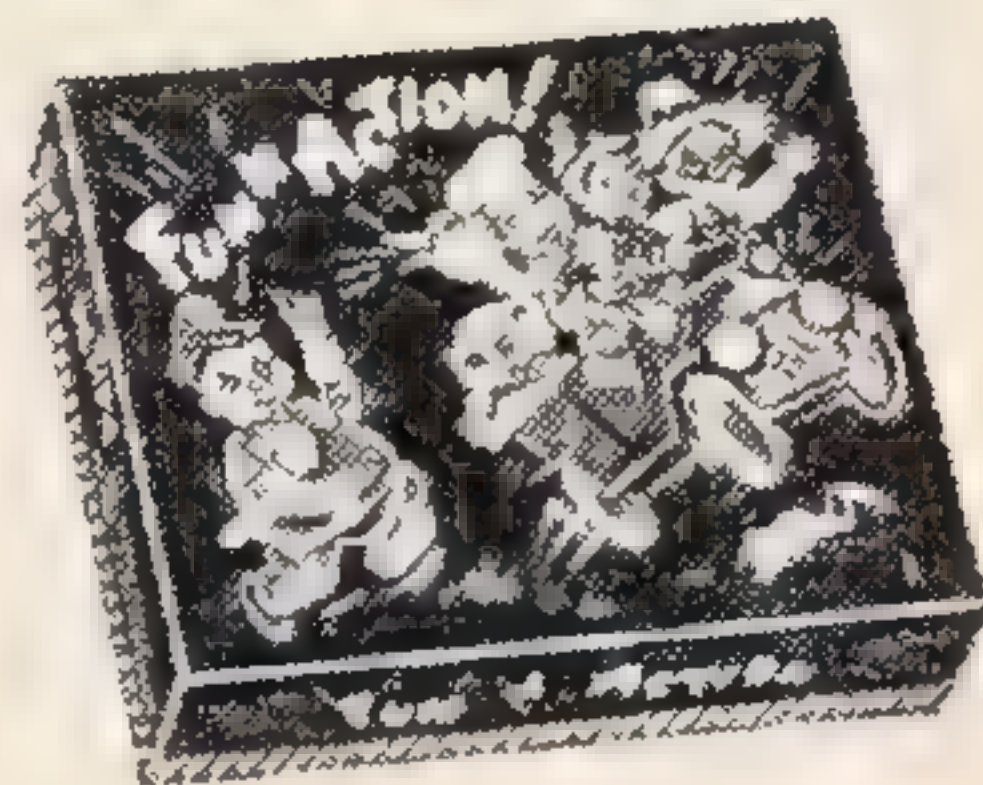
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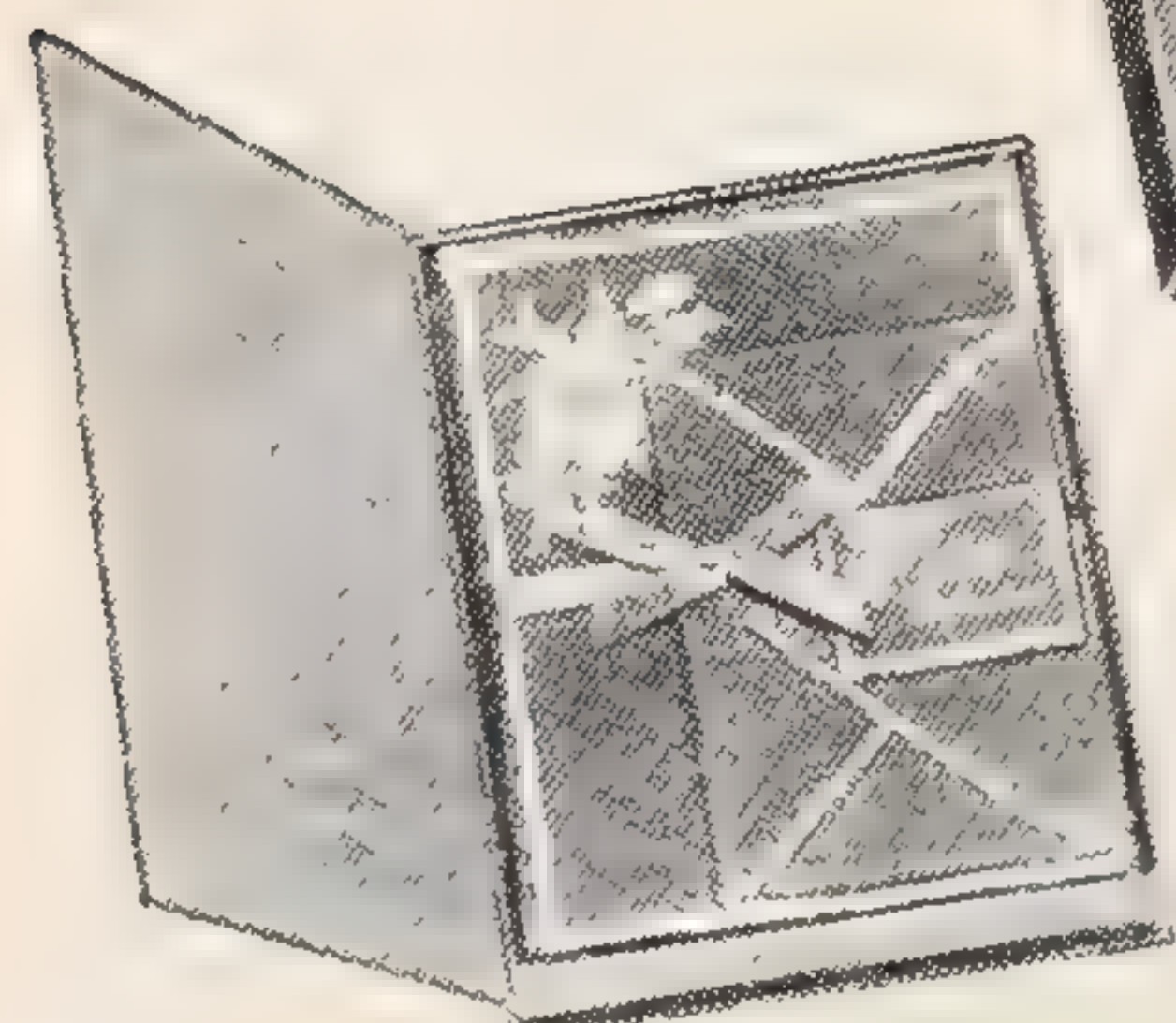
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crew *know* the business. If they didn't they wouldn't be there. And most of them, you'll find, have been around for a good number of years. Any newcomer eager to learn (that's me), can get plenty from the grips, the soundmen, and the electricians.

Take that time I was in my first Western as an example. I had a special piece of business where I raced in, read my lines, jumped on my horse and tore off. Well, we did it a couple of times and each time it seemed to get worse. That horse got to look a mile high and it just seemed I had too much to do in too little time. Everything went wrong.

I was sitting there moaning to myself and worrying about the next take when a grip came up behind me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"R. J.," he said, "take it easy. That hoss hasn't bit anyone *this* year." (It was January 2nd.) We laughed. I felt better.

Then the soundman came over. "Hey, R. J., I'm only human," he said, "and I can only mix that stuff with two hands. Take it easy on me, will ya' ol' pal."

Then to top it all the electrician came up. "Speedy Wagner," he said, "I gotta keep the lights on you. Wouldn't you like to slow down a bit? Try *one* thing at a time . . ." We all laughed. I had just been plain too eager in every department.

The next take went okay. It was simple. I just followed the directions the crew had given me. Take it easy, and do one thing at a time. Yes, sir. Those guys are great teachers. That's why I spend every free moment hanging around the lot.

Now, Dan Dailey's a different kind of guy, and a different kind of teacher. ("What's the kid talking about," he'll say when he reads this, "I didn't teach him anything!")

First time I got to know Dan was when we worked together in "What Price Glory." I played Dan's "bat boy." I carried his pack (plus mine), his rifle (plus mine), his helmet (plus mine), and assorted odds and ends. Then the guy got the prop man to put a little extra weight in the pack. A little extra weight! I was loaded. I spent more time on the floor than on my feet!

I'll get even some day! And I'll get even for all the other gags the guy's pulled on me, too. Like teaching me to water ski. Dan's a great athlete, and as a water skier he is tops. We spent some time at Lake Arrowhead last year learning the sport. "Swell, Kid," he'd shout, "you're do-

ing great." I thought so. I even got where I could stay on my feet.

I was determined to learn as many tricks on water skis as Dan knew, and came the day when I thought I had him. Out across the lake I chased him, copying everything he did. Then suddenly, as we'd finished all the tricks in the book, Dan spins around and starts doing them backwards!

Dan's sort of indirectly responsible for helping me to become R. J. Wagner, boy-actor-now-on-own! By that I mean, I'm now my own cook, bottle washer, and housekeeper. I've got my *own* apartment. Mom and Dad planned on moving to La Jolla, so I decided I'd get an apartment in town. A big one, so they could come up whenever they wanted, and share it with me. (Dad's also going to share the rent when they're in town, so who could pass up this bargain?) Only catch though, *no* apartment.

We looked and looked, but you-know-who solved the problem. Dan, natch! He called suddenly one day to announce there was a vacancy in his building. The vacancy now has been filled by one R. J. Wagner, complete with tennis racquets, piano, diving gear, water skis and record collection.

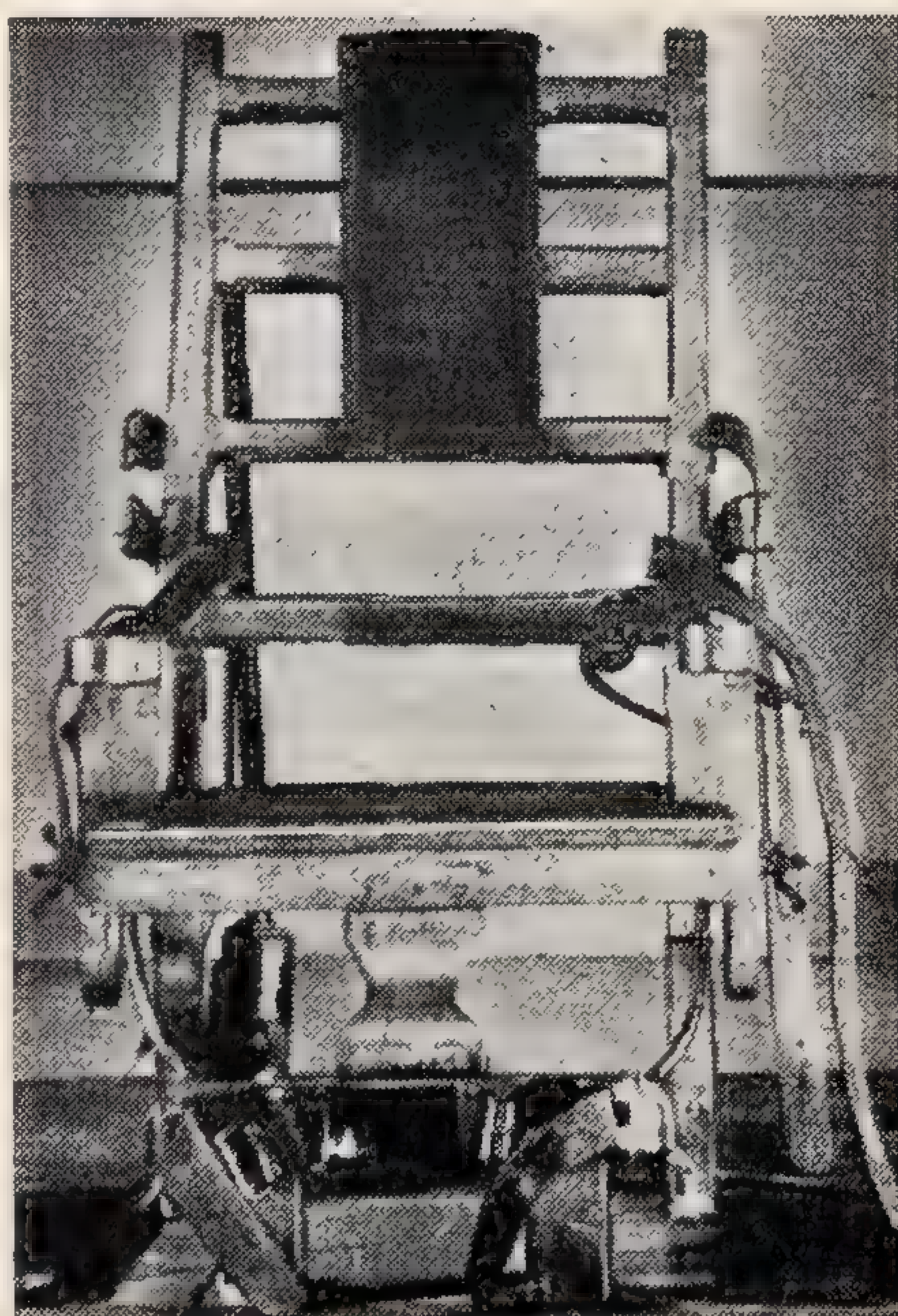
Most of all, I guess I'm grateful to Dan for his advice, "If you are going to work in this business, don't fool around. Work!"

That's what I'm doing. I go to every movie I can. (That's my homework, yet.) I listen, I watch, and I practice. Especially my singing and dancing. I want to be a song and dance man. A fellow's got to do something on personal appearances. Can't just stand around with egg on his face.

That's where Mac Carey comes in. A nicer, more helpful guy you'd never want to meet. We went on a theatre tour recently and what did we do? We put on a thirty-five-minute song and dance skit, called "The 3 B's" (Bach, Beethoven and Boogie). Yep, I sang and danced.

My friendship with Macdonald Carey goes way back to a first bit I had in "The Lawless." I was dancing behind Mac throughout the scene. Of course, this made it *my* scene. A bunch of friends and I went to see the picture when it came out. "Okay," I whispered when Mac and I were about to come on, "*my* scene is coming up." It came and it went! Mac looked great. Me—I had a mighty photogenic shoulder.

Mac and I still get together for laughs or



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practice. We don't want to get rusty. That would be fatal for me. I'm going to be a song and dance man if it kills me!

Since I'm giving out big votes of thanks, I couldn't overlook Dick Widmark, Clifton Webb and John Hodiak for the help they've given me. If it weren't for a piece of advice John gave me early in my career, there might not have been any career.

I was nothing in those days, but I did land a part in a picture. Only catch was—and it was a big one—I had to wear a catcher's mask over my face. Well, I argued to myself, it *was* a part in a picture.

My agent didn't feel that way. "Oh, no," he said, "we don't handle bit actors."

So there was I, with an agent and a chance for a part. But if I took the part, the agent said he'd leave me flat. Gee, what to do? So I asked Hodiak. "Go into the picture," was his advice.

I took it and I've never regretted it. After the picture was finished, I had no agent, but I had the one hundred and fifty dollars I earned, and I bought a Screen Actors Guild card. Now I was ready!

Then Famous Artists Agency signed me up and things looked pretty bright. Not financially, though. I was in debt to my family for about seven hundred and fifty bucks which they loaned me to become an actor. Christmas was around the corner and I wanted to spring for a couple of presents, so when the ninety-day test option was offered by Twentieth, I signed.

Working at Twentieth with Dick Widmark in "Halls of Montezuma" was another one of my first experiences. And a great one. In one scene, I was supposed to follow him in a running sequence. I gave it everything I had. Too much, I guess, because I just came out a blur.

"Look, Kid," said Dick, "take it easy. The idea is to be *seen*. Follow my pace."

Gee, he didn't have to tell me that. But if he hadn't, I might still be a blur on a ninety-day option. Thanks, Dick.

And thanks to Jimmy Cagney, too. Everytime I stop to think of the swell and great actors I've worked with, I get weak in the knees. That Cagney cracked me up! He's so smooth, so great! Just working next to him in "What Price Glory" made me feel like I was all teeth. But watching him work so close up was payment enough. A guy couldn't get better training anywhere. And although I've never worked with Clark Gable, I'll always remember his advice about the picture business.

As for Clifton Webb, I just say tops! We finished "Stars and Stripes Forever" recently, and I came away feeling I'd gained a bookful of knowledge.

Clifton worked above and beyond the call of duty with me. In reading my lines I sometimes take off like a shot. But Clifton just said, "Easy does it, Robert," and we purr along like my old V-8.

Speaking of V-8's, that's the only way I could top Clifton. We spent time between scenes playing word games (you know Clifton's got a terrific vocabulary). He'd pull out something like "syzygy" and I had to retreat into my hot-rod lingo to keep even. So "syzygy" he'd say for one point and I'd counter with "twin-pots" for a tally. Then Clifton comes up with "quintessence," and I'd say "flat-head." Clifton immediately answered, "Robert J."

But I really had him on the ropes with the hot rod terms. At the end we compromised. I gave him a glossary of jalopy terms; he gave me a dictionary.

Well, that about winds it up. Since a rock might fall on me before I get a chance to tell you guys how grateful I am for all your encouragement, I wanted to make sure everybody heard about the stuff that up until now has been just between you and me. It's no longer secret. And that's the idea.

THE END

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Dixie

(Continued from page 47)

garden interviewing Dixie while a photographer got pictures of her and the boys.

"Do you know that she's been refusing to do this for five years?" said Bing.

"Yes," I replied. "But this is the first time I've asked her."

"Well," said he, "you've done something I couldn't do."

On that afternoon Dixie was in a gay, bubbly mood. But the old gray witch of loneliness was often with her. That was perhaps why she drank more than was good for her. This kept her friends worried. I reveal this, feeling that Dixie wouldn't mind, because she was an honest, forthright woman and would want me to tell the truth. She bothered nobody; and I never heard her condemn anyone for his failings. With such a precedent, it would ill behoove me to point up her one weakness. But it should be known that during her pregnancies about the only thing Dixie could keep in her stomach was brandy.

You'd have thought that after a couple of children, she'd have called it quits. But you didn't know Dixie. Doggedly she continued until she had her husky quartet of sons. Each of them is a tribute to her upbringing. Dixie could be—and was—a stern disciplinarian. So her children, despite the cradle of fame in which they were born, are completely unspoiled.

And they adored her. Philip won an elocution contest on the subject of "Taking Mother to a Football Game." About a year ago another son wrote a beautiful, almost book-length letter which he addressed simply: "To My Mother."

Dixie was as grateful as a child who'd been handed a new toy when others thought of her. One Christmas Eve I was dining with Merle Oberon, who had a dozen guests at the table. Suddenly her face lit up. "I wonder what Dixie's doing tonight," she said. I suggested that we call up and find out.

She was waiting at home for Bing. No, she didn't know when he'd come. Except for the cook and the maids she was all alone. The boys were asleep. "Why don't you come over and join us?" said Merle. No, she couldn't do that. It was Christmas Eve; she wanted to be home when Bing arrived.

Merle hung up. "I know what we'll do," she said. "We'll go over and get her."

When we got there, Dixie was all dressed up for her man. She wore a black velvet gown, diamond earrings, clips, bracelet, and a diamond solitaire ring to match. She'd dolled up like this, not expecting visitors. She was simply waiting for Bing.

It took a lot of persuading; but finally we prevailed, and she came back with us. But I think I never saw a lonelier girl during the four hours she was in our company. She had only two drinks. Sitting on the floor, she reached out, touched Merle's hand, and said in a forlorn voice, "Thank you. It means so much." Her shyness would not permit her to say more.

Once when Dixie and I were in New York at the same time, I called to invite her to lunch. "If you had called me yesterday, I would have joined you like a shot," she said. "But I'm packing to go home tonight."

"Home?" I asked. "Bing's staying another two weeks, isn't he?"

"Yes," she replied. "That's why I'm going. I'd rather be lonely at home. I'm staying at the Garden City Hotel in Long Island. Have you ever been there?"

I had. Once in my youth I had gone there with DeWolf Hopper to watch a golf tournament. I still retained in my mind a picture of the front porch: A mile of rocking chairs with sweet old ladies rock-

ing and knitting; knitting, rocking, and gossiping. Dixie had sat there three days while Bing was out playing golf. So she went home. And who could blame her?

In fairness to Bing, I must point out that he was not neglectful by intent. He had many friends for whom Dixie did not care. As a big wheel in show business, he had become practically a citizen of the world, while Dixie had retired further and further into the small group that contained her family. Bing was constantly meeting people, doing benefits, and attending to business affairs. This required much of his time. Dixie was proud of his success; but it did not detract from her loneliness.

Dixie was born in Chicago; her real name was Wilma Wyatt. From what I can gather, her childhood was quite normal, except for that touch of shyness which was with her all her life. She didn't like the rigid discipline of school and early cast her eyes on show business. She began taking singing lessons from Benny Miroff.

One day her father saw a newspaper notice of an amateur contest being conducted by Ruth Etting. "This is your opportunity," he told his daughter. "You're going to enter that contest." Young Wilma was so timid that she changed her name so her schoolmates wouldn't know if she tried and lost in the competition.

"I was so bad and nervous," she laughed in later years, "that Ruth Etting must have known that I was a real amateur. She voted for me." The award was a four-week engagement at the College Inn. Wilma got herself an agent and changed her name to Dixie Carrol (later she changed it to Dixie Lee). Out of the blue came an offer for her to play in "Good News." Dixie practically went into shock. Singing in a small night spot among friends was one thing; but tackling a musical headed for Broadway was quite another. Her agent had to force her to take the job.

In New York, as destiny would have it, the star of the show got sick; and Dixie took her place. "The band," she used to muse gleefully, "was hysterical over my dancing. The boys just hoped that I'd do one number right." In her frank way, she had notified the producer that she was no great shakes as a dancer before going with the show. This violated one of the basic axioms of show business: Always say yes when you're asked if you can do anything. Her agent pointed this little matter out, but it never took with Dixie. She had to be honest even if it cost her a job.

Nevertheless, the musical proved a good showcase for her. Motion pictures were changing from silents to talkies, and Hollywood was falling on its face trying to get Broadway people who could speak and sing. Before long the movies signed Dixie. "In Hollywood," she said, "I suddenly found myself a big shot because I was a Broadway star. Yes, I'd been on Broadway—almost seven weeks."

Despite her self-disparagement, she had the quality of a true star. Her career was on a rapid upgrade when she met Bing. At this time she was living with Peggy Renier and Holly Hall. Both these girls had dated the singer and found him attractive. But Bing often broke dates with them. This burned Dixie, who had a proud independent nature. What right had this two-bit crooner to break dates with her friends? She wanted to meet him—but only to give him a piece of her mind.

Finally she met Bing. Even then he had the garish garments and nonchalance for which he is now famous. "He was a bad dancer," Dixie recalled afterwards. "He liked me, I think, because I could dance."

But the crooner, who's charmed the

civilized world since, had girls to spare. "You have my number," he said casually to Dixie, "call me up sometime." Dixie had his number all right, but it wasn't the number Bing meant.

"I never call up anybody," she said. That did it. Bing had found a girl who had no intentions of drooling over him. It was Bing who did the calling, and soon they were going steady. I recall meeting them at a party given by Nancy Lee. That was the first time I ever heard Dixie give an imitation of Bing. It was better than any imitation. It was a wonderful caricature of the crooner. The pretty little blue-eyed blonde laid it on so thick that she had Bing rolling on the floor with laughter. Nobody appreciated the devastating impersonation more than he. Yes, she had his number all right. And Bing had found his woman.

Not long after that party—on September 29, 1930—they were married. But before they became man and wife, Dixie, knowing the harm drinking was doing his career, prevailed upon Bing to quit. He did it willingly for her; for many years he didn't touch the bottle. And when he did, it never became a problem again. Hollywood was amazed at how quickly the carefree playboy settled down and became a family man. But to the end of her days, Dixie never took any credit for Bing's phenomenal success. "Nobody, including me, ever helped him get anywhere," she would say.

But marriage brought new responsibilities. It is to Bing's credit that he measured up to them. He began to take his work seriously, and the public took him to its heart. The talent was there all the while; but his new position in life was the factor that brought it out. And Dixie, regardless of what she said, was in there pitching for him all the way.

Success in show business is seldom devoid of tragedy. An actor, unlike a shop keeper, can't lock up his work, go home, and forget it. He belongs partially to the public; never completely to himself. From every direction he is pulled by adoring fans or people who want to get on the band wagon of a successful man. You're expected to keep all your old friends and constantly make new ones; otherwise you're a snob. You have to make appearances here, there, everywhere; otherwise you're considered an ungrateful heel. Your every move becomes news; you live in a goldfish bowl. And as you progress you work harder and harder, because success breeds success. I've known nobody who has discovered a way to avoid the pattern. This is part of show business; and if you're a hit, you're stuck with it.

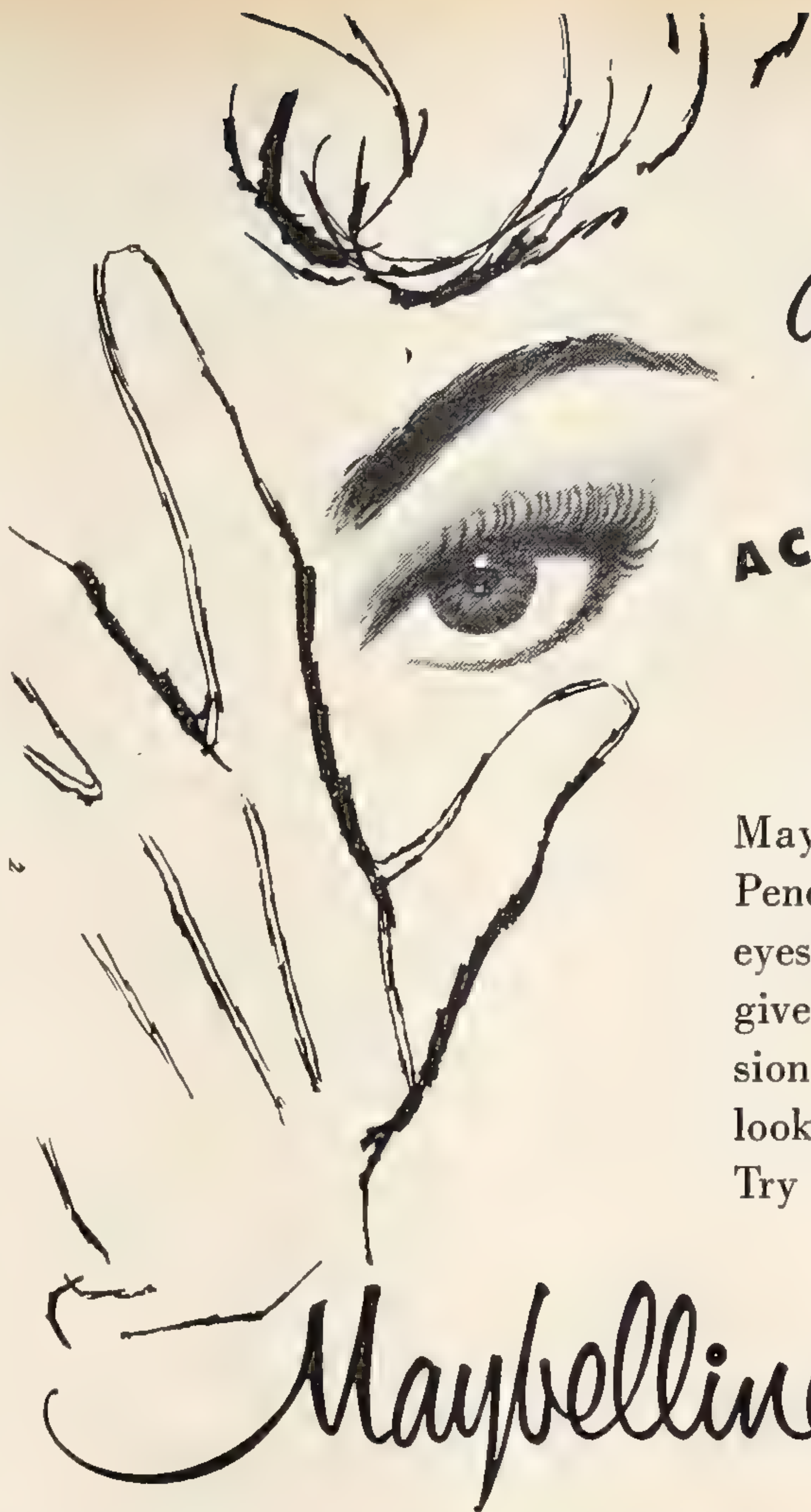
This was the tragedy of the Crosby marriage. When Dixie started having her babies—with what untold agony nobody will ever know—her world became smaller and smaller. Finally her life revolved almost completely around her family, especially Bing. She was in love with him until the day she died.

Dixie had but a handful of intimate friends. Perhaps the closest was Mrs. Alan Ladd. Her public appearances were so rare that she almost became a myth. Several years ago, she and Bing went to Cairo and made news when he objected to being photographed with his wife. I asked Bing about the matter.

"It wasn't a matter of just being photographed," he snorted. "I'd just started dancing with Dixie and didn't want to stop to have my mug mapped for publicity."

"But I've been told," said I, "that when you were in Jasper Park making a picture recently, you'd pose for anybody that pointed a camera in your direction."

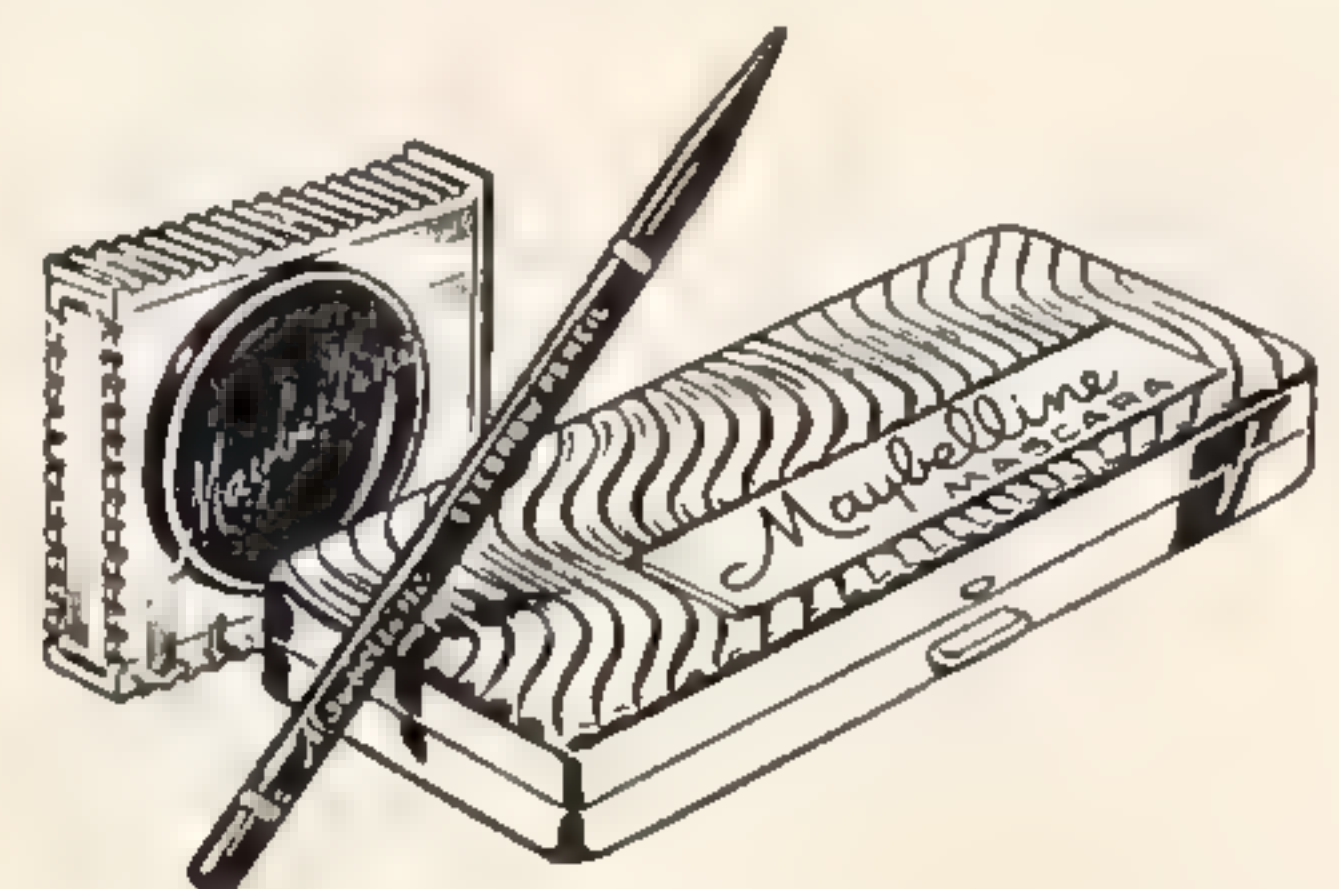
That was different," he explained wearily. "Those people seem to get a kick, out



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of being photographed with me. Why—I haven't the slightest idea. But if posing with me makes them happy, why should I object? I suppose it's part of my business. But when Dixie and I go out, I want to be just like any other married couple seeking a little fun."

As Dixie's world narrowed, Bing's expanded. For relaxation he took up golf, which meant many more hours away from home during his spare time.

Many girls would have been contented with having money to buy anything they wished. Bing never stinted on Dixie. They had three homes. But one desire of Dixie's was never fulfilled. She loved her four sons dearly, but she always wanted a little girl, too.

She and Bing shared a sense of humor that rarely failed them. When he ordered the biggest television screen he could find and had it installed in her room, Dixie said, "It's too close to my eyes." She pointed to a tree out in the yard. "To really enjoy this set, I'd have to have a seat there." Next day Bing had a chair latched onto the tree. But, of course, Dixie never used it.

The Crosbys, like all married couples, had their differences. About once a year we got the report that they were divorcing. I never believed these rumors and always denied them. Bing, being a Catholic, doesn't believe in divorce; and they had too much at stake with their four sons to risk a break-up. Once a divorce rumor got started when there was a kind of division of community property. This gave Bing a laugh.

I believe the most serious rift between the Crosbys came in 1950 when Bing went to Europe on a "bachelor's vacation." Dixie really wanted to accompany him—but not with a retinue of his cronies. Bing admitted that she was a bit peeved at him for not taking her along, but denied any divorce plans. Their lawyer said relations between the couple were "strained," but there was hope for a reconciliation when the crooner returned from Europe. Meanwhile Dixie indignantly told a reporter, "We've had no quarrel. Bing wanted to go to Europe. I had to stay here with the kids. I hear from him nearly every day. And as far as I know, there'll be no separation until either he or I give the green light. But," she added, "with a couple like us, anything or nothing can happen."

This time when Bing returned from Europe, Dixie was not at the station to meet him. But whatever the difficulties, the marriage was soon sailing in smooth waters again. Then Dixie, figuring if Bing could do it, so could she, took her secretary, went to Europe and had herself a ball.

They covered a lot of ground, stopping at thirty different hotels, and traveling around 20,000 miles. In Paris they bought a station wagon and drove through Europe.

This was the first time since her marriage that Dixie had been absent from her home for more than four weeks; and she cut that trip short to return for the graduation of two of her sons. While abroad, Dixie never for a moment forgot her family and friends. She returned home laden with gifts. The boys got the station wagon.

About a year ago, Harold Grieve redecorated Dixie's bedroom. "I must have five big, comfortable chairs in here for my five boys," she told him. "This is where they relax." And over that home will always hover her spirit—that shy, generous, shining spirit that helped shape the career of one of our greatest showmen and the lives of four wonderful sons. With God's help, Bing and the boys will carry out the pattern Dixie set for them. THE END

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Are Actors Sissies?

(Continued from page 53)

And no one has heard Robert Taylor and Dan Dailey complain about their calling. Humphrey Bogart and Errol Flynn like being actors. And Gregory Peck would never be happy if he had to do anything else. However, they all try to compensate for the frills and furbelows of their film careers by leaning over backwards in private life to be very, very masculine.

To go back to Mr. Wayne, John is luckier than most actors in that he doesn't have to use much make-up—except for Technicolor film. For his movies are rough and rugged. But between pictures, John goes far away from the soft life of the sound stages—mostly duck and deer hunting.

Clark Gable used to know a duck hunter when he saw one. But he ran into a blonde blind with the fair Sylvia. It was different with Carole Lombard. When the "King" couldn't sleep, he'd kick the covers off, roll over and say, "Let's go hunting." And before he could reach for a gun, Carole was dressed and ready to down a duck—sometimes as early as 5:00 A.M.

Burt Lancaster risked his beautiful neck not so long ago, proving his masculinity. A girl photographer was taking pictures for a magazine. "Could you do one of your tricks, Mr. Lancaster?" she cooed. Burt's an obliging fellow, so he jumped on to a twelve-inch balustrade outside Hal Wallis' office, and posed upside down on one hand. Passersby three stories below almost passed out!

A rugged guy like Brod Crawford has to find an outlet for the restrictions and physical frustrations of his trade. His pal, Lon Chaney, is the same. Most evenings after working in a picture, both guys, who are the same weight and age, go to a gym and beat each other up! Or try to.

It may very well be to explode bottled up virility that Robert Mitchum and Humphrey Bogart get involved in barroom brawls. At one time, Howard Hughes hired a guard for Robert to prevent fights—until Bob wanted to fight the guard! Bogey has barred the Stork Club and El Morocco from his list of New York fight rings. He's had a battle in each.

Tyrone Power gets his relief in flying. When Ty was tops at Twentieth, boss Darryl Zanuck bought an expensive Beechcraft plane for him to fly about in. But after a flight from South America to Africa, the plane was eliminated. Ty and his pals were bucking a bad storm when the gas tank started to leak, and everyone had to take off his shoes and drop 'em overboard to prevent a nail in a shoe striking a spark. Nowadays, Ty keeps a one-engine plane in England. And he rents planes here.

A great big guy like Victor Mature has to stay put during working hours. But comes the six o'clock whistle, and Vic is on the town with his men friends. Another manifestation of Vic's need to prove his masculinity is his fantastic carelessness about his clothes. He wears socks that don't match, ditto for coats and pants.

During his childhood, Tony Curtis' playground was a crowded city street and he came home with many a black eye. The background gave him a good right hook and he keeps in practice in the Universal-International gym.

How does Audie Murphy, the most decorated G.I. in the war, feel about the non-combative profession of acting? The answer is in his den—stacked with every type of gun and rifle. Audie has the biggest gat collection in Hollywood and he has to promise before starting a movie that he will leave the guns alone until the film is finished.

"Where's Dan Dailey?" a columnist

asked his young buddy, Robert Wagner, one lunchtime recently at Twentieth.

"He's skiing at Big Bear," replied R. J., and added hastily, "Don't print that. Dan's in the middle of a picture, you know, and he's not supposed to ski."

Dan, who's a man if there ever was one, always looks like a little boy caught stealing the jam when he's caught emoting in a scene. When he's dancing, it's different. That's work, but saying, "I love you" to Betty Grable for public approval brings a sheepish grin to Dan's blond features.

Tab Hunter is new to movies. His first part in "Island of Desire" was a rugged one. Off-screen, Tab is as rugged as the fellow he portrayed. And he's still another star whose studio fears for his neck when he's galloping around on his horse, Out On Bail.

Lex Barker uses Max Factor body make-up for his Tarzan role. But don't get the idea that he's a sissy. To keep his torso in gleaming condition, Lex not only exercises in the morning, but in between scenes on the set you'll find him twisting and gyrating and chinning. It was fat around the middle that eliminated Johnny Weissmuller from the Tarzan series. Lex isn't taking any chances.

Gregory Peck is not strong. He injured his back rowing for the University of California at Berkeley. And, more recently, he passed out cold on the set while working. But don't undersell him on the masculine front. Would a sissy ride the rapids down the Rogue River for eight days in a small boat? Would a tenderfoot teach himself to ride from scratch, as Greg did for that wild, uproarious Western, "Duel in the Sun"? He went all the way, even to riding a horse up some steps and into a hotel.

Errol Flynn has brittle bones. He has already broken his foot three times, and dislocated his back more than once. Still he has a compulsion to keep on and on proving that he's a Man. This is the reason for his yacht, the why of all the fights he gets into, legally and fistically. The only person he ever was afraid of was his first wife, Lili Damita. And he's over that now, demanding a reduction of the huge tax-free alimony he pays her.

Ricardo Montalban goes in for weight lifting, and chinning, as an antidote from swooning for cinematic sweethearts. . . . Keenan Wynn has his motor bike. So does Gable. Rock Hudson likes to swim, ride horseback, play tennis and golf. He hates the term "pretty boy" and makes no bones about it. Cornel Wilde compensates for the lipstick he must use in his films by lunging at fencing instructor Fred Cavens—every day between films.

Jimmy Stewart talks like a boy scout in his pictures, and on his own time—I mean he's kind and courteous. And brave. At the beginning of the last war, Jimmy joined up as a private, rose on his own merits to a colonelcy. He was decorated for bravery for ever-so-many flying missions. He still flies, but like Gable, he's had it in the air, although that old feeling did come back when he was making "Bend of the River." They caught him climbing into an open plane for a sightseeing trip over the Columbia Gorge.

In the old silent days it was easy for a sissy to masquerade as an actor. But the talkies killed off all the severe cases. A high girlish voice emerging from a deep hairy chest sounded the death knell. Just the same, the boys, embarrassed by the powder puff routine, spend a lot of time off stage proving they're as rugged as the parts they play. And that's very rugged indeed.

THE END

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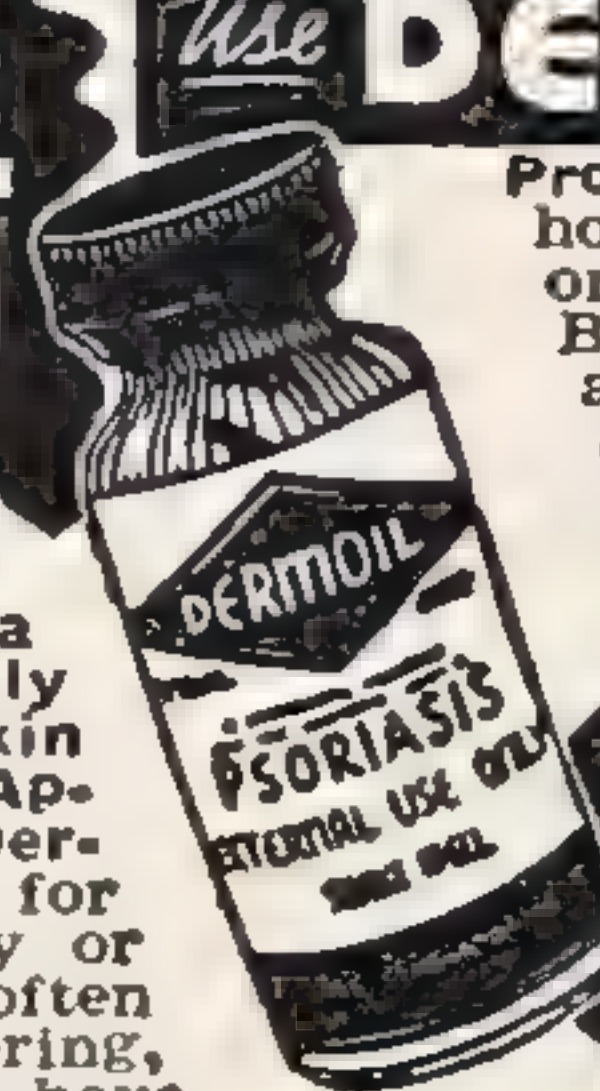
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(Continued from page 69)

play any part at all—just keep working, Cornel Wilde is not made that way. He's an actor's actor, and behind him are not only years of experience in radio and in stock, but an enviable record on Broadway, including the role of *Tybolt* in Laurence Olivier's production of "Romeo and Juliet."

In 1948, while his career was still skimming the top, he asked to be released from his full contract at Twentieth, and to be given, instead, a contract for just one picture a year. He thought that would give him a chance to pick the cream of the scripts around town. But it just didn't work out that way.

And, as though having his career go shaky wasn't enough, his marriage to Patricia Knight began to falter at just about the same time. There was a pathetic irony to the collapse of this marriage. For in Cornel's earliest days in Hollywood, when the going was really tough, he and Pat were one of the colony's most devoted couples. But, strangely, after Cornel's success, things at home never seemed to be the same.

There are some who say that it was ambition—not only Cornel's tremendous ambition for himself, but for Pat, as well—that shattered the marriage. He insisted on having her in every shot and every interview. To get her into pictures, he wrote her screen test himself—and rehearsed her in it for three days. And when she was cast in a film, Cornel was at her side constantly—coaching her, giving advice to her director, to the camera men. After their breakup, he said, "That was the trouble. I interfered too much."

They spat and reconciled and spat again during those last few shaky months, and through it all, Cornel adored Pat. All he did, he did out of devotion.

When he and Pat finally separated, it seemed that his world was at an end. Cornel considered himself a failure—as an actor, as a husband, and as a father to his daughter Wendy.

Distraught and unhappy, he set off for Europe to make a picture. But the Fate that was pommeling Cornel Wilde still had a blow or two left.

The picture, which was scheduled to be made in London, never even got started. And Cornel spent six frustrating months working on the script—cutting, revising—while the producer and the backers bickered. It was a wasted six months, except for the nostalgic pleasure Cornel found just in being in Europe, where he had spent so much time as a boy. He avoided the brighter spots in Paris, and instead, wandered alone along the banks of the Seine, pondering the weighty questions of both his marriage and his career. There was his daughter Wendy to think about, and there was that huge question mark as to whether he was right in refusing those offers of mediocre pictures.

Discouraged, he went back to New York, where he saw Pat a few times. They agreed then to divorce, and Cornel returned to Hollywood.

The doldrums continued. But even though he wasn't working in front of the cameras, Cornel wasn't wasting his time. "I'm not the kind of guy who sits around," he says. He kept his eyes open for good scripts, and he spent a lot of time writing plays of his own. He went on with his painting (he is a highly skilled amateur—not just a Sunday dabbler) and he kept his fencing sharpened up.

He continued to turn down poor scripts, and he kept reminding himself, over and over again, that he had to learn patience.

He tried to pretend that he didn't mind the fact that the columnists never mentioned his name anymore.

For consolation through it all, he had one thing he knew would never fail him: his talent. He was certain that his day would come again.

It did—with the offer of the role of *Sebastian* in "The Greatest Show on Earth." But even that wasn't all smooth sailing.

Cecil B. DeMille had interviewed Cornel, questioned him and studied him, and—signed a French actor for the part.

Then one day Milton Pickman (now with Jerry Wald productions at Columbia), who had originally suggested Cornel for *Sebastian*, telephoned him. It seemed the French actor had been devoting so much time to learning the trapeze work that he had neglected his study of English. DeMille wanted to see Cornel again. Mr. Wilde was skeptical.

Here was a movie with Betty Hutton, Jimmy Stewart, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, and on top of all these star names, a full-blown circus. What could possibly be left in the way of a role for him? But when DeMille told him about the part of *Sebastian*, Cornel could feel the excitement welling up inside him. It sounded like a great challenge. DeMille said he thought Cornel should play the role straight, rather than as a Frenchman.

"But I can do a French accent," said Cornel.

DeMille waved aside the suggestion. "I've yet to hear an actor do a convincing accent," he said. "I think it's better not to try."

"Would you do me a favor?" said Cornel, "and see a picture called 'Centennial Summer'? I played a Frenchman in that, and you can judge for yourself."

The next day DeMille called him up. "Great," he said. "You'll play it as a Frenchman."

Then began the grueling work on the trapeze. Cornel was the last major member of the cast to be signed, and already Betty Hutton had three months of practice behind her. Cornel had only two weeks before the troupe left for Sarasota, Florida, where shooting would begin in the midst of the Ringling Brothers Circus. After four days of it, he was tempted to throw in the towel. Just looking down from the thirty-two-foot platform made Cornel dizzy. The platform itself was rickety, and so small that his heels and toes hung over the edge.

Physically speaking, his most difficult scene was the one where he hung by his knees, caught Betty Hutton in mid-air and then pulled her face up to his for a love scene that lasted three minutes. Professional circus catchers tried it first, and though Betty is no heavy-weight, they could not hold her, with their arms bent, for longer than forty seconds. DeMille decided to throw out the scene, and then Billy Schneider, the trapeze artist who had been coaching Cornel, spoke up.

"I think Cornel can hold her," he said.

DeMille snorted. "That's ridiculous," he said. "If regular catchers can't do it, how can I expect it of Cornel?"

But Cornel did it—and he did it five times for that many takes. All that morning he had been practicing, holding the one hundred and sixty-five pound Billy Schneider. So that, much as his shoulders and knees ached, Betty's weight was almost a relief after Billy's.

By that time, rushes were being seen in Hollywood, and the word was getting around that Cornel's performance was great. When he got back to the coast to finish filming the picture, he found that

cheers and huzzahs were waiting for him. The career clouds were clearing away. And the same fate that in the black days had made every phase of Cornel's life completely black, now chose to brighten it at once—on all horizons.

If a script writer were working out the plot, he'd probably be told that he was stretching his story line, that things couldn't be either all bad or all good. But Jean Wallace came into Cornel's life—and he knew that things could be all good.

He had seen Jean casually around town for a number of years, but then she had been married to Franchot Tone and he to Pat Knight. And they meant nothing to each other. Now, both of their marriages were broken. When he ran into her one night at the Mocambo, he sat down at her table—and they really talked for the first time. The next day, he telephoned her, and in the following months he dated no one else. On September 4, 1951, not long after his divorce from Pat was final, he and Jean were married at the Los Angeles City Hall. Following the ceremony, Cornel rushed to New York for a radio show, then flew directly back for the court hearing in which Jean was asking the custody of her two sons by Franchot Tone.

Cornel's name was in the news again. And, as an actor he couldn't help wishing that some of the headlines referred to his skill as a performer. That came not much later—when "The Greatest Show on Earth" began to be seen around the country. The plaudits poured in—and so did the scripts . . . good ones.

Since he climbed up on that shaky platform to play *Sebastian*, he has made "California Conquest" for Columbia; "Operation Secret" for Warners'; "Treasure of the Golden Condor" for Twentieth, and the soon-to-be-released "Main Street to Broadway" for Lester Cowan.

His greatest ambition—one that he has nurtured for years—is to play the role of Lord Byron in a picture. And it looks now as if he's probably going to get the chance.

"I'm happier than I've ever been in my life," he says. "I have the really important things the way I like them—my career and my home."

The home is a Spanish type house in Beverly Hills—a good house for children. When the Wildes moved in, they found the living-room walls covered with picture hooks. Cornel grinned; here was the perfect excuse for hanging his own paintings. And Cornel likes his house best when it's filled with youngsters. "The more bedlam, the better," says he.

Jean's two sons, Jeff and Patty, and her teen-age sister, Karol, live with them. And Wendy joins them on weekends.

As far as Jean is concerned, a career is something she can take or leave alone. She does an occasional acting job on TV, but she's much more interested in her home and children. Once in a while, Cornel reminds her to call her agent, and, from time to time, he'll pull her out of the Cub Scout cloud long enough to convince her to read some of the scripts—with possible parts in them for her—that she has a way of leaving about the house, untouched. But he isn't going to drive her.

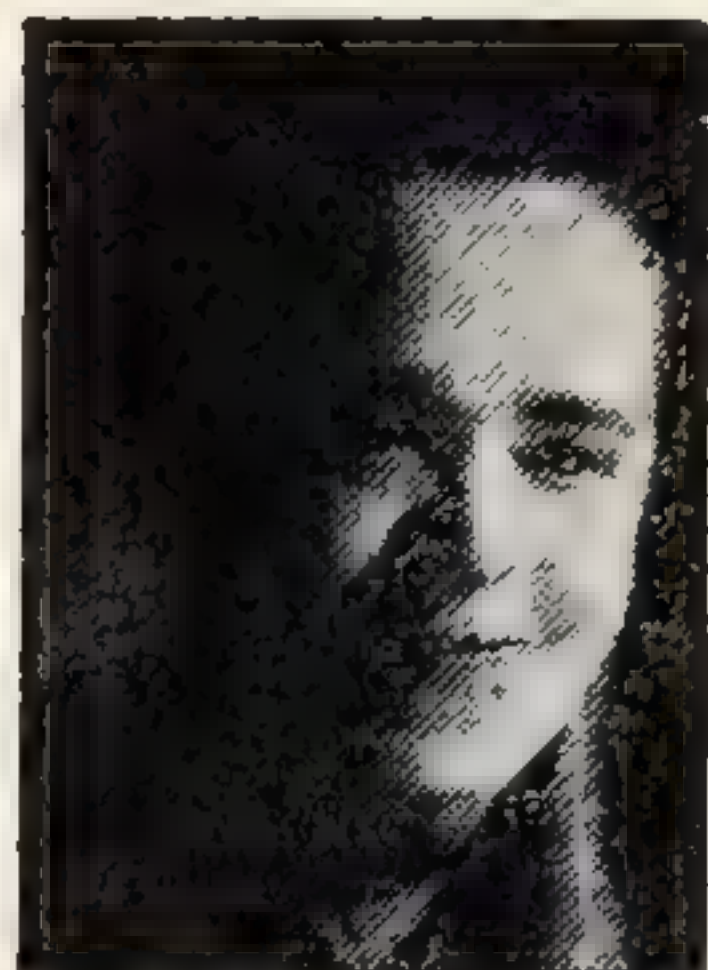
If Jean prefers the kitchen to the Klieg lights, that's good enough for him. He likes just exactly what he's got these days. And what he's got is a gal who can ride and hunt and spearfish with the best of them, who can turn out a fine pizza pie, or, if she's so inclined, a fine performance.

"I know when I'm well off," says Cornel. "No man ever had a better partner to help him make the most of his second chance."

THE END

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The Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh Marriage

(Continued from page 49)

movie we disagree over. And I always tell her what I think. But that doesn't mean our marriage is on its way out. Not by a long shot.

"The only way two married people can get along is to let off steam occasionally. It's good to get your opinions out in the open, it clears the air. But even while we're doing this, we never forget we're in love and have each other."

Tony and Janet feel—and admit—there will always be marital problems they must solve. Like insignificant domestic rifts that suddenly become amplified in importance when they find their way into print. Economic problems that arise from that illogical American tradition, prevalent especially in Hollywood, of "keeping up with the Joneses" whether you can afford it or not. And keeping two careers in the same family free from conflict.

Being human, they've found too, it isn't easy to be a movie hero or heroine twenty-four hours a day. But long ago, they recognized all these threats to their marriage. And everything is under control.

Everything, that is, except irresponsible gossip that snipes at their marriage. This, Tony believes, is the most dangerous of all.

Tony is a nice, even-tempered guy. His friends, his employer, his co-workers and the press will all vouch for this. Especially reporters, who find him always cooperative, always frank. But he grows adamant when he talks of the things that disturb his happiness with Janet.

"You come to expect a few rumors," he says, "and certain stories have always made spicier reading than others. But this latest lie about Janet kicking my shins was ridiculous."

"Maybe I'm sounding off, but you be the judge," he says, as he recounts what really happened at the party.

While working out some stunts during the filming of "Houdini" at Paramount, in which he and Janet co-star for the first time, Tony suffered a sprain and fracture of his foot. The injury was more painful than serious and rather than disappoint the people who invited them, Tony went to the party in question, despite the pain he felt. Tony is like that—he seldom disappoints a friend.

Once there, he moved about for a while, greeting friends. But at one point, Tony felt the pain in his ankle becoming so acute that he had to sit down and rest.

It was as simple as that. Yet the incident gave rise to printed speculation that not only had Janet kicked Tony and caused the injury, but that their marriage itself was in jeopardy!

"Sure, I was upset," Tony continued, his usual smile now replaced by an expression of dead earnestness. "In the first place, when two people really split up, it's not just because of one argument they may have had at a party; it's usually deep-rooted and has to do with more than one night's incident. Our friends know us so well that they don't believe these things. But what about those who don't know us? How can we make them understand?"

In Hollywood, Tony has found, success sometimes has a way of backfiring. In his own case, it is ironic that the town which brought him so much he is grateful for should now supply the ingredients to give him concern for his married happiness. Gossip, he feels, is the most serious wrong of all, but there are other problems and here is how Tony and Janet meet them.

"When you're a movie star," Tony explains, "everyone thinks you make astronomical sums of money. They read about the salaries of top-bracket actors and think every actor is well-heeled. Gee,

Janet and I are practically newcomers in this profession and don't make nearly as much as people think we do. Yet some expect us to live by a Hollywood code that doesn't fit us, either economically or emotionally. When we make compromises, they don't always understand us.

"For instance, we occasionally hear the accepted thing for movie couples to do, when one person is away on location, is for the other to go out with someone else. But the fact that we don't do it doesn't mean either of us is jealous and doesn't trust the other. I stay home when Janet is away because I have no interest in anyone except my wife. Maybe we're old-fashioned, but our parents operate this way, and why shouldn't we?"

As for "keeping up with the Joneses," Tony and Janet don't even try, thus eliminating at once possible financial pitfalls certain other Hollywood marriages have fallen into by living beyond their means.

"We don't own a home yet and I can't give Janet a Cadillac. We know what we can afford and we live within our income. According to certain Hollywood standards, maybe we do fall short of what's expected of us as stars maintaining our proper place. It's a temptation, but we won't do it on the cuff. We believe, anyway, that a happy marriage is not based on such material things but rather on the experiences we can share together every day as individuals.

"Another problem is that everybody is full of advice for us," Tony avers, "some sincere, others not. And if you don't listen, right away they start saying you're taking it 'big.' So we listen. Then do what we like—and sometimes get criticized for it. But by making up our own minds, we take full responsibility for whatever we do. And after a while, you come to find out who are your real friends, whose opinions and advice are sound.

"To me, our friends are the most valuable things we have and we choose them carefully. They're not just my friends or Janet's friends, but wonderful people we both enjoy. Some are in show business, others aren't. Some earn more than we do, some less. But you can't be happy if you have only wealthy friends; it warps your sense of values."

It has been pointed out in the past that in Hollywood two screen careers within the same family can be dynamite, leading to unhappiness, jealousy, even divorce. And while this may be a hazard peculiar to some Hollywood marriages, Tony is confident it will never threaten his.

"It may be a little more difficult at times because, no doubt about it, one career is easier to run than two. But I believe two people with careers can help each other if they recognize their problems and use judgment. There are just as many examples in Hollywood where two careers are working in the same family as examples of failure.

"First of all, you must remember that the other career you're concerned with belongs to a person you love, so at once it becomes more than a professional interest you hold in it. People in our business are high-strung; that's why we become actors. And for this reason, sometimes it's hard to be coldly honest instead of purely emotional. But if you're really honest with yourself at all times, two careers can work and to advantage.

"For instance, Janet and I have just finished working together in 'Houdini' and it proves my point. Janet is a good actress and it helps any actor's performance if he plays scenes with someone who's responsive and whose ability he respects; all the

scenes play better for that understanding. "There was another big advantage, too." Tony now smiled, a twinkle in his eye. "I was probably the only guy at Paramount who had a leading lady to clean up his dressing room."

These days, there are no crises in the lives of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, occasional gossip to the contrary.

One day, Tony confides, they would like to replace their cheery apartment with a home of their own which they'll enjoy decorating together. And a family that goes with it. "We certainly want both," says Tony, "but we don't set a schedule for ourselves. We say whichever comes first will be right and wonderful."

As for those pitfalls to Hollywood marriages, Tony is more determined than ever that they shall not threaten his own. "By living in Hollywood and being in pictures, the problems of marriage are perhaps magnified more than if we lived in another community," he explains, "but basically, they're the same everywhere. In other towns, word-of-mouth gossip causes the same concern to people there that we feel here whenever we see a false story printed about ourselves."

"I feel a man is entitled to his own idiosyncrasies, his own way of life with his wife, whether he's an actor or anybody else. I don't question the way anyone else lives. I don't see why they should question my way. That's why no one should take me to task, stir up troubles where they don't exist."

So the next time you read anything to the contrary, just remember:

Tony and Janet are two talented, intelligent youngsters, crazy in love; and nothing, not even Hollywood's often puzzling ways, is likely to alter that fact or their marriage. **THE END**

Don't Be My Valentine

(Continued from page 70)

on the bar in front of the seat, and then that big adolescent hulk put his arms around me and went sailing off. How was I to know he could steer no-handed?

That was one of my first encounters with a would-be wolf. And since then, I've come to the conclusion that all men aren't wolves. If their fangs sometimes show it merely means they want to be wolves, and they begin early in life to plan campaigns which are so subtle and clever that a girl needs to educate herself in the womanly art of self defense.

February 14 is a very special day, yet many people have little respect for the sentiment.

Every day is Valentine's Day as far as some men are concerned—and the majority of these fellows are the wolf-types. That can be a sad fact for womanhood. When a girl is young and first begins dating she is usually confused and scared, and if she's going with boys her own age they are often as insecure as she. But when she grows older and begins to think she can take care of herself, it is this very self-confidence which might be her Waterloo, because by that time she's going with men who know all the ropes. This breed can be doubly dangerous, and while I hope men are here to stay, I consider many of them a scheming pack.

I learned my lessons when I reached Hollywood. I don't mean by this that Hollywood has more wolves than any other town. The men here have the same lines, the same techniques. The only difference is that they're generally better looking and wear more expensive suits. Inside their crafty heads, they're men, like everywhere else. I didn't hit the "would-be"



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wolf pack until Hollywood because, for one thing, I came here when I was still of high-school age and I finished my education at the studio school. During that time I was always surrounded by chap-erones, and I missed the high-school and college dating that most girls have. When I wasn't working, there were my sisters Dottie and Evvie, and the three of us were together so much of the time that we put up a formidable front. If any male around town had designs on any one of us, he sooner or later gave up the prospect.

Once I started dating in Hollywood, I began making observations. At first I considered the galloping type the most dangerous. These were usually the life of the party, and the party wasn't over very long before they were revealing their unbrotherly attitude, regardless of how little they knew me. But there's one thing about a fast worker—a girl knows immediately that she must be on her guard; these men are transparent.

There are all sorts of plots. For instance, the one that builds up confidence. "I want to settle down," he will say. "I've always wanted to get married. I can't think of any better way to live than in a little cottage with a sweet and loving wife."

I consider this one a sneak punch. The man makes the girl think he's violently in love with her, that he is hers alone, that he is the solid type who would make a good husband. And all the time he's adding other numbers to his telephone book and handing the same line to every girl he knows. By now I can recognize this type after the first few sentences.

Then there is the man who appeals to a girl's sympathy. He laments loud and long about his miserable childhood, his aloof mother, the bad breaks in his career, his lack of friends, the fact that nobody understands him. This is a direct appeal to the maternal sense, for most girls like a man they can fuss over and mother. But I figure if they haven't any friends there must be a good reason for it.

Some men make a business of old world charm—the hearts and flowers and lacy Valentine kind. I recall one swain who had taken me to dinner in town a few times. I found him quite charming, but after a girl dates a few men she develops an instinct about their intentions. This one's approach screamed, "Caution!"

"I've found an enchanting place way out in the country," he said only a few weeks after he'd met me. "Gypsy violins and all that sort of thing. I'd like to take you there." I decided to take him up on it as a test, but under my own terms.

When he came by to pick me up on the appointed evening there were two friends of mine in my apartment. "You talked so much about this charming place," I said sweetly, "that I thought Fred and Mary might like to go along with us."

You should have seen his face. It fell apart like a clay pigeon, and later that night he sat at dinner in this particular hide-away, glaring at the Gypsy musician.

That reminds me of the man I met when I was on a personal appearance tour. Mother and I were having dinner at the hotel when he came over to our table. I had met him before and, after he was introduced to Mother he asked if I would join him for breakfast the next morning in his suite. "I'd be delighted," I said. "What time would you like me to come up?" He looked ecstatically happy when he left our table, but the next morning when Mother and I showed up for breakfast, he knew he'd been outflanked.

Mother has always been my best friend in many ways, and particularly when it came to lending a helping hand with the would-be wolves. My sisters, too. Evvie

used to want a report every time I came home from a date. "Did he kiss you?" she always wanted to know. If I was coy about it, she'd glare. "How many times?"

It was mother who helped in a more tangible fashion. She was on hand when I arrived home. Or else I'd lean against the doorbell and in exactly thirty seconds flat she'd have the door open and stand beaming at my date. "Won't you come in for a cup of coffee?" she'd say.

I could always discover the wolves from their attitude toward my family, and I think it's a pretty good rule for every girl. If he is at ease with them, doesn't resent their occasional presence, you don't have too much to worry about.

I often think how uncertain I used to be during my first days of dating and wish there were some way I could help the teen-agers who are now going through the same thing. Sometimes men can make you feel awfully inadequate and unsure, and this treatment is definitely unfair. If you refuse to let this type kiss you, he responds by saying, "Oh come now, we're here for a good time, aren't we?" This is the type that I feel never has a good time. He doesn't know that courtship shouldn't be a wrestling bout. He never will learn that because of his insistence and disrespect for a girl's wishes, he loses all chances with her. Even worse is the character who sneers at the girl. "Aren't we Victorian?" he says. "I didn't know you were old-fashioned." Your answer to this is that you're prudent, not a prude.

I'm sure most men instinctively want to respect a girl, to put her up on a pedestal, and if the girl wants that kind of adoration she can get it by deserving it. She can act like a lady and dress like a lady, and then if the man makes advances and is refused, he might pretend to be disappointed, yet he is happy in the knowledge that he can respect this girl.

I don't mean to give the impression that I belong to an anti-kissing club, but the time, the place and the person are important. The man himself is the most important. There is one little item that it seems takes most girls a long time to learn. She might regard a kiss as something to be taken lightly; she might even distribute her kisses like a bridge player deals cards. But she should learn that a man does *not* take a kiss lightly. It is something very important to him.

Personally I feel that time is too precious in this life to waste. I don't go out with a man unless he has a definite appeal or charm for me and, at the risk of hurting the feelings of those who don't, I tell them so. This seems to be an immense problem to many teen-agers; how to tell a boy you aren't interested in him. I figure honesty is the best policy and have said quite frankly that both they and I would be wasting our time. I think it's fairer in the long run to both parties. I use these methods both for the wolves and those who are the brotherly type. For despite our experiences with the would-be Romeo, we still prefer to go out with men rather than mice.

I think it's merely a matter of being selective. A date is important, not just something that grows on trees. I can remember the days when I collected cloisonné hearts on a charm bracelet, each one donated by a different boy, but I've since learned to pick and choose the men I date. First I find out if they're sincere, then let time tell the tale. And I know by now that my own conduct will guide the course of our friendship. Despite all their male tactics, a woman can make a man anything she wants him to be—the right man. Otherwise, no matter what the time of year, I'll issue the warning, "Don't be my Valentine!"

THE END

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And Along Came Dodo

(Continued from page 43)

and smoke, we walked over to watch the flames. As we turned into Rowland Avenue, I grabbed Marty's arm convulsively. Careening toward us on a bike was a small boy wearing a leather jacket and a visored cap. His face was covered with freckles and friendliness.

"Marty!" I gasped. "I'm sure—that's got to be Doris Day's son."

"Don't be silly," he calmly rejoined. "Doris doesn't live around here. Her son doesn't ride a bike and live on a block and play with a bunch of kids. They probably live in a big mansion in Beverly Hills, and Terry plays alone in a mink-lined pool."

I was still thinking about this kid—Dodo Day in miniature—almost comical in his exact resemblance, as we watched Warner's large Stage Twenty-one burn to the ground. And somehow I got into conversation with a man standing nearby. I told him I had played with Doris when we were little girls, and now I was almost sure I had seen her son on a bicycle.

"It probably *was* her son," he said. "She lives down the street. Why don't you look her up?"

I mentioned the unanswered letters.

"She never got them," he said. "If you sent them to the studio, they were thrown in with her fan mail which comes in such volumes that it might be a matter of months before your letters come to her attention." That sounded logical. "Look," he went on, "I'm an assistant director and I know Doris well. She would never brush off an old friend. Give me your name and phone number and I'll have her call you."

Only an hour after we got home from the fire I had a phone call from Dodo and we made a date to meet. Yet, the next day as I walked the three blocks from our apartment to Doris' beautiful home to have lunch with her, I was a little uncertain. What can a glamorous movie star and a middle-class hausfrau possibly have in common? What will we talk about? I couldn't help wondering.

What *did* we talk about? I couldn't say. Words tumbled over each other, as they do every time we meet or talk on the telephone. Terry was the boy on the bike all right—I loved telling my husband—and Alma Kappelhoff, Dodo's mother, was still the same dear woman who took us to the movies every Saturday and was hissed because she had trouble separating us from our seats when the picture rolled around the second time.

It didn't seem at all necessary to talk about the years when we'd been such good pals, but those happy days had left the inevitable mark of youthful friendship upon us. We had not gone to the same school, nor had too many friends in common, but we had shared early experiences and exchanged bashful confidences. It was, miraculously, as though nothing much had happened in between—certainly nothing as important as Doris' rise to stardom.

We told each other about our husbands and were delighted to discover both are named Marty. And when my Marty and I dropped by the following Sunday, our husbands hit it off immediately and became fast friends.

The Melchers are daytime people. They go to sleep early and get up early, just as we like to do. They're also coffee hounds, another point we have in common. The kitchen is a favorite gathering place in the Melcher household, with everybody hanging over the coffee-pot and exchanging jokes and bright conversation. It's wood-paneled and comfortable, and a grand place to relax. The window sills are bright with paper geraniums which Doris



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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. Photoplay
Applauds for this month, page 8. This month's full reviews, page 12



A—Adults F—Family

OUTSTANDING

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, Eastman Kodak color: An amazing new movie technique, using three curved screens and special sound, takes you right into the action. No story, but plenty of thrills: a roller-coaster ride, opera at La Scala, an air tour of the U. S. (F) January

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: Intimate, grueling drama of a marriage,

of youth and the yearning for lost youth. Shirley Booth is magnificent; Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, Richard Jaeckel score. (A) January

HAPPY TIME, THE—Columbia: Witty and wise story of a French-Canadian boy's awakening to love and sex. Family saga excellently acted by Bobby Driscoll, Charles Boyer and Marsha Hunt, Louis Jourdan and Linda Christian. (F) September

IVANHOE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, splendid action epic of knighthood days, with Robert Taylor as the Saxon hero who defies King John and is loved by Elizabeth Taylor, as *Rebecca*, and Joan Fontaine, as *Rowena*. (F) September

PROMOTER, THE—Rank-U-I: Slyly hilarious Alec Guinness film, about a gent who makes his fortune by his wits. With Glynis Johns as an adventuress. (A) December

VERY GOOD

BLAZING FOREST, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Neat, breezy melodrama of the redwood country. John Payne's the tough foreman bossing a logging operation for Agnes Moorehead; comely Susan Morrow provides romance. (F) January

BLOODHOUNDS OF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Bouncy musical set in Damon Runyon's raffish world. Hillbilly Mitzi Gaynor hits Broadway as the protégée of bookie Scott Brady, who's trying to outwit an investigating committee. (F) January

EIGHT IRON MEN—Kramer, Columbia: Realistic story of one day on the Italian front, with good talk, but more talk than action. Bonar Colleano, Lee Marvin and Richard Kiley stand out among the believable G. I.'s. (F) January

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—M-G-M, Technicolor: Marge and Gower Champion achieve

stardom in an easygoing musical of show-business marriage. With Monica Lewis. (F) December

FACE TO FACE—RKO: Two-episode film. "The Captain," with James Mason, is a dreary sea tale. But "The Sheriff of Yellow Sky," with Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele, Minor Watson, is a delightful, unusual Western. (F) January

IRON MISTRESS, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Alan Ladd stars as Jim Bowie in a dashing adventure yarn of early New Orleans, with Virginia Mayo as the worthless beauty who inspires him to fight his way to riches. (F) January

IT GROWS ON TREES—U-I: Homey fantasy in which housewife Irene Dunne finds money sprouting in her back yard. Dean Jagger and Joan Evans are among the family circle. (F) December

PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Elegantly turned out mythical-kingdom romance. James Mason's blithe villainy steals the show from Stewart Granger (as both the king and the king's double) and Deborah Kerr. (F) January

SAVAGE, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Actionful, intelligent Western starring Charlton Heston as a white man brought up among Indians. With Susan Morrow. (F) December

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Amiable, near-plotless musical in four-four time, with Clifton Webb as John Philip Sousa, bandleader-composer, Robert Wagner and Debra Paget as young lovers. (F) January

TURNING POINT, THE—Paramount: Expertly made racket-busting story, with Edmond O'Brien as a crusader, William Holden as a reporter, Alexis Smith as the girl both love. (F) December

GOOD

HELLGATE—Lippert: Grim, gripping drama set in an inhumane desert prison of the 1860's, with Sterling Hayden as an innocent convict, Ward Bond as the stern commandant. (F) December

HOOR OF 13, THE—M-G-M: As a clever jewel thief in turn-of-the-century London, Peter Lawford trails a maniac killer, with Dawn Addams' help. Sprightly melodrama. (F) December

MY PAL GUS—20th Century-Fox: Engaging story of parental love, with Richard Widmark and baby baritone George Winslow as father and son, Joanne Dru as an understanding teacher, Audrey Totter

as Dick's greedy, estranged wife. (F) January

OPERATION SECRET—Warners: Confused but often suspenseful story of the French underground and the Red threat. Cornel Wilde, Steve Cochran and Phyllis Thaxter play maquis. (F) December

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Halfway successful attempt to humanize the *Mayflower* saga. Spencer Tracy is the cynical captain; among the voyagers are Gene Tierney, Leo Genn, Van Johnson. (F) January

RAIDERS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: A brisk but conventional Western finds Richard Conte out for

revenge on murderous claim-jumpers; Viveca Lindfors pleads for peace. (F) January

SECRET PEOPLE—Lippert: British thriller with Valentina Cortesa, Audrey Hepburn as refugees duped by radical agents. (A) December

STEEL TRAP, THE—20th Century-Fox: Nerve-racking suspense. Joseph Cotten as an absconder, Teresa Wright as his wife. (F) December

THIEF, THE—U. A.: Ray Milland scores as a traitorous physicist in a dialogueless chase story. Trick treatment of the Red-spy plot, with sexy Rita Gam appearing briefly. (F) December

FAIR

AGAINST ALL FLAGS—U-I, Technicolor: Ramshackle action story set on Madagascar. In off-handed style, Errol Flynn plays a buccaneer who's really a British Navy officer; Maureen O'Hara is a fiery lady pirate. (F) January

BECAUSE OF YOU—U-I: Loretta Young and

Jeff Chandler team appealingly in a sobby story of a loving mother with a past. (A) December

BLACK CASTLE, THE—U-I: Not very horrible horror story. Gallant Richard Greene and evil Stephen McNally chase each other through a castle haunted by Lon Chaney and Boris Karloff; Paula

Corday plays the helpless heroine. (F) January

UNDER THE RED SEA—RKO: Record of ocean floor exploration by Dr. Hans Hass and his expedition, with fascinating shots of coral reefs and marine life—and phony touches that keep it from rivaling "Kon-Tiki." (F) November

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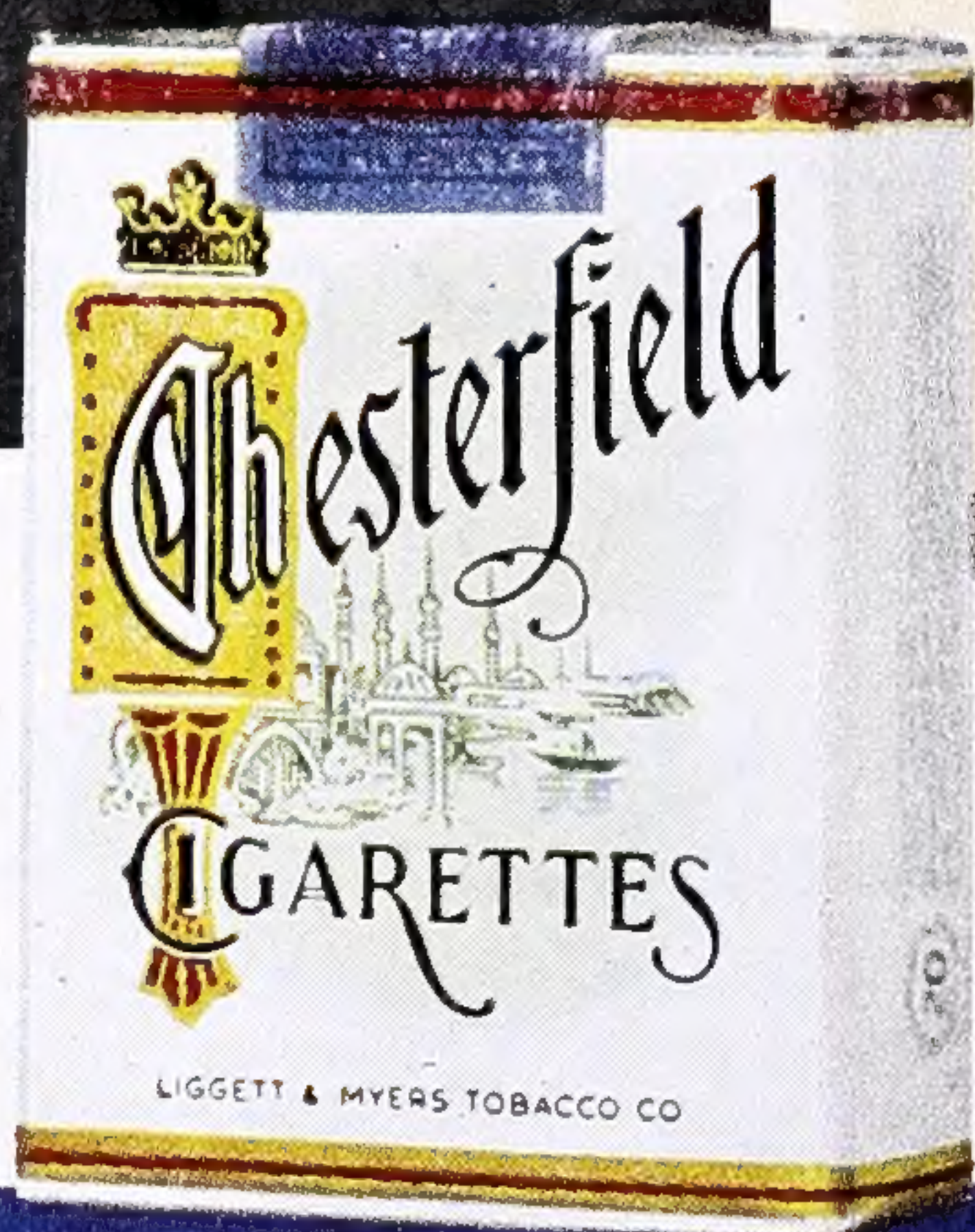
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